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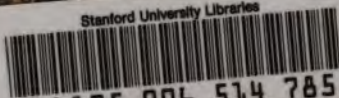
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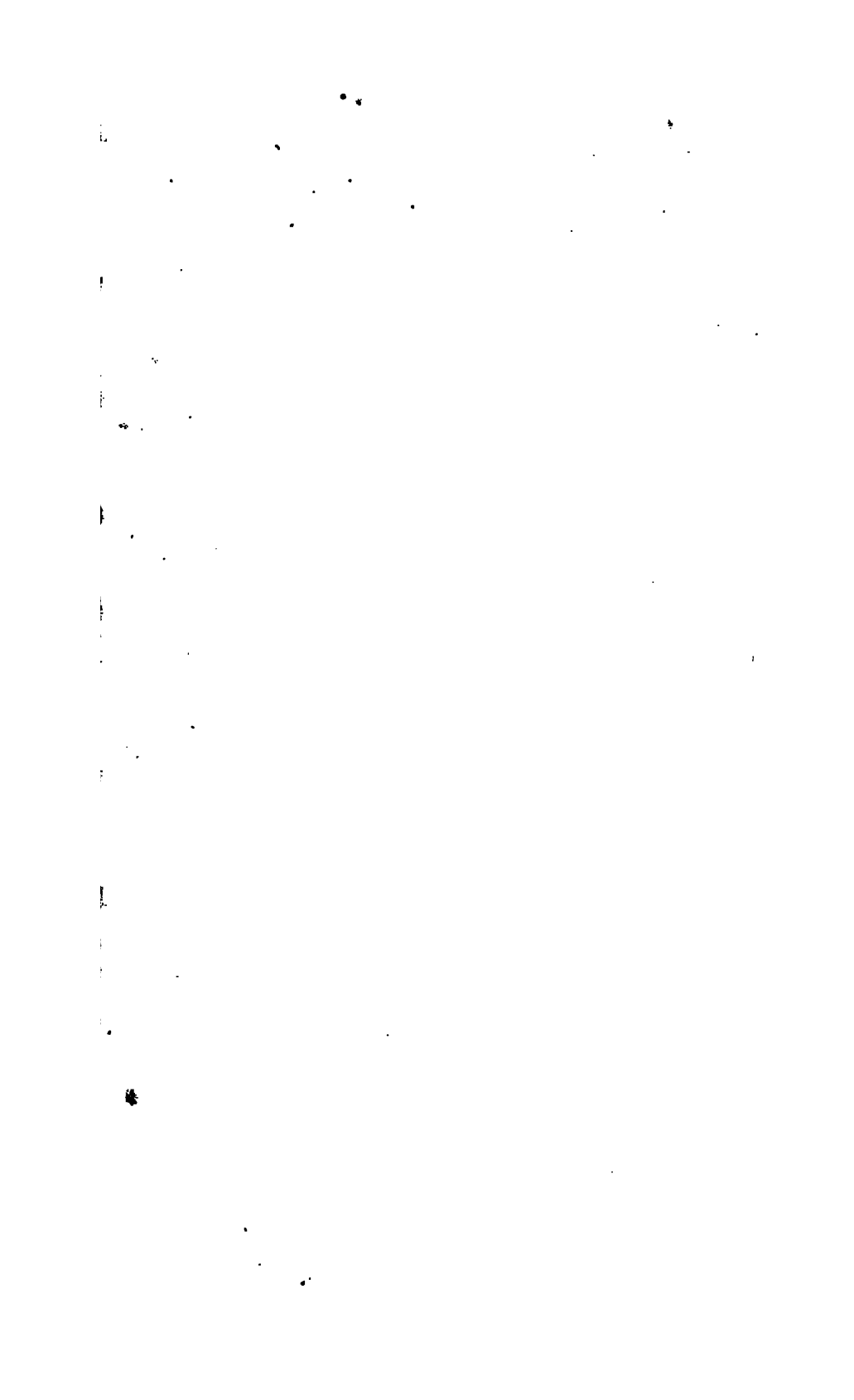
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THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION:

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY.

INTENDED FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS.

BY CAROLINE FRY.

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THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

JULY, 1826.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

(Continued from Vol. VI, page 311.)

SPARTA, FROM B.C. 236, TO THE CLOSE OF HER HISTORY, B.C. 191.

ARCHIDAMUS and Areus succeeded; but a disputed succession still further shook the sinking power of Sparta. Cleonymus, the other claimant, had recourse to Pyrrhus, and induced him to lead an army against the city, which now for the first time suffered the dangers of a close and vigorous siege, in which it very narrowly escaped destruction. On this occasion an account is given us of the courage and energy displayed by the Spartan ladies. In the great danger to which the city was exposed, it was proposed to send all the women to the island of Crete for safety. The ladies, hearing of this intention, assembled together in council. Having deputed Archidamia to convey their sentiments to the senate, she entered the room with a sword in her hand, and thus addressed them: "Do not, my lords, entertain so mean an opinion of the Spartan women, as to fancy that they will ever outlive Sparta; instead of considering whither we are to fly, consider what we are to do, and be assured we will undertake any thing for the service of our country." Yielding to this remon-

table than such a measure; and how little such a state of equality is in the design of providence, or the nature of human affairs, is sufficiently proved by the absolute impossibility of maintaining it for many years together. The senate of Sparta refused to pass the law but in consequence of tumults and divisions which ensued between the kings, Leonidas was obliged to fly, and Cleombrotus, his successor, being of the same mind with Agis, an attempt was again made to enforce it. In part this was effected, so far as to the remission of a debts—but when they came again to attempt the division of lands, the tide of popular opinion turned against them; Leonidas was recalled, and Agis and Cleombrotus were obliged to fly to the temples for safety. The life of Cleombrotus was saved by his wife Chelonis, the daughter of Leonidas. The ladies of Sparta seem yet to have preserved their pristine character. When her father was driven into banishment, Chelonis abandoned her husband as an usurper, and fled with him to exile. Now that her father was the triumphant persecutor, she returned to her husband, saved his life by her entreaties, and went with him into exile in spite of her father's efforts to retain her.

King Agis still kept the sanctuary, whither his friends came daily to console with him, conveyed him to his home, and guarded him in safety back.

and to govern by them." "But do you not,"
 of his judges, "repent of your rashness?"
 answered, "though I see my death is inevit-
 able, never repent as just and honourable as in-

The Usher ordered him to be carried out and

Agis, about to die, perceiving one who
 evaded his misfortune, said to him, "Weep
 not, for me, who die innocently, but grieve for
 us are guilty of this deed; my condition is
 as theirs." Then stretching out his neck, he
 with a constancy that became his royal dignity
 exalted character. As soon as Agis was dead,

one of those who had betrayed him, came
 to the prison gate, and met the mother and grand-
 mother in mourning. He told them they need
 further violence to their son; and if they
 they might go in and see him. When they
 reached the prison, he commanded the gate to be
 opened, and the grandmother to be first introduced; she
 was old, and had passed her days with much repu-
 tation for virtue and wisdom. As soon as Amphares
 she was dispatched, he told the mother she
 was also. Against her entered and beheld her
 son lying dead. She fainted, and her mother
 led by the neck of her dress, she stood in
 the street. She then, assisted the
 mother, and de-
 manded her son.

table than such a measure; and how little such a state of equality is in the design of providence, or the nature of human affairs, is sufficiently proved by the absolute impossibility of maintaining it for many years together. The senate of Sparta refused to pass the law: but in consequence of tumults and divisions which ensued between the kings, Leonidas was obliged to fly, and Cleombrotus, his successor, being of the same mind with Agis, an attempt was again made to enforce it. In part this was effected, so far as to the remission of all debts—but when they came again to attempt the division of lands, the tide of popular opinion turned against them; Leonidas was recalled, and Agis and Cleombrotus were obliged to fly to the temples for safety. The life of Cleombrotus was saved by his wife Chelonis, the daughter of Leonidas. The ladies of Sparta seem yet to have preserved their pristine character. When her father was driven into banishment, Chelonis abandoned her husband as an usurper, and fled with him to exile. Now that her father was the triumphant persecutor, she returned to her husband, saved his life by her entreaties, and went with him into exile in spite of her father's efforts to retain her.

King Agis still kept the sanctuary, whither his friends came daily to condole with him, conveyed him to the baths, and guarded him in safety back again. But ere long, betrayed by these treacherous guards, whom Leonidas corrupted, he was seized and brought before the Ephori, where Leonidas sat prepared to judge him. As soon as the king came in, he asked him how he durst attempt to change the government, at which he smiled, and made not any answer. Provoked, they bade him rather weep than smile, for they should make him sensible of his presumption. Another asked him whether he had been constrained to these measures by the influence of others; to which, with composure, Agis answered, "I was constrained by no man, the design was mine, and my intent was to restore the laws of

Lycurgus, and to govern by them." "But do you not," said one of his judges, "repent of your rashness?" "No," he answered, "though I see my death is inevitable, I can never repent so just and honourable an intention." The Ephori ordered him to be carried out and strangled. Agis, about to die, perceiving one who bitterly bewailed his misfortune, said to him, "Weep not, friend, for me, who die innocently, but grieve for those who are guilty of this deed; my condition is better than theirs." Then stretching out his neck, he suffered with a constancy that became his royal dignity and his exalted character. As soon as Agis was dead, Amphares, one of those who had betrayed him, came out to the prison gate, and met the mother and grandmother soliciting admission. He told them they need fear no further violence to their son; and if they pleased, they might go in and see him. When they had entered the prison, he commanded the gate to be locked and the grandmother to be first introduced; she was very old, and had passed her days with much reputation of virtue and wisdom. As soon as Amphares thought she was dispatched, he told the mother she might go in also. Agesistrata entered and beheld her son stretched lifeless on the ground, and her mother suspended by the neck. For a moment she stood in silent horror; then recalling her spirits, assisted the soldiers to take down the body of her mother, and decently covering it, laid it by the corpse of her son. Him she embraced and kissed, exclaiming, "O my son, it is thy great goodness that has brought thee to this end." Amphares entered as she spake, and said, "Since you approve his deeds, it is fit you share in his reward." Agesistrata rising, met her fate with only these few words—"I pray the gods that this may redound to the good of Sparta."

To Leonidas succeeded his son Cleomenes, a prince of much virtue and enterprise. He too had schemes of reformation for Sparta, but felt that nothing could be

done unless he could rid himself of the Ephori. To effect this purpose, he took advantage of a war in which he was engaged with the Achæans, a neighbouring state assuming some importance under their hero, Aratus, as Thebes had done under Epaminondas—a brief glory, dependent on the life of one man. Having gained for himself the command, Cleomenes led into the field all whom he most suspected of opposing his designs. He there performed many worthy actions; but took care so to harass and fatigue his army, that most of them desired to repose themselves in Arcadia when the king was to return. With the remainder, he slowly approached Lacedæmon. As he drew near the city, he sent forward a party of his confidants, who surprised the Ephori at supper, and slew four of them—the fifth escaped by counterfeiting death, till he could retire to the sanctuary. On the morrow, Cleomenes came into the forum, ordered the chairs of the Ephori to be removed, excepting one on which he placed himself, and harangued the people in justification of his conduct. He showed them the necessity of restoring the institutions of Lycurgus, and assured them, though compelled to begin with violence, he would hereafter govern in strict adherence to the laws. He was the first to deliver into the publick stock all that he possessed, and his friends and relations followed the example. In dividing the lands, he assigned equal shares to those whom he had banished, intending to recall them as soon as the safety of the state would permit. He restored the old Laconic mode of educating the youth, of eating in publick, and performing their exercises together. There being at this time no king but himself, he associated his brother Euclidas with him on the throne, that the mode of government might be in no way changed. But the most prevailing influence of Cleomenes arose from his own character and conduct, conforming in every thing to the habits of the meanest citizens. There was in his house no purple furniture, or canopies of state, or chairs or couches for indulgence;

every thing was plain about him. When offered any petition, he stepped forward to receive it, redressing the injuries of others and offering none himself. When strangers dined with him, he had plenty of wine, set on in a brass vessel, with silver cups near it, according to the number of guests; every man being permitted to drink what he pleased, but never desired to take more.

The virtues of Cleomenes for a short season renovated the sinking prosperity of his country; a returning gleam of glory, such as we may find in the decline of every nation, too brief to save it from extinction. He did much for reform at home, and much for renown abroad; but it was Cleomenes, not Sparta now that triumphed, and the brief prosperity was terminated with his existence. The chief enemy of Sparta, or of Cleomenes whom he envied, was Aratus, the Achæan. In spite of his attempts to treat, he kept him in perpetual warfare. The monarchs of Egypt, too, at this time appear as interfering in the affairs of Greece; and we hear of Ptolemy demanding for hostages of the king of Sparta, his mother and his son, as the price of his friendship. It is told on this occasion, as an anecdote of Spartan womanhood, that Cleomenes being troubled at this demand, disclosed it with much hesitation and difficulty to his mother. She replied to him, "Was it this you were so much afraid to tell? Why do you not put me on shipboard, and send this carcass where it may be of use to Sparta, before age wastes it unprofitably here." From Egypt she afterwards wrote to him, "King of Sparta, do what is worthy of your country, and may redound to its profit; nor for the sake of an old woman and a little child, stand in fear of what Ptolemy may do."

The Macedonians also were now in Greece as the adversaries of Sparta; and the valour and wisdom of Cleomenes maintained with difficulty the unequal contest. Still he was successful; though many historians charge him with having acted with temerity and rashness. Finally venturing an unequal battle, the Lacedæmonians

were totally defeated, and two hundred only escaped the slaughter: a victory attributed chiefly to the valour of the Macedonian troops. When the battle was over, Cleomenes returned to Sparta; but there he knew that he could not remain. After giving a few directions, he went to his own house, where without taking refreshment, or unloosing his armour, he leant himself awhile against a pillar to consider what he should do. He determined to escape to Egypt. There he was well received, and, while Ptolemy Euergetes lived, well-treated: but in the succeeding reign was suspected and confined; which resenting, he with twelve friends attempted to force the place in which he was imprisoned; and finding it impossible to escape, they slew each other. His mother and family, and all that belonged to him, were murdered in consequence by the Egyptians. With Cleomenes ended the Herculean race of Spartan kings.

From this time, we can scarcely look upon Sparta as an independent kingdom. After the last fatal battle of Sellasia, she fell into the hands of the Macedonian Antigonus, who from respect to the memory of her greatness, treated the inhabitants with much kindness. While Cleomenes lived, though an exile and a prisoner in Egypt, the Spartans remained passive under the controul of Macedon; but when the news of his death arrived, tumult arose, and the successor of Antigonus had to send an army to bring them again to submission. Persons who had little right to the throne, began to dispute for the possession of it. Ancient history now gives to the reigning prince of Sparta the name of Tyrant instead of King, because they were not of the royal line, and had seldom any other claim to the throne, than the power of seizing it. Agesipolis and Lycurgus are the first named tyrants. The latter, twice banished and twice recalled, had very considerable successes against the Macedonians. We know not what eventually became of him; whether he died in peace or by the sword, in possession of the kingdom, or again dethroned;

neither can we find what measures were pursued by the Spartans, after the loss of this, their first elected sovereign.

Machanidas succeeded, but when or how we have no information. We hear of him first as king in the year B.C. 207. His talents we learn by their effects. At home he expelled the Ephori that he might rule alone; abroad he endangered the liberties of all the Peloponnesus by his rapacity. Philopœmen, a man of note in Grecian story, was now the hero of the Achæan league: the nature of this league we shall explain hereafter: at this time it comprised all the surrounding states of Greece, united in opposition to the power of Sparta. The armies met in the field, and Machanidas fell by the hand of Philopœmen. The Achæans wasted all the provinces that had been subject to him, the Spartans having no power to resist them.

Not long after this, we find one Nabis on the throne, a tyrant more monstrous than all that had preceded him. There was no limit to his cruelty. To the honest, brave, and noble among the people, he was an open and implacable enemy. Such as he could reach he promptly murdered; and those who went into banishment to escape him, he hired assassins to pursue, till in the field, at their tables, or in their beds, an opportunity was found to slay them. It is vain to repeat the story of his cruelties, but well may we perceive in them the fallen state of Sparta; to which, in other days, even an unsuccessful monarch dared not to return. All Greece, indeed, had experienced as great a change, and stood in a position as different from that which was her former boast. The power of the kings of Macedon had destroyed the independence of all the other states. But their glories had a yet more fearful foe at hand. Rome was now in the plenitude of her greatness, scarcely knowing where to expend her strength, or how to find enemies enough to conquer. The distressed Greeks, apprehending no more

injurious enemy than the tyrant of Sparta, invited the Romans to their assistance. Much contest ensued. Nabis was not easily subdued, though defeated both by the Romans and by Philopœmen, the Achæan hero. He was only conquered at last by the treachery of the Ætolians feigning to send a party of troops to his assistance, who, while exercising with those of Nabis without the walls of Sparta, had orders to attack and destroy him. The Lacedæmonians looked on, with mixed feelings of joy and terror to see their tyrant fall. The Ætolians took advantage of their amazement to march into the city, and rifle the palace of the tyrant of its treasures. The Spartans now perceiving they had indeed an enemy within their gates, and mindful of their former glory, for shame to see the treasures of their city carried off by strangers, placed on horseback a child of the royal blood; and rallying round him as their king, attacked the Ætolians and put them without mercy to the sword. The arrival of Philopœmen put an end to the confusion, by persuading the Lacedæmonians to peace, and inducing them to join themselves to the Achæan league. B.C. 191.

It is here, nearly two centuries before the birth of Christ, we close the separate history of Lacedæmon: all that remains of her destiny, will be included in the account of the Achæan league, with which, after we have brought the affairs of Athens to the present period, we shall finish the history of the ancient states of Greece. Sparta appears no more in independence, but relying on the Achæans and the Romans alternately, for defence against the other. Already we have seen her submitting without resistance to the arbitrary commands of the most lawless tyrants. The institutions of Lycurgus were no more in force; the greater number of her people were corrupt; and those who had preserved any thing of their former virtues, for that very reason hated and proscribed by the tyrant, were compelled to

abandon their country to the fate from which they could not save her. The monarchical government, the only remnant of her institution, was now to be dissolved.

We have thus looked briefly through the space of Sparta's glory. She was never conquered, and scarcely ever defeated till after she had relinquished her own institutions, and become internally corrupt. She had never altered her form of government, or changed her line of kings, till the immediate period of her fall. Even now, she was not confessedly subject to any other state, though compelled to yield to their influence, and change the form of government at their desire—the monarchical government being contrary to the Achæan system. As far as invincible and stubborn courage is greatness, Spartans must be considered greatest among the children of men. Their courage was of a very uncommon character. Few in number, exposed in situation, without defence of nature or of art, without so much as a fortress in her territories or a wall round her city, the united force of Asia, that laid Athens in ashes, could not reach Sparta; and the more formidable forces of Greece, on every side surrounding and combined against her, could not abase her power. And yet, as we have before remarked, she made no conquests, and gained no permanent extension of her territory. Other nations we find fighting for dominion or for peace. Sparta desired neither, and fought but for glory or defence. The features of her glory are very different from those that characterize the Roman or the Macedonian arms. We have already given our opinion of the character of this people. We see in their rugged virtue but little to admire and less to love. Courage and patriotism were perhaps the sum of it—for in respect to their self-denial and the subjection of their natural passions, having no object but their own military glory, which they preferred, we can scarcely name them in the list of virtues; while vices of the grossest and the coarsest kind were countenanced and

approved amongst them. In short, if the history of Sparta is to be exhibited as a picture of mortal greatness, it is a very humiliating one to human nature; and a very mournful one of the entire departure of the children of men, from the laws once written on their hearts by the finger of omnipotence.

REFLECTIONS
ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me.—PSALM cxvi. 12.

THERE is nothing sweeter in religion than the voice of praise. Perhaps there is nothing more acceptable in heaven. I wish we heard more of it on earth. There does not seem to be an adequate appreciation of the benefits received. Their value, it is true, cannot be measured, but by the duration of eternity; and would outmeasure, were it possible, even that. But enough we know to amaze our spirits with the vastness of what we owe—to swell them so big with gratitude, that there scarcely should be room for any other feeling, unless it were the desire to render something for all we have received, though it might be nothing better than an adequate expression of our gratitude. There is no meet return, and there is no adequate expression. But still it is a feeling to be cherished, and to be made more apparent than it is in our ordinary life and conversation. There is not about us that air of grateful contentedness and pious joy, that might be expected under circumstances of so much benefit enjoyed. The ransomed captive, who has doffed his chains, has a gladder countenance than the Christian manumitted from eternal bondage. The legatee of some undue inheritance, goes after it with a lighter heart than Christians travel to—

wards their immortality. Those think but lightly of small matters by the way—as the mind engrossed with happiness, thinks ever lightly of trifling incommodities. Consider what is the essential happiness of the Christian—his blessings, hopes, and prospects, contrasted with what he has deserved and been redeemed from, and you can scarcely expect other language from his lips than this of overwhelming, bursting gratitude, “What shall I render for all his benefits.” Contrast it with the language we hear and speak among ourselves, of impatience, discontent, and sadness. And not language only—but such slowness in yielding, in submitting, in giving up our choice to Him to whom our bliss is owing. All this does not look like a sense of benefits enjoyed; and I fear it is the sense, the habitual sense of it, that is wanting. Might we not cultivate it more?

A man's foes shall be they of his own household.—
MATT. x. 36.

AND his worst foes are of his best beloved—more near and dear to him than the wife of his bosom, or the sisters of his love. They dwell closer with him than the inhabitants of his own mansion. For they are within him, and a part of him; and divide his house in perpetual contention with itself. It is a wonder to hear people complain so much of the opposition they meet with in their religious course—how they are crossed, and kept back, and put aside from the object they desire to pursue: telling out, sometimes with too much bitterness, the ridicule and censure they have to contend with—the much endurance they are called to exercise, towards those of their own family who do not think with them in matters of faith and practice: in the one case claiming some excuse for their slow progress, in the other some merit for their firmness: or if not that, indulging a quite human feeling, by thus giving vent to its irritations. Little is said meantime of those more intimate and closer enemies, the sins of our own bosoms—habits, passions,

propensities, cherished long and loved, but now proved to be the most dangerous and bitter enemies of our spiritual peace. Yet is there no obstacle in our way like these, and none of which we so much need to complain. Were it not for these, external persecution would prevent us little. The contest may be something hard to bear, especially when it must be waged with those we love. But it is a trifle, a nothing worth the mention, compared to the bitterness of the struggle that goes on within us, from the opposition of unchastened feeling, and the enticements of selfish indulgence; and the thousand other things with which the native possessor of the bosom is armed against the sovereign that has come in to reign there. Much better it would be to complain of these, and charge on these our sufferings. Then instead of boasting, we should be ashamed—instead of excusing, we should condemn ourselves.

Didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? Whence then hath it tares?—MATT. xiii. 27, 28.

IF these words apply to the sinner, allowed for a season to grow up and flourish in the field of God, not less applicable do they seem to the children of God in their imperfect state. It is perpetually questioned among us, why perfect seed produces so mixed a harvest? Why are religious people so inconsistent? Why is that pious person so unamiable? Why is that saint so melancholy? The same answer will suffice—"An enemy has done this." Religion, or religion's teacher, did not implant these faults, or give birth to these inconsistencies—or sour the disposition—or cloud the brow. Its lessons are all pure, all lovely—the flowers of its seed are all beautiful to look upon. "An enemy has done it." Human nature, for ever inimical to the grace that has subdued it—Satan, for ever pursuing the soul that has escaped him—the world, for ever reacting its detected cheats—O they come—while the incautious spirit has foregone its watchfulness, or grace has left

the soul in darkness, they come and sow there their unsightly tares—the garden's shame, its sorrow and reproach—but still no wonder. Why He whose ground it is, permits these blemishes to stay, his wisdom only knows. Perhaps because the regenerated heart has need to see the blossoms of celestial grace side by side with its own base productions, that it be kept humble, and that it be kept grateful. Perhaps to show forth more brilliantly his own eternal power, that can rear his seed in such unseemly gardens. Perhaps to convict the world of its wilfully perverted judgment, determined to attribute to religion the faults of its professors, and charge God himself with the work of his enemies.

Je viendrai contre toi comme le larron dans la nuit.

QUE ces paroles sont terribles. Je viendrai contre toi, moi qui ai abîmé le premier monde dans un deluge universel; moi qui ai consumé Sodome et Gomorrhe par feu; moi qui ai détruit Jerusalem, où mon nom était invoqué, où j'avais établi mon sanctuaire; moi qui ai ôté mon chandelier aux Eglises que mes Apôtres avaient fondées; moi qui ai réduit en poudre tant de temples, dispersé tant de troupeaux. Et que ferions nous, Seigneur, si tu viens contre nous, si tu ôtes la lumière qui nous éclaire, le pain celeste qui nous nourrit? Prevenons cette venue par notre conversion. Jésus viendra dans un tems qu'on ne l'attendra pas. Prepare nous, Seigneur, toi-même, à te recevoir. Viens dans nos cœurs. Viens-y établir ton empire; viens nous remplir de ton Esprit, et viens nous donner les prémices de ta gloire.

PICTET.

LECTURES
ON OUR
SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

LECTURE THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

Therefore all things, whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do you also unto them.—
MATT. vii. 12.

A BEAUTIFUL summary of all that had preceded it. In indulgent adaptation to our perverse and querulous spirits, to a darkness that will not see, a stupidity that will not understand, while the shadow of a pretext can be found for misapprehension, the divine expositor of his Father's law had gone on explaining, line by line, and precept by precept, every minute particular of Christian duty—when, as if his comprehensive mind had seen at once that all this was needless, that words were multiplied in vain, to explain what a single sentence would express, he concentrates the whole of human duty in this one small point—the all of celestial or of human law—the all of duty, and the all of right—“Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.”

To a candid and an honest mind, there is nothing more striking than the contrast between the simplicity of the Gospel truth, as God has left it, and the difficulties, controversies, and equivocations, with which man has encompassed it. It is one of the objections of infidelity against revelation, that if God had revealed his will at all, he would have done it plainly: he would not have given a dark and uncertain guide for men to dispute about, and ultimately lose their way for want of understanding it. To all whom he meant should understand it, I believe that he has done so—to all the honest and the simple-minded, who have no other purpose

but to understand, obey it, and be saved. With respect even to the doctrines of the Gospel, there is a great deal of dishonesty in our hearts—there are some things we do not like to believe; and some we think it dangerous to believe; and some we determine beforehand cannot be true; and some, I fear too often, that we determine not to receive if they are true. And thence we go to disputing and cavilling, darkening counsel by words without knowledge; till amid the heat of controversy, and the excitement of party, and the ferment of imagination, the simple truths of revealed religion are indeed clouded and veiled with countless difficulties. And not more true is this of points of faith, than of points of obedience. Questions as to what we must do, what we may do, and what we may not do, fill volumes of writings, and disturb the peace of the tender-hearted, as if God had really bidden us to lead a godly and religious life, without informing us what he meant by it. And yet, when we turn from the cavillings of unbelievers who love the ways of sin, and of believers too unwilling to relinquish them, to the pure droppings of eternal truth, as they fell first from the lips of divinity, how simple are the precepts, and how few the words—how easy to understand, how impossible to be mistaken. Two small chapters, at the longest, is all the code of Christian morality: but that is more than was necessary—for all is included in this single verse—“Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them.

Men, even in the darkness of their unregenerate nature, are adequate judges of their own claims, as to what they would wish to demand, if not as to what is due to them. If in the latter they may err, it will be in expecting too much, never too little of their fellow-creatures. And in this respect, an honest abiding by this precept of our Lord would correct another great source of misery and wrong in human life—our inordinate and unreasonable expectations. For certainly, if we are to

render to others whatever in treatment we desire to receive from them, we are not to expect or to desire any thing we should not, in the like case, conscientiously feel obliged to render. There are splendid acts of generous self-sacrifice, which must not be calculated on and cannot be imitated, that seem to go beyond this precept. Doubtless they are beautiful in the sight of heaven as they are before men. But as there is no law that requires them at our hands, so is there no reasonable ground on which we should expect them.

Nature, as we have observed, would be sufficient to the full understanding of this precept, and by it of the duty that we owe to every one, in every possible relationship and circumstance of life, did we by the light of nature know ourselves, what we would have, and what we must have. But that is not so. Justice and our right is all the cry: we say we want nothing more, and this we are willing to render to every one: and dealing out this rigid, miserable dole, according to our poor judgment of right towards others, rather than our actual feeling of what is desirable to ourselves, we persuade ourselves we are fulfilling this magnificent precept, while we are living in exact opposition to its meaning.

The Christian cannot make any such mistake. He knows that he must have at others' hands, not justice and his right, but mercy, pity, forbearance, long-suffering, gentleness, condescension, forgiveness, indulgence, love—or that, being what he is, he shall be miserable. Here then is a precept wide enough to measure every questionable duty, full enough to contain every individual circumstance of every individual christian, in his passage through time into eternity. Would that it were written in letters of gold, and hung about our necks, so near that the eye could not forget to see it, nor the heart to feel it, in every hour, in every moment of our lives. But I fear it comes very seldom to mind at the right moment. It should arm, as it were, our selfishness against itself, and make it commit suicide. The cre-

ditor must pay the debtor's bill, and the more exorbitant he has made it the more he will have to pay. Nothing but the love of God will make this rule acceptable, and nothing but divine grace will enable us to fulfil it.

But supposing that, by God's grace and for his love, we do honestly desire to fulfil this epitome of the law and the prophets, is it not above all things necessary we should remember it? And do we not habitually forget it? We remember it when we make reference to the pages of Scripture—we remember it doubtless in our prayers for heavenly aid—and I trust we remember it in our hours of penitential sorrow. But do we think of it at the only moments in which it can be influential on our conduct—the moment we are going to do something, say something, determiné something, that may affect the interests or the feelings of others? And this would be always—for there is no part of our conduct, scarcely a word we speak, the communion between ourselves and our Maker excepted, that does not nearly or remotely affect somebody. To be useful, then, this precept must be ever near, and if we would abide by its decisions, no other law would be necessary—we could not err. Is it near? Let us examine. Have we thought of it to-day? Did we think of it yesterday? Perhaps our mind is burthened with something we have said to others, for which we now reproach ourselves—Would not that thought, had it occurred, have prevented those words? Perhaps we have brought trouble on ourselves by some offence, given undesignedly. Would not the recollection of that precept have made us aware of doing wrong? Thus let us trace back the circumstances of a day, a week, and try if this rule of conduct, timely applied, would not have spared us all the mistakes, the mischiefs, and the too late regrets that we have caused ourselves. Wider than at first appears, is the extent it embraces. Whom could we have served, and have not served? To whom could we have spoken comfort, and have kept silence? Whom have we misled by folly, when an example of wisdom

would have changed their course? Whom have we revolted from right by our harshness, when gentleness might have won them to it? Whom have we left to perish, when we might have warned them of a danger we knew, though they did not. Is it thus we would be dealt with? No—there is not a neglect, or a mistake, any more than an injury, which the timely application of this precept might not prevent. And O! how guilty, how guilty do we stand before it!

Yet this is the law—and this the prophets—the whole moral purport of God's written word, given from the lips of Deity itself—of the law, because it comprises every social duty in the detail, as required of the people of God—of the prophets, because it describes the spirit and the principle implanted in the heart of the regenerate by the doctrines of salvation, and inseparable from the faithful acceptance of them. It must, as such, become our rule of conduct, if we would walk before God accepted and approved. Admit that it is difficult, that to our selfish nature it is impossible—though whether it be or not, I fear we have not tried—still there is a word in our text, that in thus excusing ourselves on the plea of incapacity, we seem to have overlooked, "Therefore all things whatsoever, &c." Therefore—and why? Because beside all the motives of gratitude, interest, and love that have been spoken to induce you to obedience, the power to obey has been freely offered to you in the preceding verses. We need not return to them—we have dwelt sufficiently on the certainty of their fulfilment in answer to our desires. The promise is strong enough, sure enough, full enough, to warrant any demand of obedience that may follow it; however to our unassisted nature it were too much.

It is strange that in the face of words like these, men will go on pleading their nature, their infirmities, their ignorance; not in palliation merely, but in absolute excuse for their sins; meaning that if God takes account of them as other than accidents of our nature, he will

be unjust—even claiming heaven as the reward of having done their best, under circumstances of so much disadvantage. In the first place they have not done their best; inasmuch as they have not made this precept the ever-present rule of conduct, by which to try their dispositions and direct their conduct. And if they had tried and had failed, neither would they be the more excused; unless it should appear, that with honest, earnest, contrite spirits, they have cast themselves at their Saviour's feet, and staid there in perpetual, earnest prayer for help, and have been refused. Suppose one were sent into a distant country to trade for merchandise especially required by his government, and to enable him to purchase, authority to draw for money to any amount had been given him; which forgetting, or fancying that he could not want, he should wisely leave behind him. What should we think of such a commissioner, if, on his return, he pleaded that the commodity was too expensive for his means of payment? The case is similar. We none of us do the best we can with our natural powers, and therefore we are guilty of the deficiency. We may have additional power communicated to us by the divine Spirit, if we seek it, and therefore we are doubly guilty. And Christians, disciples of Christ, children of God, heirs of immortality, who know all this and believe it, and have proved it, seem, in this matter, to be more guilty than all others, in the indulgence of untoward dispositions towards their fellow-creatures, if it can be proved that they have not borne in mind this golden rule of conduct, and made perpetual application for the only strength in which they can fulfil it.

THE LISTENER.—No. XXXVII.

MADAM,

I have been much interested in two of your late listenings on the subject of education. Though rather

highly wrought exhibitions of cases not very frequent among the largest class of your readers, yet there is a truth and applicability in the remarks which are calculated to force them on the convictions of those to whom they especially apply. I cannot but agree with you in thinking that a home education is susceptible of advantages, beyond those which a school can afford. Though I would not pass a sweeping censure on the system maintained in all schools, as, within my limited observation, some pleasing and honourable exceptions have occurred, yet I cannot but think that the system observed in a large majority of them, is alike unfavourable to the manners and dispositions, to say nothing of the minds of the young people who are subjected to its influence. Many parents have no alternative, but are forced by circumstances to part from their children; during the years devoted to their education. For them it only remains to supply, as far as possible, by a wise selection, those advantages which are best secured under the watchful eye of a judicious and solicitous parent. But where opportunities and means are afforded of bringing up children under the parental roof, where the home of a child appears to concentrate all the advantages which that child needs to possess, it is indeed surprising that parents should be found willing to forego the most important claims, and trust to the culture of others that delicate plant, which needs alike the watchful and solicitous eye and the skilful and tender hand. Is it the want of a due appreciation of the end to be secured, or the means which are to subserve this end, that induces parents thus to deprive themselves of their children, and their children of a home, during that period which may be considered as the most important, inasmuch as it bears upon the whole after history of life.

The errors of a home education, though they are less palpable and less dangerous, are not fewer in number, nor less unfailing in their effects. Where the children are totally left to the care of a governess, in the selection

of whom little judgment has been exercised, it scarcely needs description's pen to point out the probable consequences. But except in the highest ranks of society, where the devoted mother is incompatible with the fashionable woman, things are not often so. The mother with whom her children spend a great part of their time, who is accustomed to associate them with most of her daily engagements—who, in the hour of serious occupation, as well as in that of unbending gaiety, still maintains the watchful control—she cannot be accused of resigning her children's education to the hands of others, because to them is committed the task of imparting daily instruction. The superior influence of the parent still remains. The habits and treatment observed by her, must characterise those of the governess, whose power is far from being universal and unlimited. The higher authorities not only control, but are fully accessible, reserving in their own hands the right of appeal, which is the seal of home-chartered privileges.

This system, though combining many and great advantages, has yet a long list of evils in its train, arising chiefly from an excessive indulgence, which breaks down the bounds of necessary discipline, and a partiality of feeling, which does not always leave the judgment free to decide on the relative duties and claims of governess and child. But an extended view of these errors is not the object of this paper—its reference is to one only.

To some errors we know every system must be liable, which, to a certain extent, will exclude or nullify the advantages attendant on that system. Now these advantages must receive their due share of estimation, ere solicitude will be active in detecting and removing the impediments to their successful influence. The bearing of this paper is on an error, by no means of universal admission, the want of general society for the young. We are not speaking of children under the age of twelve and fourteen, to whom the nursery and school-

room can offer wherewith to fill up the intervals of regular employment; but of girls who have passed through the regular routine of school-room engagements, and who want direction in their amusements no less than in their studies. It is when their youthful characters are forming—when each day witnesses an addition to their little stock of opinions, and a strengthening of those already possessed—when reflection is awakened, and calls upon judgment to assert her supremacy, and thought her rightful independence—it is then we should be solicitous to supply those aids and influences which may best impart to these faculties a right direction, and fix the impress of truth on their proceedings. Now what will best assist the youthful mind to form a correct estimate of character, and definite expectations of life? Will the dry lectures of the parent and instructress do this? Will the theories of philosophic writing avail? Will the high wrought descriptions of fiction's page suffice? Or will the power of perception and judgment, though existing in a greater degree than is usual at that tender age, will they, can they, unaided by observation and experience, lead to this knowledge, so important in its results? It is true that the opinion of many parents is opposed to this; they, in the first place, deny the importance of this knowledge; and in the second, they affirm that it must be obtained at so great an expense of that which is of higher worth, simplicity of mind, that it renders the trial unwarrantable on the part of the parent. Others, who do not carry their groundless apprehensions quite so far, yet consider it a risk, an experiment, to the chance of which they are ill-content to trust their anxious hopes and fond expectations. But may it not be questioned if these opinions have not their source in a partial, contracted view of the subject? To avoid a possible evil, is not a real advantage sacrificed, and a certain evil incurred? Do we not observe in young people, to whom such exclusive attention has been

directed, contracted notions of things—an ignorant simplicity, which, far from being their safeguard in after life, does but expose them to deception and danger—an engrossing selfishness, which is ever seeking to advance its own interests—an undue estimate of self importance, which is ever urging its claims on the attention and regard of others? Now these are the evils, which it is the part of social intercourse to correct. It is not as members of a privileged and happy family, but as members of society at large, that we shall learn rightly to estimate our relative importance. There is a knowledge to be gained, and an experience to be acquired, which is not unfrequently dearly bought from the mistaken notions of the solicitous, but misjudging guardians of youth.

By general, we do not mean, promiscuous society; it is not for that we are pleading. Select, yet varied, may be the intercourse, which pious solicitude may sanction. The term is rather used in opposition to that very restricted intercourse, which the notions of some Christian parents enjoin. They imagine their children should see nothing wrong, lest they should imitate it; they should hear nothing wrong, lest they should adopt it; and every possible influence, which in the least degree militates, not only against the opinions they maintain, but the precise system which they have observed, must be forbidden to approach the entrenched ground. But it should be remembered by such parents, that whatever be the influences of society, and however undesirable, they are such as must be met, at some time or other; and would it not be the part of wisdom, to seek to nullify their anticipated ill effects, not by shunning, but by meeting and opposing them? Would not the superior influence of the parent, his discrimination, his disapprobation, and his approval, be the best possible correctives to this undesirable influence? But a reference to facts will be more satisfactory than all the reasoning that can be urged on the subject, and

those who have had most to do with the young, and have been most accustomed to read the early history of the mind, know best how to estimate the effects of this seclusive anxiety.

I have been intimately acquainted for many years with a family, in whom has been very apparent the evils of restricted intercourse. They are now deprived of a mother's care, and their surviving parent, partly from a disinclination for general society, and partly from a conviction of its undesirable influence, has kept them almost entirely secluded. They have been educated at home, under a mother's watchful eye, by governesses of respectable attainments, and approved manners. Their education has been conducted much on the system that home instruction generally furnishes. They have not been unusually indulged, nor subjected to unnecessary restraint, during the years of infancy and childhood, and they are moreover possessed of respectable mental endowments. It was expected in the sequel, that the method of my friend would furnish a good specimen of the superiority which a home education can command; for, though many did not approve of the utter seclusion which characterized his plan, yet all imagined that great advantages must be connected with a system, which had its origin in so much solicitude, and was adhered to with such inflexible pertinacity. It seemed too much the result of thought and design, to fail of securing its end. The children seemed to improve; and, as children, were superior to many of their age, and promised fair to be an interesting family. For six years, circumstances divided our habitation, and suspended our intercourse. When we again met, though I recognized in my friend the same affectionate and solicitous parent, yet I looked in vain for the pleasing and interesting group I had left. Six years, at their age, I was aware, were sufficient to produce many changes. My renewed intercourse with them, soon gave me the means of detecting the cause, and the result of a few observations shall be subjoined.

Frivolous remarks, unmeaning talk, were exhibited among them. They turned upon each other that power of observation, which should have been exercised upon society at large, and which would have brought thence its disapproving opinions as a self-corrective; but now it was employed to discern, to magnify, and to ridicule, not only the faults and follies, but the little failings, and peculiar habits of each; each was possessed of her own little set of opinions and prejudices, fashioned according as the influences of education had met the bias of her mind. Those which the enlarging effects of society would have dispelled, were but food for sarcasm. Whatever each said or did, was sure to be the subject, directly or indirectly, of trifling remark. And yet they were far—very far, from being a disunited or unhappy family. They were too independent of each other fully to act up to the endearing relationship of brother and sister; but the voice of discord and angry opposition was rarely heard among them.

Another evil effect of this seclusion was, a disability and disinclination to do good. Contracted opinions will assuredly lead to contracted feelings; and the heart which is shut out from social sympathies will not be familiar with the glow of benevolence. This was evident in their case. The claims of their fellow-creatures were rarely presented to them, and then they obtained not ready admission to their hearts.

In one I perceived great indolence of mind, which needed excitement. The monotony and vapidness of the life she led, so adverse to the character of youth, had weakened powers, which required a stimulus; and which, if roused and well directed, would have produced a very different character. Another, of a more gay and lively turn, was deeply tinctured with enthusiasm. Extravagant expectations of life and happiness filled her mind; unfitting her for present duties, and laying up for her a store of disappointment hereafter. Works of fiction were her delight, and thence, aided by her imagination,

they are—but it is the condition they stand in that makes them so. When a gentleman finds his business more than he can manage, he takes a junior partner, because he knows a servant will not be equally in his interest. The mother who finds the education of her children too much for her own care, should take a partner and a friend, and consider her as such—a servant will never prosper the undertaking.

CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

CONVERSATION XIII.

Adhesive Slate—Old Red Sandstone—Grit-Stone—Anomise—
Eocrinites.

MRS. L.—We have much more to learn on the interesting subject of Fossils, but I do not mean to resume it now—it will perpetually recur as we proceed with the Transition and Secondary Strata; and I shall then have occasion to present you with many more specimens. Having in a former conversation given you as much information as we have, respecting the origin of the next class of Rocks, I may now proceed to show you what they are. But we have already encroached upon this new ground—for of the Transition Rocks, or those Secondary and Stratified Rocks, that repose immediately on the Primary, Clay Slate is among the first, and that I have already described to you.

ANNE.—I remember it. You called it Argillaceous Schiste, and described it as the common Slate of which we know so well the appearance and utility.

MRS. L.—I think we left nothing to be said upon the subject. This Slate contains no organic remains, except the frequent impressions of vegetables, and sometimes of shells. Here is a specimen of Slate I

GEOLOGY.

PLATE XII



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.

Ind. by Baker & Fletcher in *Trans. of Phila.*

think you have not seen. *Fig. 1. Plate 12.* It is called Adhesive Slate, because it adheres strongly to the tongue. The Clay Slate often contains small veins of Tin.

ANNE.—Are the substances of this new Class as numerous as those of the Primary?

MRS. L.—In the detail they are numerous—but M'Culloch considers them to be altogether but of three Species—Sandstones, Limestones, and Slate: other Geologists may reckon more, by making different arrangements of the Species. In their important contents these Strata become highly interesting. The next we shall speak of, is the Red Sandstone. When it lies upon Argillaceous Schiste, in a conformable or parallel position, we can find no exact line between them. The Slate becomes coarse and filled with fragments of Sand, producing the substance called Grauwache, which I have already shown you. Here is a specimen of what is called the Old Red Sandstone, because it lies the lowest. *Fig. 2.*

ANNE.—Of what is it composed?

MRS. L.—Evidently of the waste and ruin of the preceding Rocks. You see it has nothing of a crystalline appearance, but that of detached particles cemented together: and it is always found to contain most of the Primary substance, in contact with which it happens to lie. When these fragments are of the usual size of sand, they form the fine Sandstones—when larger, they produce what are called Grit-stones, and Conglomerates or Breccias. The Geologist calls all these Sandstones—the Mineralogist distinguishes them with those different names. Here is a specimen of Coarse Grit. *Fig. 3.*

MAT.—Sandstones are not in general very hard, I think.

MRS. L.—“In the finer Sandstones, the adhesion of the parts is sometimes slight; and the rock is therefore of a feeble texture. In others, the adhesion is very firm, although it is impossible to trace any particular

cementing medium by which the union of the parts is effected. But in some varieties, it is very apparent that the harder parts are united by the intervention of a general cementing medium or paste; commonly consisting of that ferruginous (Iron) Clay, to which the colour of the Rock is, in most cases, owing. In a few instances, this cement appears to be a Carbonate of Lime (Lime and Carbon); or else, by a mixture of the two, there is formed a sort of general basis, in which the harder parts are imbedded. Where a Stratum of Red Sandstone is formed of coarser materials, these are almost invariably mixed with finer sand, and cemented in the same way. The sizes of the parts of which this Rock is formed, vary generally from the size of sand to a diameter of a few inches; but sometimes they attain the dimension of more than a foot. Sometimes they are angular—sometimes rounded by friction: and there are proofs of long-continued friction, as well as of distant transportation.

ANNE.—This leaves no doubt that these Rocks were formed at a later period than the Primary.

MRS. L.—They must be so, since they are formed out of them, and that by no very short process. The Sandstones of course contain all the substances that compose the Primary Rocks—Quartz, Felspar, Clay, Mica, Lime, &c.: but it is very rarely that the whole are found together. The colour is what the name implies—varying from a bright ochre red, to a blackish purple. The most remarkable variety is a mixture of red and white, thence called Variegated Sandstone.

MAT.—The Sandstone Rocks, I suppose, are not very high.

MRS. L.—“The Old Red Sandstone frequently forms mountains between two and three thousand feet above the sea level; in this respect, it yields only to the Transition and Primitive Chains of this Island, surpassing those of every other formation. Red Sandstone Rocks are seen in some parts of Britain in great beauty and

perfection, especially where they occur on the coast, or are intersected by rivers. At Ilfracombe, the Red Sandstone of the Somersetshire coast is seen lying upon Slate; and the junction is interesting to the Geologist, the Sandstone becoming somewhat slaty, and the Slate having a tendency to a granular fracture. Hawthornden, near Edinburgh, shews the characteristic features of the rock; and the ancient castle, with its dungeons and vaults, is constructed of this material. Ridges of Red Sandstone, containing Mica and fragments, sometimes accompany Primary Rocks, of which a very singular instance occurs upon the banks of Lock Beaully, near Inverness: a high range of Granite is here bordered by a Breccia; and a low ridge of Red Sandstone, of which the valley is also composed, accompanies the series, and seems the ruins of more ancient and lofty formations." When occurring among the Primary Strata, some Geologists have called it Primary Sandstone.

"This Rock is very abundant in England, especially in Lancashire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, Shropshire, and Worcestershire; and independent of its embowelled treasures, its surface is generally favourable to vegetation, and its soil sufficiently luxuriant. Its beds are often of great thickness, as may be seen in the quarries; it is much used as a building stone; but moulders in consequence of the action of air and moisture upon the Oxide of Iron it contains.

ANNE.—As I hear you mention the places in which these different formations may be seen, I feel an increasing desire to travel thither. Most of those in Great Britain are places I have already visited—but then it was without a thought or care about the soil I passed over. The alternate beauty of the Chalk Cliffs and the Sandstone in some parts of the coast, I do indeed well remember; but I should now look at them with infinitely more curiosity.

MRS. L.—It is thus that the study of nature multiplies our enjoyments almost without measure; particu-

larly if we have an opportunity of visiting different parts of the country. To finish with the Sandstone, I have but to add, that the metals, so valuable and abundant a treasure on the Limestone and Slate districts, here begin to disappear: but the Sandstone has deposits of not less value, especially Coal and Rock Salt.

MAT.—I fear I shall seem very ignorant, if I confess that I thought Salt was not a natural, but a manufactured substance, obtained by evaporation or extraction, from substances that contain it.

MRS. L.—It is so frequently: but it is likewise found in large quantities in the earth. Salt mines are in some parts very extensive. "The Red Sandstone is generally destitute of organic remains; but towards its lower regions, where it approaches the Limestone of the Transition series, some beds of Micaceous Sandstone Slate occur, containing *Anomia* and *Encrinites* similar to those in the Transition Limestones, which will be described hereafter. Vegetables similar to those of the Coal are said in some instances to occur."

MAT.—I have no idea what *Anomia* and *Encrinites* are.

MRS. L.—The *Anomia*, *Fig. 4.* is a shell of two valves—bivalve—and is found in a recent as well as in a fossil state. "The *Encrinus* belongs to a series of animals rendered interesting, not only by their curious forms and extraordinary structure, but also by their being among the earliest inhabitants of this planet. Hence they are so far aliens of this world, that whilst immense tracts of rocks are literally formed of the entombed remains of different species in a mineralised state, only five or six fragments of the remains of one of these numerous species have yet been discovered in a recent state." They do not appear to have had the power of removing; had very much the appearance of a flower, attached to the spot by a root-like base, from which arose a sort of tube or spine, opening at the top, and putting forth arms and

fingers, which had a considerably range for the seizure of their prey. There is a great variety of fossil species. *Fig. 5.* gives you the appearance of one species at its upper opening—*Fig. 6.* is another species.

SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS ON THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

CONVERSATION XI.

CLASS ARTICULATA—SUB-CLASS INSECTS.

Their means of defence, and luminous properties.

ANNA.—Only smell, mama, this beautiful beetle, which settled on my glove, as I was walking in the garden. What a strong scent it has!

MAMA.—It is something like otto of roses, and quite perfumes the room. This elegant insect is one of the Capricorns; a tribe which comprehends some of the most beautiful insects that we are acquainted with.

PAPA.—Do you know, Anna, that the smell it emits, is its means of defence? It was frightened at being taken in your fingers, and in order to save itself from you, it throws out a fluid which has the powerful odour that you perceive.

ANNA.—Is it indeed, papa? I should never have thought of that. I did not know that insects had any other means of defence than their stings.

PAPA.—They have many more than you would have any idea of, I dare say. This emitting scents and fluids belongs to numbers in almost every order; indeed I believe insects have, next to vegetables, the greatest variety of odours among them of any part of the creation.

ANNA.—I think you told me, Papa, that it is on

account of the smell that you wish me to keep my silk-worms in the green-house.

PAPA.—It is: they emit an effluvium, which is said to render them unwholesome in a room.

The fluids which many insects eject, are extremely fætid and disagreeable. But I shall get into another lecture on them, I find.

ANNA.—O do go on, papa: you know they are very interesting little creatures to me.

PAPA.—They are very interesting, I suppose, even in their most repulsive forms. You turned with disgust, I recollect, from the Skunk which we saw at Exeter Change, but if I proceed, I must tell you that many of your little favourites are the true counterparts of that offensive animal. I will not enter, however, into a minute detail on this part of their history: it is sufficient to say that the power of emitting scents and fluids is to numbers, particularly among the beetle and bug tribes, their most effective means of defence.

HENRY.—The acid of ants must be a very powerful weapon, if what is said of it be true.

PAPA.—Indeed it is. The effluvium produced by it is so subtile and penetrating, that it is impossible to hold your face near the nest of some of them, especially of the hill ants, when they are much disturbed, without being almost suffocated. The odour thus proceeding from myriads of ants, is powerful enough, it is said, to kill a frog. I believe insect secretions of this kind are generally of a very pungent, and often of a caustic nature: the fluid which this beautiful rose-scented capricorn throws out, will occasion considerable pain if applied to the eyes or lips.

ANNA.—You have excited my curiosity, papa, by saying that insects have many more means of defence than I have any idea of, and therefore I hope you will satisfy it; for indeed I cannot think of any thing besides stings, and these scents, that they can have.

PAPA.—The sting is rather an offensive, than a de-

fensive weapon, and but few, comparatively, are armed with it. It is indeed a formidable implement in those insects that have it, but I believe it is not frequently met with in both sexes of the same species, and by far the greater number have no such organ. You say you can think of no other means of defence: have you forgotten the immense strength and astonishing agility which they generally possess, and which frequently set all attempts to seize them at defiance;—the ingenious habitations in which multitudes lie unobserved and secure;—and the noises by which many either frighten their enemies away, or disarm them of their fury? But without recurring to these again, several other means, both of a passive and an active kind may be enumerated, by which they defend themselves from their assailants. Many, like the froth insect, are protected by their involuntary secretions, or by the long stiff hairs, or sharp spines with which they are invested: others so nearly resemble the soil, or the twigs and flowers on which they are found, that even the practised eye of an entomologist overlooks them; while others dazzle their enemies by their brilliant colours, or alarm them by their frightful aspect.

ANNA.—I suppose, papa, these are what you call *passive* means of defence.

PAPA.—Yes. Some of their active ones would amuse you much: particularly the deceptions they are known to practise.

ANNA.—How is it possible, papa, for such little creatures to practise deception?

PAPA.—They are not wanting in expedients for that purpose, I assure you. A favourite one of many of them is that of counterfeiting death. The common dung-beetle does this: when touched or in fear, it sets out its legs as stiff as if they were made of wire, which is its posture when dead, and in this manner, it avoids the rooks and other birds, which will feed only on living prey. Some of the beetles, weevils, and saw-flies have recourse to the same artifice; and so do spiders, which,

in this instance, I may again class with insects: if frightened they fall from their stations, fold up their legs, and remain motionless; and when in this situation, you might even pierce or tear them to pieces, without their exhibiting the slightest symptom of pain.

ANNA.—They must be almost insensible to suffering then, I should think.

PAPA.—I by no means suppose that insects feel pain as acutely as more organized animals do: I think indeed that we have sufficient proof that they do not: for an insect impaled upon a pin, will often devour its prey with as much avidity as when at liberty; or if deprived of parts of its limbs, it will still fly about with great agility and apparent unconcern.

HENRY.—You do not then agree with the well-known assertion of Shakspeare, that

“The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporeal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.”

PAPA.—I do not: and considering how much they must suffer, exposed as they are to attack and injury, were they possessed of the same acute sensations of pain with the higher orders of animals, I view their apathy as a merciful provision in their favour. I would by no means, however, encourage wanton experiments to prove it; for though they do not, perhaps, feel as we do, they feel enough to make such experiments acts of cruelty.

Among their cunning method of defence from danger I might also mention the disguises under which some conceal themselves. They not only put a cheat upon their enemies by pretending to be dead, but by pretending to be other things that they are not. Some, as the *Reduvius personatus*, that successful enemy of the bed-bug, cover themselves over with a coating of dirt, under which their real colour and form are effectually concealed; others roll themselves up so as to look like little pebbles, or beads, or fix themselves upon a plant in such

a posture as to appear like a twig of it: the caterpillars called geometers, which I have already introduced to your acquaintance, are famous for doing this.

ANNA.—Well, I could not have supposed that my pretty favourites were such little cheats.

PAPA.—Many of them have other and more honourable means of defence. The wasps and bees, for example, are not deficient in the same contrivance which we ourselves should employ to ward off an enemy,—that of placing sentinels at the entrance of their habitations; and the bees often even barricade the mouth of their hive by a thick wall, made of wax and propolis, when they have any reason to fear the intrusion of their troublesome enemy, the death's-head hawk-moth.

MAMA.—And perhaps the luminous property which some insects possess, serves them as a means of defence.

PAPA.—I have no doubt that occasionally it answers that purpose; neither the nature nor the general use of this singular provision has however yet been satisfactorily ascertained. Probably in different insects it answers different ends: in some it may tend to dazzle and alarm their enemies; while in others it may be of service to guide their own course, or to direct that of their associates to them. But whatever may be the use of this property, it is among the most singular and interesting with which any of the insect world are endowed.

ANNA.—I have frequently seen glow-worms shining during the evening in the garden; and very beautiful they are.

PAPA.—I believe, my dear, you are mistaken; for I have never observed any glow-worms in our neighbourhood. These "stars of the earth, and diamonds of the night," as they have been called, are found chiefly in the southern parts of our island. The insect you have seen is the electric centipede, which is common in gardens, and is very useful in destroying worms. If the sun has shone on it during the day, it reflects in the evening a very resplendent and beautiful light. The

glow-worm is quite a different insect; it is considerably larger and something like a caterpillar in shape, only that it is much flatter.

HENRY.—I suppose it is not a caterpillar.

PAPA.—No; it is a perfect insect, the female of a winged beetle of the *Lampyris* genus. Probably all the species of this genus, of which there are about sixty in different parts of the world, are more or less luminous; we are acquainted however with only this one in Great Britain.

MAMA.—Our luminous insects are far inferior in splendour to those of the more southern and tropical countries. Do you not remember, Anna, how beautifully Southey introduces them in his "Madoc," as affording the light by which Coatel rescued the British hero from the hands of the Mexican priests?

"She beckoned and descended; and drew out
From underneath her vest a cage, or net
It rather might be called, so fine the twigs
Which knit it; where, confined, two fire flies gave
Their lustre. By that light did Madoc first
Behold the features of his lovely guide."

PAPA.—He probably referred to the *Elater Noctilucus*, another species of beetle, which emits so strong a light, that the smallest print may be read by moving one of them along the lines. It is said, that in the West Indies, particularly in St. Domingo, where they are very common, the natives were formerly accustomed to employ these living lamps, which they called *cucuij*, in the evening, instead of candles, in performing their household occupations; and that in travelling, they used to tie one to each great toe.

HENRY.—There is something very poetic in the idea of being so illuminated, however.

PAPA.—I believe it is a fact that these insects were so employed; at the present day they are used, we are told, in the Spanish colonies for purposes of decoration. "On certain festival days in the month of June, they are

collected in great numbers, and tied all over the garments of the young people, who gallop through the streets on horses similarly ornamented; producing, on a dark evening, the effect of a large moving body of light." But the brilliant nocturnal spectacle presented by these insects to the inhabitants of the countries where they abound, cannot be better described than in the language of our poet, who has related its first effect upon the British visitors of the New world.

"Sorrowing we beheld

The night come on; but soon did night display
More wonders than it veiled; innumerable tribes
From the wood cover swarmed, and darkness made
Their beauties visible: one while they streamed
A bright blue radiance upon flowers that closed
Their gorgeous colours from the eye of day;
Now, motionless and dark, eluded search,
Self-shrouded; and anon, starring the sky,
Rose like a shower of fire."

HENRY.—If their light is so vivid, the story, which Mouffet tells, is not incredible, who informs us that when Sir Thomas Cavendish and Sir Robert Dudley first landed in the West Indies, and saw in the evening an infinite number of moving lights in the woods, which were merely fire flies, supposing it to be the Spaniards advancing upon them, they immediately retreated to their ships.

MAMA.—Did you ever read the story of Madame Merian's lantern-flies? The Indians had brought her several, which she, not then aware of their luminous properties, enclosed in a box and placed in her lodging room. In the middle of the night, the confined insects made such a noise as to awaken her, and she opened the box, the inside of which, to her great astonishment, appeared all in a blaze; letting it fall in her fright, she was not less surprised to see each of the insects apparently on fire. She soon, however, guessed the cause of the phenomenon, and reinclosed her brilliant guests in their place of confinement.

PAPA.—I believe the lantern-flies are even brighter than the fire-flies.

HENRY.—Are they also a species of beetle?

PAPA.—No: they are a genus called *fulgora*, belonging to the order *Hemiptera*.

ANNA.—Ah, the order to which our little noisy musicians the cicadæ belong!

PAPA.—And some of them are very noisy too, I assure you. There are several species, but the *fulgora lanternaria* of South America, and the *fulgora candelaria* of China are the most conspicuous. Both, as indeed is the case with the whole genus, have the material which produces the light inclosed in a transparent projection of the head; and we may readily imagine, as travellers assure us, that a tree, studded with myriads of these living lamps, some at rest and others in motion, must have an appearance transcendently grand.

ANNA.—I suppose we have no luminous insects here but the glow-worm, and the centipede which I mistook for one.

PAPA.—I do not suppose that we are confined to them alone: it is probable that many other insects are luminous which have never been suspected to be so. The mole cricket, for instance, has been seen to shine so brightly as to be mistaken for an *ignis fatuus*, or Jack o' lantern, as it is vulgarly called. Indeed it was an opinion maintained both by Ray and Willughby, and that I think on very reasonable grounds, that the majority of these supposed meteors are no other than luminous insects: most of which have the power of concealing or exposing their light at pleasure.

Z. Z.

GEOGRAPHICAL READINGS.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

IN the present rage for travelling, when they who cannot go to the North-west Passage can at least visit Paris, and when those who cannot even cross the Channel may devour voyages and travels, to their hearts' content, by the fire-side, it is unnecessary to speak in favour of an early acquaintance with Geography; and perhaps my young readers may think it equally unnecessary that they should be more fully instructed in this pleasing science. But let me beg to inform them it is not the bare knowledge of names of countries and places which constitutes Geography; it is equally necessary they should be acquainted with the peculiarities of the countries whose capital cities they can so glibly recite. Many a young lady, just fresh from a boarding school, would be puzzled to tell from whence comes the Gamboge which she uses; yet the same person would not be a little annoyed did any one venture to question her knowledge of the situation of Cambodia. It is trusted that the following Sketches may, by giving in a little space the local information, otherwise only to be found by diving through volumes of uninteresting, nay, even useless matter, more fully instruct my young friends in the more interesting part of their geographical studies.

ENGLAND AND WALES.

Our own country first claims our attention, and whether we consider its constitution, laws, religion, and commerce, we may be allowed to say, that it is certainly without a rival. Yet this Mistress of the Ocean, this dispenser of good to mankind is, in itself, only three hundred miles from north to south, and three hundred from east to west. Its climate is, as every hypochondriac can

tell, very variable and very damp; yet surely when we consider its other manifold advantages, whether civil or religious, we cannot greatly praise the wisdom of those who run away from its atmosphere, in search of a better. And Charles II. says, (and he was a competent judge,) that in England one may oftener walk out in comfort than in any country in Europe. The face of the country is, generally speaking, hilly, except in Lincolnshire; and in Wales its scenery is mountainous and picturesque. Many rivers water the fertile plains, of which the chief are the Thames, a calm and placid current, worthy of the noble Metropolis it bears, and the Severn, very turbulent, and a true mountain river. Many are the Lakes of England, and though they cannot boast the extent of Huron and Ontario, inland seas, yet none will deny them the praise of picturesque beauty. Though the mountains and hills of our island must bow their heads before Mont Blanc and others, yet we are persuaded whoever has visited Snowdon, Plinlimmon, Cader Idris, Helvellyn, Skiddaw, will find they cede to their rivals only in height, while the valleys of England can compete in beauty with any continental scene. All, at all acquainted with the mineral and vegetable produce of our country, will own that it does not yield to any in really useful productions. Coals, slates, lead, tin, copper, iron, steatite, fuller's earth, salt, and marble, all are found in great abundance in our island, while our beautiful forests and verdant scenery are particularly delightful to foreigners. True it is, that few are our native fruits, but the produce of our country either ripens in our gardens, or matures in our hot-houses, while the choicest plants of India yield their flowers to gratify our sight and smell. Our own flowers, too, though frequently despised by those who are not acquainted with them, will be found equal in beauty to many admired hot-house flowers. I need only mention the flowering rush, the Parnassian Grass, the tribe of Orchisis, or the beautiful Buck-bean of our rivers in proof of my assertion. If nature has

done much for our island, art has done more. Look at the countless numbers employed in our manufactories, at the ships employed to transport them when finished, and at the wealth our commerce diffuses through the globe. Our principal manufactures are hard-ware and cutlery, for which we have long been famous, broad cloth, and every description of clothing. These we export in great quantities to foreign nations, and receive in return the richest silks, the most costly spices, and the most luxurious wines. The merchant of England is certainly as serviceable as any person in his way; and it is no small honour to our country to reflect, that while our vessels convey our produce to distant shores, and assert the dominion of Britain over countries of more than five times her bulk, they also convey the glad tidings of salvation to the remotest corners of the earth. Never let us forget that England was the first to crush the pest of mankind, the Slave Trade; yet while we exult in the religious and civil superiority of our country, let us remember of whom it is that we enjoy this pre-eminence, and lend a helping hand to others less favoured. And, in conclusion, I would entreat my young readers to remember, that though it is perhaps too much the fashion to depreciate our country and desert it for others whose climate is superior, or whose productions are richer, yet that we may justly say in the words of our delightful poet—

“Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree;
While by our oaks those precious loads are borne,
And realms defended, which those trees adorn.

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

DESCRIPTION OF BRITISH TREES.

No. XIII.

Quick-beam, or Mountain Ash—*Sorbus*.

THE *Sorbus*, Quicken, Service or Roan-tree, for it bears all these names, is still better known to us by the name of the Mountain Ash; but it is not connected in class or in character with the *Fraxinus*, Common Ash-tree. This tree is more likely to attract our attention in the berry even than in the flower, which is very beautiful, and surrounded with leaves of remarkable elegance. Few trees of the forest are so splendid as this, when in the Autumn the large branches of berries are of the brightest red, and the leaves assume a tint scarcely less brilliant.

"It rises to a reasonable stature, shoots upright and slender, and consists of a fine smooth bark. It delights to be both in mountains and woods, and to fix itself in good light ground. Besides the use of it, for the husbandman's tools, goads, &c., the wheelwright commends it for being all heart; if the tree be large and so well grown, as some there are, it will saw into planks, boards, and timber; our Fletchers commend it for bows next to Yew, which we ought not to pass over, for the glory of our once English ancestors: in a statute of Henry VIII. you have it mentioned. It is excellent fuel, but I have not yet observed any other use, save that the blossoms are of an agreeable scent, and the berries such a tempting bait for Thrushes, that as long as they last, you shall be sure of their company. Ale and beer, brewed from these berries, being ripe, is an incomparable drink, familiar in Wales, where this tree is reputed so sacred, that there is not a church-yard without one of them planted in it, as among us the Yew. So on a certain day in the year, every body religiously wears a cross made of the wood; and the tree is by some authors called *Fraxinus Cambro-Britannica*; reputed to be a preservative against fascination and evil spirits; whence, perhaps, we call it Witchen, the boughs being stuck about the house, or the wood used for walking staves."—EVELYN.

"In former times this tree was supposed to be possessed of the property of driving away witches and evil spirits; and this property is recorded in a very ancient song.

Their spells were vain. The hags returned
To the queen in sorrowful mood,
Crying that witches have no power
Where there is a Roan-tree wood.

"This tree will grow upon any soil, strong or light, moist or dry. It will flourish on mountains or in woods; and is never affected by



Mountain Ash.
 Quicken, or Roan Tree.
Sorbus Aucuparia.
Geosandria Trigynia.

the severity of the weather, being extremely hardy. When loaded with fruit, it makes a most delightful appearance. There is another variety of this species of Service, that grows naturally in the south of France, in Italy, and in most of the southern countries of Europe, where its fruit is served up as a dessert."—HUNTER.

"The wood is soft, tough, and solid—excellent for hoops and for bows next to yew. It is converted into tables, spokes for wheels, shafts, chains, &c. The roots are formed into handles for knives and wooden spoons. The berries dried and reduced to powder, make wholesome bread, and an ardent spirit may be distilled from them, which has a fine flavour, but it is small in quantity. The berries too, infused in water, make an acid liquor something like Perry, which is drunk by the poorer people in Wales. This tree appears to have been highly esteemed by the Druids, and is still found more frequently than any other in the neighbourhood of Druidical circles in the Scotch Highlands. Dr. Pulteney informs us that even in these more enlightened times, the natives of the north believe in the efficacy of a small branch carried about them as a charm against witchcraft and enchantment. In one part of Scotland the sheep and lambs are on May Day made to pass through a hoop of Roan-wood."

WITHERING.

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

Come, for all things are now ready.—LUKE xiv. 17.

My soul, and why art thou so sad,
In moments that should seem so blest,
When He who spreads his bridal feast,
Has welcomed thee, his happy guest?

Why stand thus gazing on the door,
And listing to the storm without?
In shelter here, and safe from harm,
Its menaces can reach thee not.

His canopy is o'er thy head—
His mantle is about thy breast—
What would'st thou more? The board is spread—
Why not sit down and be at rest?

What would I more? O pardon, Lord,
That yet content I seat me not—
The angry storm is raging loud,
And those I love are still without.

POETICAL RECREATIONS.

MY AIN FIRE-SIDE.

O, I hae seen great anes, and been in great ha's,
 'Mang lords and 'mang ladies a' covered wi' braws;
 At feasts made for princes, wi' princes I've been,
 Whar the great shine o' splendour has dazzled my een.
 But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er 'spied,
 As the bonny blythe blink o' my ain fire-side,
 My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,
 Oh, cheering's the blink o' my ain fire-side!

Ance mair, Guid be thankit! by my ain hearthstone ingle,
 Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mangle:
 Nae form to compel me to seem wae or glad,
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad;
 Nae fausehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
 But truth to delight me, and friendship to chear.
 Of a' roads to happiness that ever were tried,
 There's nane half sae sure as ane's ain fire-side,
 Ane's ain fire-side, ane's ain fire-side,
 Oh, happiness sits by ane's ain fire-side.

When I draw in my stool on my cozie hearth-stane,
 My heart louns sae light, I scarce kent for my ain;
 Care's floun on the winds—its clean out o' sight,
 Past sorrows they seem but as dreams o' the night;
 I hear but kent voices—kent faces I see,
 And mark fond affection glint saft frae ilk ee.
 Nae flatterings o' flattery—nae boastings o' pride,
 'Tis heart speaks to heart, at ane's ain fire-side;
 My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,
 O! there's naught to compare to my ain fire-side.

SUPPOSED ELIZABETH HAM.

What
 Above
 The wand'ring
 And welcom
 The sun, so long, so a
 In midnight's blackest
 Upon the rapt and ravish'd
 Arisen without a cloud

This is the hour of prayer and of peace ;
 Thy season of refreshment and of rest ;
 Thine hour of liberty and sweet release
 From tumult and confusion—season blest :
 For blest above all seasons must that be,
 In which thy God holds fellowship with thee.

Come, O my soul, for here the living stream
 Is bearing silently its blessed wave ;
 Here, while rejoicing in Emanuel's beam,
 Thou mayest freely drink and freely have ;
 And thus renew thy strength until thou see
 Fair Salem's gates thrown wide to welcome thee.

Upon her golden palaces abides
 The glory of God's everlasting light ;
 While through her groves perpetually glides
 The river of ineffable delight ;
 And there my soul thine eyes shall surely see,
 That rest of which this gives the pledge to thee.

VERITA.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY

ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

LETTER THE FOURTH.

DEAR M.,

I ACCEDE most willingly to your wish
 respecting the class of books I send
 to you under the general name of
 no sort of reading of which our
 and so efficient—if I may take the
 in the term all that I meant to
 commendation—from the biography of
 is the history of the world
 the *Horæ Solitariae* of
 the world wots
 among his re

MY AIN FIRE-SIDE.

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 'Mang lords and 'mang ladies a' covered wi' braws ;
 At feasts made for princes, wi' princes I've been,
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 My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,
 Oh! there's nought to compare to my ain fire-side.

SUPPOSED ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

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*Romans v. 2.*

Come, O my soul, and for a while retreat  
 From this poor world, and raise thy thoughts on high :  
 Come and bow down before Jehovah's feet,  
 And lift to Him thy supplicating eye;  
 And watch till thou his beaming glory see,  
 Shine from between the cherubim on thee.

This is the hour of prayer and of peace ;  
 Thy season of refreshment and of rest ;  
 Thine hour of liberty and sweet release  
 From tumult and confusion—season blest :  
 For blest above all seasons must that be,  
 In which thy God holds fellowship with thee.

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 Here, while rejoicing in Emanuel's beam,  
 Thou mayest freely drink and freely have ;  
 And thus renew thy strength until thou see  
 Fair Salem's gates thrown wide to welcome thee.

Upon her golden palaces abides  
 The glory of God's everlasting light ;  
 While through her groves perpetually glides  
 The river of ineffable delight ;  
 And there my soul thine eyes shall surely see,  
 That rest of which this gives the pledge to thee.

VERITA.

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## LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

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### LETTER THE FOURTEENTH.

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DEAR M.,

I AGREE most willingly to your wish for more advice respecting the class of books I so strongly recommended to you under the general name of Biography. There is no sort of reading of which our supply is so abundant and so efficient—if I may take the liberty of including in the term all that I meant to include in the recommendation—from the biography of the monarch whose narrative is the history of the world at the time in which he lives, to the *Horæ Solitariae* of the obscure recluse, whose existence the world wots nothing of, till his bosom's history is found among his reliicks, and given to



the publick for whom it was not intended, the most exquisite morcean of stolen truth—a treasure of which the intrinsic value is attested by the eagerness with which it is received. In pointing out to you some works of this class, the difficulty is rather to choose than to find them. I conclude that your course of historical reading has comprised such works as Robertson's and some of Voltaire's separate reigns, which though bearing an individual name, rather class with history than biography. We pass them over. But there is still a class of Biography bordering on historick reading, and giving a far deeper insight into it than any history—such of older days are Plutarch's Lives—of middle times Roscoe's Lorenzo de Medici, Leo X., &c. &c.; thence passing on to recent times, Miss Aikin's Elizabeth and James, Coxe's Duke of Marlborough and Sully, and innumerable others, that may be comprised in the class I would call historic biography. Approaching to these are the memoirs more personal, yet of a publick character, such as Colonel Hutchinson, Lord W. Russell, M<sup>c</sup>Creagh's Melville and Knox, Tomline's Life of Pitt, Bishop Hall and his Times, and numbers of like character. The interest rather increases than diminishes as it becomes more exclusively individual, and the claim to attention is for what they were independently of who they were. Such are Walton's Lives, Southey's Biographies of Nelson, Wesley, &c. But there are memoirs more interior still than these—call them Memoirs, Journals, Remains, Letters—it matters not—they are genuine biography—those tomes invaluable in which the heart has told for itself what no one could tell for it—where sorrow has registered its tears, and folly its absurdities, and genius its conceits, and piety its trials, and vice its bitterness, and wisdom its insufficiency, and holiness its bliss—till there remains no secret of the human character undisclosed, and no consequences of action unproclaimed; by the which we might all, if we would, be convicted, and enlightened, and forewarned, of all that is within us, and

whence it comes, and what will come of it. In this class of reading I should allow a girl at your age much more latitude than some persons might think. Excluding of course every thing profane, licentious or indelicate, I would not confine your reading to the memorials of piety: the truths that vanity, pride, and earthliness have written against themselves without intending it, are most invaluable lessons. No truth is useless or pernicious. It is fiction, exaggeration, misrepresentation, that delude and pervert the youthful mind: not the portraits ambition, vanity, and heartlessness have painted of themselves, in the security of confidential correspondence, or the yet closer secrecy of private memoranda. I would almost venture to assert that I never read a work of this description without gaining good from it: for every thing that adds to our knowledge of human nature, adds to our knowledge of ourselves—and increased knowledge of ourselves is greater gain than all that science or learning can impart beside it. In this persuasion, I would admit every thing into your course of biographical reading, but what is false, indecorous, or corruptive: and this will open to you no very narrow field. But, my dear M., let me advise you here, that beside the importance of caution as to what you read, there is an equally important consideration how you read. If you study biography as fiction, that is, for the story of it only, it may have all the ill effect of fiction, and cannot have the good effect of truth. If all you observe is what the persons did, where they went, and what happened to them by the way, the purpose I have in view is not answered; your gathered knowledge may be increased, but your heart will not be improved by your reading. When you take a piece of biography of any kind for perusal, fix your eye on the character of the individual—watch how it acts—how it discloses itself—how it is influenced by external things, and how it communicates its own colouring to them—particularly mark its growth, its checks, its self-deceptions—for these are in every character—the



benefits of its good points—the consequences of its bad ones—the motives of action, the results of action—the changes of sentiment that years produce—what comes with youth, what goes with age—particularly how the character wears as eternity approaches and time recedes. And in your judgment of the character as you go along, keep in threefold view how it appears to itself, how it appears to man, and how it must appear before the eye of God. For never believe, dear M., that you have not done with God and religion, when you leave your serious books for those of secular interest. Nor time, nor any thing in it and about it, can be isolated from eternity. The moment you cut the link, and suffer yourself to see any thing or judge of any thing in one as independent of the other, you convert the truths you are reading into falsehood—the utility of your reading into an empty diversion, or more probably a mischievous delusion. The writer may forget the presence of a God—may reason as if there were none—may make his calculations and draw his conclusions as if death were the period of existence: or rather, for that is more common with the irreligious, as if there were no death. But you, when you read, should have the divine Being, with all his purposes and claims, present as a third between you and the subject of the work; endeavour to judge as He would judge, to like as He would like, to decide as He would decide: thus you will read truth in pages where the author wrote none; and while he sees every thing through the false medium that miscolours all things to the earthly eye, and paints them as he sees them, your vision may detect the errors of his drawing—you will see evil to be evil though he may call it good—sin to be misery though he may call it happiness: so reading, scarcely any book can do you harm; at the same time that it is the only way of reading in which any book can do you essential good: for however you may fancy you get knowledge by your studies, if what you learn is not truth, it is not an in-

crease of knowledge, but of error, which is essential ignorance.

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### REVIEW OF BOOKS.

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*The Elements of Arithmetic, for the Use of Schools, &c.*

By Elias Johnstone.—Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

Price 2s. 1826.

To what extent it is necessary or desirable to teach girls Arithmetic, is a question very often paused upon. We should ourselves, in this and many other cases, make a distinction between what it is necessary to know, and what it is desirable to learn. The knowledge of figures necessary to women in their usual occupations is very limited indeed. Excepting where the females of a family are to take a part in the management of trade—which, being an individual distinction, must of course be individually provided for, and does not much affect the general question—the demand upon a woman's arithmetical powers is likely to be very little more than she can contrive to calculate upon her fingers. To put down the week's expenses, and at the end of the week to cast them up, is pretty generally the extent of her numerical task; or if in the payment of wages, or other such accidents, there happens to be a troublesome question of divisions and fractions, some magic page of her pocket-book will give the produce ready calculated. But we are by no means on this account prepared to say, that girls need not be taught arithmetic. There are many things which not to know is a deficiency, though to make use of them may be never required; at the same time that we would never advocate an equal expenditure of time and pains on what is useless, as on what is useful.

A taste for this study, or a talent for it, seems to be a power quite peculiar to some minds, distinct from, and very generally separate from talents in general. I have seen girls never so happy as with a huge slate before them,



filled from corner to corner with squadrons of figures, whose oblique ranks are really terrific to common eyes. In these cases, perverse as it may seem, we should most decidedly say, break the slate and put the squadron to the rout—time is wasting in cultivating a talent that has already over-run the else neglected garden. Where, on the contrary, great difficulty is manifested in acquiring a knowledge of figures, I should be much disposed to press it. Because this difficulty implies an incapacity of mind, in a particular point, that may affect it in other matters, beside solving an arithmetical problem. Effort and application will probably overcome this incapacity, and the mind be consequently improved where most it was defective. This child cannot do a sum—she hates figures—it is of no consequence, so she need not learn. But why cannot she do a sum, that another can do so easily? This may be of consequence, though the sum is not. In all matters of education, I think inaptitude for particular studies should be considered in this light, before they are allowed to be relinquished. It is the part of education to supply as far as possible the intellect's deficiencies, as well as to make use of its redundancy.

Whether the common and established method of teaching arithmetic is the best or the only way, is, we think, a matter of consideration. All are taught, and with much difficulty we some of us at least know, *how* to work a sum in any given rule—but no one is told and no one enquires *why* it is to be so worked; and how, in being so worked, the true answer must be the just solution of the question. Would it not be an improvement if this could be made known? We were much pleased with the article Arithmetick in a work we lately had occasion to mention, The Complete Governess, that in some degree, and as far as it goes, proceeds upon such a plan. We recommend it to the observation of those who have the task of first teaching Arithmetick to children.

Mr. Johnstone's Elements appears to us a very good publication of its kind.

*Conversations of a Father with his Son on some leading points in Natural Philosophy, &c.* By the Rev. B. H. Draper. Price 1s. 6d. Wightman and Cramp, Paternoster Row, London.

WE very particularly recommend this little work to our friends in the nursery. It is exactly of the kind of books we desire to see multiplied in our children's libraries, and taking place of stories and other trash, than which we are satisfied they will prove as much more interesting as they are more beneficial. We cannot too much commend it.

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## INTELLIGENCE

FROM A YOUNG LADY IN LONDON TO HER FRIENDS  
IN THE COUNTRY.

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MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

I WENT yesterday to one of the large charitable sales, of which you have heard so much mention. To a domestick, country girl, no sight could be more novel. It was held at one of the publick Assembly-rooms. The street was in an uproar of carriages, the doors thronged with servants and spectators, such as was used to be seen only on some great ball or opera night. The crowd surpassed what was used to be seen any where—and if you passed through the rooms at all, it was rather by force than by sufferance. Though there had been a distribution of tickets, it was too abundant to exclude any one; and I cannot but believe every body was there who thought it a better amusement than lounging about the street. To me it was what in our country tongue we should call a strange sight, to find young ladies standing behind the counter, selling goods in regular shop-fashion, amid such a crowd of strangers. I am



told, five hundred pounds were received, and I can well believe it, from the many thousands of people that must have visited the rooms that day. This appeared to me so important a sum to be used for good, and obtained for nothing, that my first thought was to tell you we must set about immediately to do the same. With the second thought, there came a calculation of the cost of what could not exactly be produced for nothing. The cost of materials might not be considerable; but time, more precious than silver and gold—than any thing we hold in trust from Heaven—must not stand as nothing in the calculation. In this, as in other speculations, we shall be sorry traffickers, if we do not calculate the cost of production, before we estimate the profit of our trade. As every body's time is not of equal value, it would be difficult to fix a market price on it—but I can think of a process by which we might each one settle for ourselves how much we rightly thus dispose of. Let us do this: look carefully over our days—if there are any hours quite disoccupied, they may be seized at once, and confiscated to the publick use, as belonging to nobody. I believe you and I, dear E., have no hours unappropriated. We will proceed, therefore, to look hour by hour through our days; and taking first into account the duties of our condition, devotional, social, and domestick, to the best of our judgment we will determine which hours—or be they minutes, it is all the same—are already occupied with more essential matters. If there be any of which this cannot be proved, let us consider how we can best dispose of them to promote these useful undertakings. Doubtless we shall lay hands on a few, that will have nothing to say for themselves, why they should not be escheated; especially those we spend in preparing useless ornaments, in talk that wants no aid of the fingers to carry it on, &c. &c. To trespass upon hours elsewhere claimed and due, would be rather an act of robbery than of benevolence.

I have certain thoughts too, about the nature of the

goods exhibited at this sale. The value of such articles rests simply in the paper ticket attached to them—and as the motive of the buyer and seller are the same, the rate of exchange is a sort of compromise betwixt them, of which no account needs to be demanded. But it appears to me that an equal expenditure of time and money might produce something more useful, or ornamental, or at least tasteful, than the things I have seen; which, given in fee simple to a tradesman, would scarcely on their own merits bring pence into his till; though here they sold for hundreds of good pounds. Cannot we, dear E., contrive something that the purchaser will like to have, as well as submit to buy. If it could be useful, the time would be doubly repaid in the production, as well as in the appropriation of the gain. Surely something might be given in exchange for the money thus charitably expended, beside the trouble of carrying home what is but an incumbrance when we get it there. This is a hint for your next gossip with our friends—for I own I do not know what better is, though I fancy that better might be.

As to being our own salesmen, I have heard a great deal said against it, by those who really dislike the object, and therefore are not the best judges of the means. I cannot venture to give an *opinion*, but my *feeling* on seeing girls, very young, and some very attractive, ranged behind counters in a publick place, to be stared at, remarked upon, and spoken to, by any body who chooses to walk there, was one of embarrassment for them, which in the simplicity of their good intentions, I dare say they did not feel for themselves: it was not relieved when I heard it whispered by some who took no account of the motives, that these were our religious girls, who must not be taken into company to be made a show of—who must not be elbowed by the ungodly—who are brought up apart from the world, lest they should share its vanities and excitements. In our village, it would certainly be very different. Every one there is



known to us, and in some sense a part of our domestick world. And if we determine to have our sale in the market town, we can do away all objection, by getting ladies to sell for us, of a certain age, or name, or consequence, that will make their appearance in publick in any task they think proper to assume, no question of propriety, however folly may choose to make it one of ridicule—which signifies nothing.

I am pleased you are so willing to enter into my feelings. We have often talked this matter over, and agreed that what may be "the business" of religion is not that which constitutes its character in the sight of God—that it may go on, make a great noise, and do a great deal of good, while the heart from which it seems to emanate, but does not, holds no communion in secret with its God, and is a stranger to the sanctifying influence of his Spirit—admiring itself and pleasing itself as entirely as when revelling in the dissipations of the world. I am not disposed to change my opinion; but I perceive we came to our conclusions on one proposition where there are two. If activity is not religion, religion is not idleness. We know that He who condemned the Pharisees attending to exterior things while they neglected the weightier matters of the law, said, "These ought ye to have done, and not to have left the others undone." We have time, and money, and talents, as well as others. I think before we hold ourselves excused for not assisting these publick institutions, on the plea that it is no essential of piety, we should simply ask ourselves, what we have done instead that is better. If this can be satisfactorily answered, it is enough: but if not, we are guilty of dishonesty towards Him who has hired us into his vineyard, and from whom hereafter we expect our wages.

THE  
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

AUGUST, 1826.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

*(Continued from page 12.)*

ATHENS, FROM THE DEATH OF SOLON, TO THE BATTLE OF MARATHON, B.C. 490.

WE left the history of Athens at the death of Solon, which was considered to be about the year B.C. 562. A few years previously, Pisistratus had assumed a sort of sovereignty in Athens. That people began as they ended: they had always a sovereign in effect; and when they banished or put to death one they were tired of, it was only a concession to the influence of another. Pisistratus was the relation and intimate friend of Solon. He was in disposition courteous and affable, generous and beneficent in the extreme. He had always two or three slaves near him with bags of silver coin; when he saw any man look sickly, or heard that any one had died insolvent, he comforted the one with a sum of money, and buried the other at his own expense. If he perceived people melancholy, he enquired the cause; if it was poverty, he furnished them with what was sufficient, but not to live in idleness. He would not suffer his servants to shut up his gardens and orchards; but allowed every one to walk in, and take what they pleased. His manner was easy and

sedate, his speech was smooth and modest: he affected to be a great lover of equality and of the constitution. Such a character was sure to be popular: but Solon appears to have early penetrated the design of all this condescension. While yet his friend, he endeavoured to persuade him of the iniquity of his dissimulation, and said to him, "Sir, if it were not for your ambition, you would be the best citizen of Athens." And, unable to make any impression on Pisistratus, he did not fail to warn the citizens of his designs.

The warning did not avail. Under a false pretext of danger, Pisistratus prevailed with the Athenians to give him a guard. With these he seized the citadel, and made himself sovereign. B.C. 560.

Solon, who held all sovereignty to be tyranny, and saw the equality he had laboured to establish thus early destroyed, went into voluntary banishment. The name of tyranny apart, however, Athens was as free, and probably better governed than in the democracy. So far from overturning the laws of Solon, Pisistratus did his utmost to provide for their better administration, and lost nothing of the moderate character that distinguished him in his private station. He did every thing he could to persuade Solon to return. All the rigid lawgiver would concede, was that Pisistratus was the best of tyrants, and he returned no more.

Megacles, a noble of Athens, a seditious rival of Pisistratus, had left the city on his usurpation, and soon carried on negotiations with some that remained to accomplish his ruin. The facility with which this was done in Athens, will strike our attention throughout her history. There was no character so mischievous, but that by artful appearances of virtue could gain her favour—there was none so excellent, but could be discarded and disgraced, as soon as any one chose to attempt to ruin them in public opinion. Without any other conduct than that which raised him to the throne, Pisistratus found himself obliged to retire and seek



shelter in a foreign land; and notwithstanding all the love they had shown for him, the Athenians went so far in enmity, as to order all his goods to be sold. Megacles, who procured his disgrace, offered to restore him on condition of his marrying his daughter. This was agreed to, and Pisistratus again was king: but his treatment of this wife not being satisfactory to the father, discontents were again fomented, and Pisistratus banished himself a second time. To resume once more the sovereignty, he had recourse to arms; and procuring assistance from the neighbouring states, took possession of Athens and the government by force: probably the citizens had no great care to prevent him. The better to secure himself in this third usurpation, Pisistratus obliged the citizens to give themselves to agriculture, that they might have less opportunity to assemble in the market-places, and cabal against him. This was of great benefit to the Athenian territories, and caused the planting of olive grounds, and the better cultivation of the corn lands. As prince, he received a tenth part of the profits of every man's rents; which, though applied to the service of the state, was considered a great grievance. It happened once, that Pisistratus being in the country, saw an old man very busy in creeping over the rocks and gathering something. The prince asked him what he was doing in that wild place, and what were the fruits of his labour. "Troubles and a few plants of wild sage," replied the old man, "and of these Pisistratus must have a tenth." It is added that the king thenceforth remitted to him the tribute.

Pisistratus was always averse to severity, and tried much, though not successfully, to mitigate the fierceness of the Athenian character. The city of Athens was much improved and adorned by his taste and munificence. He laid the foundation of the famous temple of Jupiter Olympus. He was the first who built a library for publick use; and directed that the poems of Homer should be digested into regular order as we at present

have them. In every way he encouraged learning, and was in familiar intercourse with Crotylus, the Epic poet, who at this time wrote the history of the Argonauts. In war he was not undistinguished, having assisted at the taking of Salamis, and in other victories. Nothing seems wanting to his character as a sovereign. Athens owed him much, and could charge him with no wrong, but having seized a government to which he had no claim. Her laws, as he found them, he not only sustained, but himself submitted to them. It is told, that being accused in the Areopagus of murder, taking no advantage of his station, he came as a private man and submitted himself to judgment. Another anecdote is told, that having offended some Athenians of consequence, they retired in disgust to the castle of Phylæ. Pisistratus went after them the next day, with a cloak-bag on his back; being asked what he meant, he said, "Either to persuade you to go back with me, or myself to remain with you—therefore I came provided." From the time of his first assuming the sovereignty, there appears to have been about thirty-three years to his death. In this time he was twice exiled; the first time for about five years, the second time for eleven years. The descendants of this prince, by the name of the Pisis-tratidæ, had much to do in Athenian affairs. He left at his death two sons, Hippias and Hipparchus, and some other children. B.C. 527.

The brothers, Hippias and Hipparchus, divided between them the supreme authority; but it does not quite appear whether both, or Hipparchus only, assumed the name of king. It was under the rule of the Pisis-tratidæ, that Athens rose to such rapid and high distinction, in literature, science, and taste. Hipparchus is represented to have been a man of great learning, and in every way to have encouraged it. He directed that the Rhapsodists, as they were called, a sort of professional bards, should sing at the great feasts called Panathæus, all the poems of Homer, that the Athenians



might be generally instructed in them. He kept the poet Simonides always near him, and sent a galley to fetch the famous Anacreon. Farther to cultivate the minds of the people, Hipparchus caused statues of Mercury to be erected, and wise counsels in elegiac verse to be written on both sides of them. It is curious to remark these efforts to inform and cultivate the populace, while the means of writing were so difficult and rare.

Athens was never so well governed, and probably never so happy, as under the usurpation of the Pisistratidæ. They seemed to be quietly settled in the sovereignty; but fell victims to the private resentment of two individuals, Harmodius and Aristogeton, who formed a conspiracy to murder both the princes at a festival. With Hipparchus they succeeded, and he died under a multitude of wounds. The people took no part with the conspirators, but allowed Harmodius to be killed on the spot by the king's guards, and themselves seized Aristogeton, and delivered him to justice. Yet after their death, with the caprice that ever characterized this brilliant, but unstable people, they exalted them to the character of patriots dying for their country's freedom. They caused their praises to be sung at the great festivals; forbade any citizen to call his slave by their names; and erected brazen statues for them in the forum: these statues Xerxes carried into Asia; and we have already mentioned that they were brought back by Alexander, or one of his generals.

Hippias remained in sole possession of the kingdom; but governing with cruelty and oppression, the sovereignty, which nothing but the excellence of the government had preserved, came to an end about a twelve-month after, and the democracy was restored. This was effected by the devices of the Alcmaeonidæ, the family of Megacles, who had remained in exile ever since the second restoration of Pisistratus, and collected about them all who left Athens in discontent. This



family had contracted with the Amphietyons, the states-general of Greece, to rebuild the temple of Delphi. Being very rich, they did it much more magnificently than they had engaged for, fronting it with Parian marble instead of common stone. Having thus bribed the favour of the Pythia, they persuaded her to give out oracles to all the Lacedæmonians who resorted thither, that they must take arms, and free Athens from the tyranny of the Pisistratidæ. The Lacedæmonians, after repeated admonitions from this propounder of the will of the gods, began to believe in the necessity of fulfilling it; and though the Pisistratidæ were their friends and allies, sent an army to Athens to displace them. The first attempt was unsuccessful, and the army was destroyed. The second expedition, under Cleomenes, as we have seen in the history of Sparta, succeeded; though it seemed rather by accident than power. The children of the Pisistratidæ being sent out of Athens for greater safety, fell into the hands of the Spartans. To recover them, Hippias and the rest of his family consented to leave the Athenian territories in five days. This they did; and from that time the Athenians, mindful of their usurpation, but forgetful of their benefits, pursued the family with perpetual hatred: and lest popularity should induce others to a similar usurpation, we shall find them through all their subsequent history, driving into banishment their best and most distinguished citizens, the moment they become objects of popular esteem.

To the expulsion of the Pisistratidæ, succeeded, instead of harmony and freedom, all the miseries of civil distraction. Factions headed by two men of distinguished talents divided the state. Clisthenes, the most eminent of the Alcæonidæ, who, by corrupting the Pythia, had caused the expulsion of Hippias, courted popularity by attempting to enlarge the privileges of the people, to the subversion of the laws of Solon: the number of tribes he augmented from four to ten, and of

the senators from four hundred to five. Isagoras, a man of eminence among the nobility of Athens, endeavoured to maintain the laws; and finding that Clisthenes gained on him by his popularity, called on the Lacedæmonians again to interfere. As they had before expelled the kings, they now sent a herald to insist on the expulsion of Clisthenes, or in case of refusal to proclaim war. The Athenians, fearing the Spartans more than they valued Clisthenes, readily consented; notwithstanding which, Cleomenes and his army appeared in their territories. Arrived in Athens, he sent into banishment seven hundred families, in addition to those who had been banished with Clisthenes. He was thence proceeding to subvert the government altogether, when the Athenians, finding they must resist or be enslaved, took arms, and drove the Spartans from the city with much loss. The better to support the war that must ensue, Clisthenes' party were recalled. Cleomenes raised forces throughout Peloponnesus, and Athens trembled for her fate: but when the allies perceived the object and the injustice of the war, they receded, and Cleomenes was forced to retire. Some success of the Athenian arms, in attacking the states that had thus unjustly engaged against them, confirmed the freedom of the democracy.

Wars ensued with the Ægæans and Bœotians, small states bordering on Athens; and it was now that the Athenians sent assistance in ships to the Ionians, who were waging war with Persia, and helped to burn Sardis. This was the source of those wars between the Persians and Greeks, so destructive to both. The Asiatic monarch, having prevailed in Ionia, sent to demand earth and water of the Greeks, in token of submission. Athens and Sparta resisted it; and when the news arrived that Darius intended an invasion of Greece, all differences among the states were suspended, that they might unitedly resist the common foe. Hippias was at this time at the Persian court, intriguing



to be restored to his royalty. The Athenians, who when in security were always divided amongst themselves, now united with much zeal and spirit, to resist the expected enemy, already successfully advancing. They raised all the forces they were able, but could not collect more than 9,000 men. These, with 1,000 Plateans, were commanded by ten general officers, of equal power in command, among whom were Miltiades, Aristides, and Themistocles, names of the greatest note in Athenian story. They sent, meantime, to ask aid of Sparta, who consented; but from some superstition about marching at the full of the moon, would not send out her troops for five days. The Persians, advised by Hippias that the spot was favourable, sent their forces to the plains of Marathon; which the Athenians hearing, ordered their little troop, unequal as it was, to advance and meet them there.

The battle of Marathon, a day of so much glory to the Athenian name, was fought in the year B.C. 490. It was the right of the generals to command each one his day by turns; but they all conceded their right to Miltiades. That general accepted the compliment; but lest envy or jealousy should arise among the captains, and prevent their exertions, would not fight till his own proper day arrived. When the Persians saw the little troop advancing towards their immense line, without horse or pikemen, they considered them strangely rash or ignorant: but the day was quickly decided. A few hundreds of Athenians only fell; while the Persians lost, at the lowest computation of contradictory historians, 7,000 or 8,000. With respect to the number of the Asiatics engaged against the 9,000 Athenians, aided by 1,000 Bœotians, the whole of Miltiades' force, accounts very widely differ—the lowest states them at 100,000, the highest at 600,000. With respect to the truth of these statements, we have to consider that the historians are Greeks—of course disposed to give the most



favourable colouring to their country's history; at the same time, they were contemporaries, either present themselves, or receiving their information from those who were so, and therefore must have known what they wrote about.

In token of respect towards those who fell, the Athenians erected for them monuments on the field of battle, with inscriptions containing their names and those of their families and tribes. At some distance they erected other monuments for their allies. They also caused the battle to be painted in the Pœcilian Portico, where the Platæan auxiliaries, as well as the Athenian soldiers, were represented; at their head the ten captains, Miltiades holding the chief place—the only reward bestowed on them. We cannot but observe, in this circumstance, the advance of the arts, and the purposes to which they had come to be applied. Perhaps at this moment they had reached the highest point of perfection to which they ever have attained. In sculpture we know they had done so—for we have specimens of their productions that have not been equalled in the world. In painting we only conjecture it—as no Greek paintings have reached our age. How highly these things were estimated and encouraged, we perceive in reading that a statue or a painting was the highest honour that could be conferred on a citizen by his country; and a publick building, a temple, or some other splendid edifice, was the greatest gift an individual could make to his country. Enough remains of sculpture and architecture, to show us what they were, and to excite our utmost admiration of works we cannot imitate or approach; which the world, very probably, will never again produce. The more perishable nature of paintings, has left us to regret that we cannot see them, rather than to doubt of their beauty.

REFLECTIONS  
ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

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*There is one event to the righteous and the wicked.—*  
ECCLES. ix. 2.

It does appear so. The national calamity, the providential affliction, the war, the pestilence, and the famine, overwhelm alike the righteous and the wicked. No angel is commissioned to go forth, and mark the door-posts of the children of God, that the affliction may overpass them. The domestick calamity, the individual suffering, the personal affliction, too, seem to have no respect to the character of its victims—poverty sickness, bereavement, come alike to all. And what seems yet more strange, the innocent suffer not with the guilty only, but they suffer from them. Thousands are ruined by the fraud that one commits—thousands are crushed under the reverses that one provokes. The Wise Man, arguing from appearances, says this is so—and he adds, “This is an evil.” In appearance it is an evil—and it wears an aspect of such strange misrule, that it is sufficient of itself to prove there must be something more behind; or it could not so be, under the government of a wise and just God. But looking through appearances to things unseen, yet not unknown, is it true that there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked? I believe not. I believe that the calamity which seems to involve the people of God and the children of men in equal destruction, is not the same event to both. It is as different as a different cause, a different purpose, and a different consequence can make it. The stroke of adversity that has taken from the unrighteous man the gains of his unrighteousness, because he should no more misuse them, bereaves him of all he has, strips him naked, and leaves him comfortless—a pity, and a



wonder, and a shame, to all who look upon his fall. The same stroke involves the righteous man, in the hallowed expenditure of his honest earnings, because he is in preparation for a higher destiny, and, like his divine Master, must be made perfect through suffering. Him it bereaves not, strips not, leaves not comfortless: rather it puts him in possession of greater riches, or teaches him better to know their value—for it possesses him with a deeper knowledge of his own heart, of the world's instability, and of the faithfulness of God's promise to support his people in the days of sorrow. It clothes him with humility, meekness, submission, the very garments of the saints in glory. And if it leaves him more detached from the things of earth, more humble in himself, and more dependent upon God, it must leave him happier than it found him—for happiness, say earth what it will, is a state of mind, and not a condition of life. And if man looks on him with curiosity, and wonders why he fell, being guiltless of the mischief, God looks on him with approving tenderness, and angels look on him with triumphant joy, to see the sanctifying influence of adversity on the heaven-destined soul.

*To be conformed to the image of his Son.*—ROM. viii. 29.

IT is believed that by the habitual contemplation of any character, there grows in us an assimilation with it: even the countenance will win a resemblance to what it loves, by the habit of gazing on it with intent affection. If we, the followers of Jesus, resemble him so little, is it not because we look on him too little. On him as he was when he bore the form of manhood, and walked amid the scenes and occupations of ordinary life—for it is so that we can best conceive of him. We think of him in that agony where, thanks be to his mercy, we are not to follow—we think of him in that heaven where our imagination can compass but little of his glory. For our humiliation, and for our blissful exaltation, these are fit objects of perpetual contemplation. But would it not



be good also, to be always looking upon his image, as he walked in sinless purity through the sinful world, in hope that we may insensibly grow to something of his likeness? How he felt and spake habitually in our memory, perhaps our words would gather unconsciously something of the simplicity, the gentleness, the sobriety of his, our dispositions of his softness, and our minds of his serious, calm composedness. How unlike we are to him—how unlike the best of christians are to him—how impossible in the generality of christians to find a single feature that we can say is his—this is our perpetual complaint—I hope it is our perpetual shame and sorrow—for to complain of human nature, and to be ashamed for our share in it, are not the same thing. But does not this sad discrepancy arise from something on our part neglected, that might produce more sanctity of character, and more evident external conformity to the image of him to whom we are eternally united, and are following in hope to be partakers of his heaven—for I speak but of those who are his followers indeed. And is it not likely this neglect of ours may be, that we contemplate his human character too little? We have him not enough before our minds as a perpetual example—as an object of hourly imitation—as the pattern to copy from in every thing—an object to gaze upon as the exemplar of all moral beauty—just as we delight to look upon the portrait of faultless beauty, even though not acquainted with the original. I think we should grow more lovely while we looked—our rugged nature would learn beauty in the contemplation of his divine perfections, brought down to the level of humanity, and embodied in a nature like our own.

*My sin is ever before me.*—PSALM li. 3.

WOULD to heaven it were! For God would not then be forgotten, nor Christ neglected, nor eternal misery braved, for the sake of this world's trumpery. They could not: and much else could not be done that is done,

were sin, with all its malignity—sin, as it is ours personally and peculiarly, ever before our eyes. Self could not carry on, in front of such a mirror, its secret machinations—it would look up, and see itself, and be ashamed. Pride, envy, discontent, unkindness—O they could not live in such a presence. And could the love of Jesus be foregone? Could we look off from him one moment, to gaze upon some idol of the earth, if such an object were there to catch the eye? Scared with its deformity, we should instantly look back to him for refuge. Would God be forgotten and neglected in the busy hunting after this world's good? Impossible—for there it would be again, with all its fearful consequences, like the sentinel at the gates of Paradise, forbidding us to taste of earthly joy, and guarding every avenue to peace. But alas! it is not there. It is always before Him in heaven whom it offends—it is always before him who remembers what he suffered for it on earth. By us it is forgotten, put aside, covered over. Now and then—when the rod strikes for it—when exposure brings shame upon it—then for awhile our sin is before us. But how soon, how soon again put by! And the heart grows as proud and as bold as if there were none. O would that it were indeed before me ever! Sad and humiliating as the aspect is, not a moment would I be excused the sight. Be it there in my joy, that the dangerous elation may be changed to timid gratitude, for ill-desert repaid with so much good. Be it there in my sorrow, that the heavings of impatience may be stayed, and conscience consent that all is just. If I see it when I am wronged, I cannot be angry—if I see it when I am applauded, I cannot be exalted. If it is before me in success, I shall not presume—if it is there in disappointment, I shall not be surprised. Above all, let it be there, my Saviour, when I forget thee! For so must I either return to thee, or be miserable.



*God in all our thoughts.—PSALM X. 4.*

THAT faith which brings Christ to dwell in our soul, will make us often think of our inmate. Faith realizes divine things, and makes absent objects as present, and so furnishes the imagination with richer streams than any other principle in the world. Our minds are active and will be doing something, though to little purpose, and if not fixed on some noble object, will like madmen and fools be playing with straws, mightily pleased therewith. David's first thoughts in the morning were thoughts of God—God and his heart met together as soon as he was awake, and kept together all the day after. We may more steadily go about our worldly callings if we carry God in our hearts; as one foot of the compass will more regularly move around the circumference, when the other remains firm in the centre. We should look at things unseen as men do at a mark they would shoot at. Meditate on your own interest therein. Draw spiritual inferences from occasional objects. He whose eyes are open can never want an instructor, unless he wants a heart. Such a view of spiritual truths in sensible pictures, would clear our knowledge, &c. A frequent exercise of this method would beget and cherish a habit of thinking well, and weaken if not expel a habit of thinking ill. Watch against worldly-mindedness: if the world settle in our hearts, we shall never want the fumes of it to fill our heads. Cherish good thoughts, whether they spring from the renewed heart, or are breathed immediately from the Spirit. Grace is an active principle—but there are thoughts darted in beyond the ordinary train of thinking; which, like the beams of the sun, evidence both themselves and their original. Strange fire should be presently quenched—but that which descends from heaven upon the altar of a holy soul, must be kept alive by quickening meditation. We need not stand long to examine that which comes from heaven—this will be evidenced by holiness, sweetness, spirituality. The



thoughts instilled by the Spirit of Adoption are not violent, tumultuous, full of perturbation—but like himself, gentle, and dove-like: and leave the soul in a more humble, heavenly, pure and believing temper, than they found it. As God turns his thoughts of us into promises, so let us turn our thoughts of him into prayers—if his regards are darted in beams of love on us, let them be reflected back again in gratitude. CHARNOCK.

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LECTURES

ON OUR

SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

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LECTURE THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

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*Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat. Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.—*  
 MATT. vii. 13, 14.

IF one who had travelled to some distant country, should draw the features of its scenery, the likeness of its inhabitants, and the familiar appearances under which he saw them, and leave his paintings to posterity—and if we should afterwards be brought into connexion with that people, becoming intimate with their features and employments, should we not say, “These are the people that the traveller drew—these are the things he described—the beings so unlike ourselves, of whom we scarcely believed what we had heard, till now that we see the originals of his portraits—here we have the very people.” In religion, man has no sense, no understanding. Reasoning well in all things else, here a brutish stupidity seizes upon his intellects, and upon facts that he sees, and knows, and cannot get rid of, and he comes

to conclusions the very opposite to what he would do in any questions of secular concernment. God has in his word, as it were with his own pencil, drawn the portraits of his people, sometimes as individual characters, sometimes as a community, feature by feature, as his prophetic eye beheld them, when they should come to be distinguished, for honour or for shame, from the multitude around them—when with the new name he was about to bequeath to them, they were to stand out as Christians in an unchristian world. We have the drawing—and it might be supposed, when we see those whom it resembles, whatever might be our opinion of either, we should be constrained to say immediately, “These are they.” But so strangely have prejudice and sin overclouded our understanding, we hear the very points in which the people of God resemble the description given of them, urged as reasons for denying their pretensions. What argument has been so often argued, and so often answered only to be argued anew, as that it is impossible so many can be wrong, while only a few are right—that it is not likely that God should leave thousands to go quietly and gaily on the road to destruction, while only here and there one is to be found, upon some difficult and narrow path that leads to life?

But think how daring an argument is this in the very front of words such as are before us in the text, purporting to be the words of God himself, as he spoke them on earth. What has man to do with possibilities and likelihoods, or what he in his wisdom calls so, in front of such a certainty as God’s plain declaration? And that this at least is plain, none can deny: the perversest effort of infidel disputation cannot torture these words to mean any thing else, but that the greater number are going wrong, and that the fewer part, and they with difficulty by reason of its narrowness, are keeping the path of life. And is it not a folly to persist in saying that every one may go to Heaven in their own way—that however widely people differ, it will come to the same



thing at the last—that we think it very uncharitable to suppose the mass of society are going to destruction, while the path to eternal life is peopled with a peculiar few? Would indeed that this talk were no worse than folly! It is impious. Man has no right to think when God has spoken: and where his words are plain and unequivocal as these are, he must believe, or be condemned for his contumacy.

Putting far from us, then, the presumption of setting our opinions against the declared purpose of God, and saying that cannot be, which God has said shall be; let us consider of the description that is before us in the text, of which the accuracy cannot be disputed, since it is drawn by him who knows the progress and the end of all things: and thence let us look out upon the world, and see if there is not something that resembles it. And let our object in doing so be a simple desire to know on which road we ourselves are walking, for it is that, and only that, with which we have to do. It matters not to us how many or how few are on the way to life, but whether we are there. It is a position the most fatal, and yet it is one we are very much prone to assume, to stand as spectators of the scene, talking, judging, reasoning about the appearances of religion in the world, as if we were no party to the cause—watching with speculative curiosity the movements of the multitude around us, without remembering that every instant of our lives we take a step forward in one or the other way—come a step nearer to life or to destruction.

God has said, there are but two ways to eternity—this needs to be distinctly marked, for man has imagined to himself five hundred ways—so many, that each individual may take his own, and all come right at last. God has said that these ways are opposite, in character as much as in their termination—broad, populous, and easy of access—narrow, deserted, and difficult to find. This again should be remarked—because there are many who will not believe there is such a distinct separation between



the children of God and the children of men—they think there are gradations of goodness and badness, that will issue in a gradation of reward and punishment, bringing the verge of heaven to the verge of hell, and leaving it doubtful in which the path of any individual may terminate. If this were so, this description given by our Lord would be indeed a fiction. He tells us of no middle and no doubtful way—and if what he tells us of these paths be true, it should not seem very difficult to distinguish them. What he tells must be true. These paths lie the length of time, and end in eternity; and every being who has trodden this earth, since time began till it shall be no more, has gone on one of them and reached to destruction or to life. And wide as seems the world, and crowded as is its space, these two opposing paths divide it; and separate, and ever have done, its countless population. He who treads the one, may indeed pass over to the other—for narrow as the gate is, it is yet unbarred: but they who as yet are not upon the one, are inevitably upon the other—they who are not walking on a narrow, difficult, and unpopular path, are upon a broad and easy one, of which destruction is the certain issue.

Once the eye, cast over the affairs of humanity, might readily perceive the little band of travellers, on the narrow road, separated from the bosom of society, parted from kindred and from friends, the commodities and interests of life foregone, toiling their rugged way through suffering and death; a little and a loathed band, to whom the broad way travellers desired no assimilation and affected no approach. And then, too, were the roads more apparently distinct. How strait the gate that could be entered only with the loss of all—how narrow the way encompassed on every side with the flames of persecution, and how poorly peopled with enduring martyrs, was then evident even to the eye of sense.

But now, to external observation, the land-marks are removed, and to the outward sense the ways are no

more discernible. There is indeed a sort of separation—we distinguish religious people from people of the world, believers from unbelievers, the professors of the Gospel from the despisers of its truth. But as far as the eye can penetrate, the path of the one is as broad as the other. The christian who rolls off in a splendid chariot to his devotions, rides as easily as he who drives to his amusement. The table where God is honoured and acknowledged, is as richly laden as that at which he is dishonoured and denied. Let wealth, or rank, or talent, but choose to withdraw itself from the irreligious world, and there is a religious world ready to receive and load it with caresses. There is honour, influence and distinction—food for our intellect and employment for our feelings: and if a little jeering, and a little scorn come after us from the path we leave, it is drowned in the plaudits with which we are welcomed to another. It is impossible to look around us, and deny that the path of life is, to all outward seeming, as commodious and as easily accessible, as that which leadeth to destruction.

Yet is the word of God one and immutable. What was true when he spake it first, will continue true till time shall be no more; and the portrait that he drew of human life, must have an original now, as certainly as when he painted it. The roads must be still distinct—there must be still one narrow, strait, and poorly peopled. And if looking around us we are driven to confess we neither can distinguish the way, nor those who walk in it, seeing that the path we call religious is as commodious and as well-peopled as its opposite, we must return into our own bosoms, and learn there, since we can learn it no where else, if the path we are treading answers to our Lord's description of the way that leads to everlasting life. Doubtless if we could look into the hearts of men, we should see the walkers on the narrow way as distinct and separate now, as when they fled the habitations of men to dwell in rocks and caverns; and the difficulties of the path would be as apparent now, as when



the fire and the sword encompassed it. And this I believe would be the distinction of the little band—that to them religion is a reality, an influential, actuating, absorbing reality; while to all else it is a profession, a party, an opinion, a habit of life, but no principle in action on the heart. How many this distinction would separate from the few—how it might unpeople the path that seems so crowded, we cannot tell. It is not necessary we should know. The only object of enquiry is of ourselves—the only judgment we need pass is on ourselves.

And O! could the bosom of piety unfold itself, and open to the eye of man the secrets of that prison-house in which the regenerated spirit is awhile enchained, how would it verify the words of Christ, and prove the unchanging truth of all that he has written. Well should the disciple of Jesus know the narrowness of that gate by which he entered. How many times, when he thought to have passed well, he was sent back to put away what could not enter with him. What reserves he endeavoured to conceal within his bosom in hope to pass them unperceived. What jewels of self-love he hid under the russet of humility, and was detected, and refused, and driven almost to despair—and ready a thousand and a thousand times to leave the sullen threshold, and return to where he knew he should be welcome. Many an agitated day and sleepless night lay he before that gate, and knocked and it did not open, and called and no one came—for he was too big with pride as yet to pass the portal. Or if any seem to have been borne by mercy through the gate without any of these difficulties, coming in they scarce know how, and almost without their will, they still can tell of the narrowness of that way. How often they have sate down upon it in despair, helpless to go farther and hopeless to reach the end. Not the fires of persecution that encompassed the martyr's path, can equal the difficulties that are about the Christian's way, who attempts to walk in spirit with his God. The fetters of habit that hang like a perpetual drag-chain about



his neck—the in-rooted sin that no excision of its branches can eradicate, choking perpetually every better promise—the phantom of past iniquity, fluttering before his eyes or casting its baleful shadow on his path—the noise of the world, its reproaches, its flattery, its musick, and its cries, the voice of affection, of pleasure or of care, every moment drawing his attention to the right hand or to the left; while to look one moment off his path is almost certainly to stumble and to fall—the shame of his unworthiness that every fresh plaudit of his companions brings to memory—the solicitations of something he parted from at the gate, fondly entreating a return! O let the traveller that has tried it say, for none other knows, if he has not found the path so narrow, that he could not walk on it a day, with less support than the hand of Omnipotence—so narrow that he could not see to keep it with a worse guide than Him who went that way before him—so dark at times and difficult, that grace divine preventing not, he would return and abandon it, or lie down and perish on it. While sometimes there is a mistiness of doubt about it, that whether it be the way, or whether he be on it, or what should be the end of it, is no longer perceptible to his unfaithful bosom.

If there are any who think they are walking on the path of life, and know nothing of all this; but having entered their religious course through a wide-opened gate, perhaps under a triumphal arch of man's erecting, have found it a broad way of easy self-contentment, of pleasing duties and heart-cheering intercourse, well-peopled, enlightened, and secure; and have kept it without difficulty, and walked it without trembling, and held their heads on it without shame—to such it should be said, "Your path does not answer to the description given of the way of life." It answers to one description. It was a masters' hand that drew it. He had tried one, and proved full sadly what it was—He did not find it like yours, and yet he said that yours must be like his. Was he mistaken, or are you?

While to those who, looking from the broad road of indifference upon the mere externals of societies, think there is nothing in religion but a difference of opinion, a persuasion, as they call it, or a peculiarity of language and deportment; and smile secretly or scoff openly to hear religious people talk of the difficulty, self-denial, and humility of their earthly pilgrimage, while for aught they see, it is a jubilee of ease, luxury, and enjoyment, to the full as agreeable as their own, allowing for difference of taste—to these it should be said, you see but the externals of devotion—there we admit the narrowness of the way has ceased to be perceptible—but could you look into the bosom, though the ranks of religion might be thinned, the truth of God, of the Gospel, and of its real followers, would be fully and entirely confirmed: the pilgrim's path would answer to his Lord's description now, as much as when it led to imprisonment and death.

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#### THE LISTENER.—No. XXXVIII.

I WAS in contemplation, sitting on the dry moss that cushioned the roots of a half-perished oak tree—surrounding me were all the beauties of the park—of one of those parks where the interference of art has so concealed itself, that nature seems to be the only workman. And it seemed no more to be made for man, than to be the work of man—the turf looked as if no footstep had ever pressed it—the trees as if no hand had ever pruned a bough from them—the squirrel that leaped upon their branches feared no enemy—the deer that grazed beneath were startled by no sound. From object to object wandering delightedly, not knowing for very pleasure where to rest, my eyes had been especially attracted by a tree of uncommon beauty, of which the whole trunk and branches were twined with wreaths of Ivy. Its leaf so elegantly cut, so highly glazed, had a



stronger, deeper colouring, than those of the tree it hung on. The twining curvature of the branches gracefully contrasted with the angular projections of the boughs that supported it. The tree, enveloped in this rich drapery, seemed there but as a supporter to its more splendid load. I thought—A footstep on the turf broke the train of my reflections, and a woodman passed by where I was sitting: in one hand he bore a small hatchet, with the other balanced on his shoulder a bundle of ozier twigs, while from his huge leathern pocket projected the handles of the hammer and the pruning knife. He passed immediately to the tree I had been admiring, and with pitiless activity, began to level the hatchet at the roots of the Ivy, tore it branch by branch from where it hung, and heaping it together, bound it with a thong, as if prepared for burning. It was soon done. I rose hastily, and approaching the woodman, I said—“Why have you destroyed so beautiful an object.” “Beautiful!” he answered—“that is a growing tree—it will be worth hundreds—the Ivy would soon have killed it, and made it like itself, scarce fit for burning.” My poetick meditations took flight at this prosaic truth, and unable to recall them, I followed the woodman to see what other justice he was about to execute on pernicious beauty. He knew his errand, it seemed; and over brake and briar took his long, heavy strides to a thicker and more sheltered corner of the park. Here the wood, lower and more closely planted, had been formed into a sheltered walk, and terminated in a rustick bower. The first thing that struck me, was the most splendid Woodbine I ever looked upon—it was not trained, it was not tied—it threw itself at random over the bushes that were about it, which it literally smothered with its golden flowers, and came again to the ground for want of something to support it. The woodman walked up to it and began with some caution to raise the boughs. “This,” I said, “must at least be harmless here.” “Harmless enough,” he answered



me; "but there is that Holly growing up behind it. In a little time it will overhang the Honeysuckle, and the dropping from the bows will kill it. I am only going to turn its branches over that bower where it will have sun and air, and something to support it." I was not quite content—it looked so careless, so natural, so beautiful, where it was—though left there another season it would have died.

Must that which is beautiful be removed, when it endangers something of more value than itself? Must that which in its natural growth appeared so flourishing and fair, be trained and pruned lest it perish in its loveliness? And may we be less provident of our Master's garden, than the rude woodman of his lord's domains? May we see what is brilliant overbearing and destroying what is valuable—amuse ourselves with its attractions, and pay no regard to the effects. May we leave the residue of native beauty in our bosoms to grow as it will, and dispose of itself as it may, for the brief interval of time, when it should be trained and treasured for eternity, at whatever sacrifice of present bent and inclination?

I was led to these reflections by a request that I would say something more than I have already said on the subject of CONVERSATION; a most important power committed of Heaven to our care, and for the most part suffered to luxuriate with most irregular and unchecked redundancy. The gift of Conversation is that which seems eminently to distinguish the human being from the brute, his fellow in many things, in some his superior. It is a power, too, not likely to terminate with our mortal existence; but in whatever manner continued, must go with us to eternity, to hold celestial converse in presence of our God, and speak forth for ever the praises of his love. Of such a power it would scarcely seem necessary to urge the importance, did it not appear on observation that nobody regards it—nobody lays it to heart that God has said, "Every idle word

will I bring into judgment." When I say *nobody*, I limit my meaning to the compass within which all my listenings are made, and the sphere in which I suppose my remarks to circulate. I particularly desire it should be considered that I write for a certain class, and that I hear nothing and say nothing, and design not to censure or expose any thing, that lies beyond this compass. I write for youth, or for that early womanhood on which the greater number of my readers are just about to enter, or for those of older years who have an immediate influence on these. And as I speak only for them, so I would be understood to speak only of them, however generally I may seem to express myself. If any will take the hint for whom it is not intended—of which, in some instances the Listener has received very gratifying testimony—I would still deprecate the feelings of those who may fancy themselves attacked, when they are not understood to be upon the field.

In speaking of the misuse, or at best the waste habitually made of our conversational powers, I have in mind exclusively the domestic circle of our existence—the home-talk of the family, or the communications of intimacy. In company, as generally so called, it seldom rests with the young female to give the tone to the conversation—she may be accessory to its frivolity, or a sharer in its usefulness, and will surely be responsible for her own words; because she might speak better or be silent, and others' wrong will not excuse us; but it is not there that responsibility is quite her own, neither is it there that the evil is the greatest. We speak well for shame before men, while we care not for conscience how we speak before God.

When my attention had been called to this subject, I determined to listen for one day to the habitual conversation, or talk, or speech, whichever is the better word, of a family circle of very cultivated and religious young people; and to my own, as that day a member of the circle. If I had written on a tablet every word that was spoken,



from the first intonation of voices giving notice to those in bed that somebody is up, to the prolonged gossip of the chamber at midnight, including the contributions of a few morning callers, and the stimulus of a chance visiter in the evening, I might submit it to perusal, and leave the comment to the judgment of the reader. This I have not—but of the purport of it all, I made very exact memoranda; and I risk no miscalculation when I assert that the sum of it was this. A large portion were words for the utterance of which no possible motive could be found—neither the speaker nor the hearer being interested in them, nor meaning any thing, nor understanding any thing by them. Another portion were of that dubious nature, that though it would seem harsh to call them false, they wanted every character of simple, unexaggerated truth. Another part were decidedly, though not intentionally harmful; because they were calculated to give pain to those who heard them, or depreciate those who were the subject of them. A fourth portion of our words I found to be of a very remarkable character—they were in exact opposition to our sentiments—expressions appropriate to a condition in which there should be no God, no Providence, no Immortality; but, without any purpose of impugning it, in no way applicable to our actual state of existence. In the fifth division, I am sorry to say not the smallest, I placed those words of which it is said, that out of the heart the mouth speaketh; and which proved that our hearts were not wholly occupied with that charity which is the bond of perfectness. Of these were the angry words, the proud words, the envious words, the boastful words, the impatient words, the selfish words, which did not so much belie, as betray our actual meaning. And under another head, I ranged communications respecting others that had better not have been made, and the repetition of words that had better never have been spoken, much less repeated. If these portions of our conversation could not be in the mass pronounced



evil, it will not be contended that any were good; therefore the whole may be marked off as a waste of powers, and must be entirely subtracted from, if not set against the product, when the reckoning for our talents shall be required. Those who are not in the habit of self-examination, will scarcely believe, when all this had been withdrawn, how little of the use of speech remained to be examined. A few expressions of affectionate feeling and benevolent sympathy, a very little communication of intellectual enjoyment, a touch or two of innocent humour intended to please, were like beautiful blossoms scattered here and there on an ill-thriven tree. And rarer still than the flowers, when I looked for the abiding fruits of all our interchange of words, they were not to be found. Of all I had spoken or heard, I could not fix upon one word by which permanent good had been done, or been even intended by the speaker—by which God had been honoured, or man benefited, or ourselves amended. Even when the most serious subjects had been alluded to, all the words might have been distributed among the preceding heads—unless we form another for that fearful license with which young people laugh, and talk, and cavil, and play off their dangerous witticisms, upon things most sacred, and persons who should be sacred for the things' sake; their hearts never mis-giving them, that they are not all the time talking very religiously.

It will be answered—for we would rather excuse ourselves than amend—that this careless interchange of words is all very well—it is natural and agreeable, and lightens the daily task of life—we cannot be always talking to purpose—we need not be perpetually on the subject of religion, or making a parade of our knowledge and acquirements—talking nonsense is very agreeable, and often evinces more talent than solid discourse. To an extent this is true—and as far as it is so, we would abridge nothing of the freedom of social intercourse. The woodman did not root up all the ivy, nor turn from their native growth all the woodbines of the park. But

we must take care that what is agreeable does not overbear what is permanently valuable; and that the indulgence of natural propensities does not work our destruction. Much of the talk I have described is not innocent and is not agreeable; and instead of lightening the task of life, adds many an item to the burden's weight, and many a pang to the trial's bitterness. I have no doubt that much of our daily discourse bears the positive character of sin. Still more, not directly sinful, comes under the Apostle's warning against "foolish talking and jesting, which are not convenient," by which I imagine he meant not to forbid innocent mirth on right subjects and at right times; but that habitual levity of discourse that bespeaks a mind taking no responsibility for the utterance of the lips; forgetting itself, as it were, in the intoxication of idle talk—a position "not convenient" indeed, for one prone to sin and encompassed with temptation, enlisted for battle, and in the midst of enemies. But my aim is not so much to prove that we do harm with this invaluable gift, as that we are bound to do more good with it than we do. I think we might make it more conducive to the rational and real enjoyments of life, to the general sum of human happiness, to the spiritual improvement of each other and ourselves, the credit of religion and the glory of God. And so far as we could do this and do not, our plea of harmlessness can deserve only the reception of the servant with his buried talent.

Assuredly it is not desirable to be always talking of religion. In the way in which it is too generally handled by the inconsiderate, I would rather they never talked of it. But we may talk religiously, without talking of religion—we may speak as if God were never forgotten, but as much present to our recollection, as he is actually present as a witness and observer of our words; and so avoid every expression that consists not with our faith. As to the display that might appear in speaking always rationally, proud words, vain words,



selfish words, would be all those spoken from such a motive—but that sort of communication which affords improvement, and gives useful information, is not necessarily a display of talent—it may be interchanged where no talent is. Fruitful in excuses, we shall plead that conversation is a spontaneous and uncultivated growth—the moment it should become studied, artificial and constrained, it would lose all its charms. Let us remember that this heaven-implanted flower, like every other blossom that once decked the bowers of Eden, and may sometime blow again in a yet fairer garden, has had no place to grow on in the interval, but an unkept and fallow soil—and like the produce of some foetid marsh, it may spread luxuriantly, but grows rank and worthless. It is no longer best as nature produces it. We must not root it out, and leave the place desolate—but we must inclose it, and prune it, and direct its growth, and mend the soil about it; not to change its native characters, but to restore them. This is true of our feelings, of our affections, and of all that is within us; and it is true of our words, which are no more than the expression of these. We would not have art take the place of nature—nor get up our speeches by measure and our words by rule—keep silence till we have something very important to say—utter wise sentences while our hearts are foolish, and pious phrases while our thoughts are earthly, and benevolent speeches while our feelings are unkind—this would be to pick the blossoms from the fig-tree and stick them on the briar, in hope to gather fruit from it. But let us have a motive for our words, and let that motive be a good one—let us have a design in our words, and let the design be a good one—let us have a meaning in all we say, and let the meaning be a right one. Nay, so far are we as yet from this, perhaps it would have been enough as a first step to say, Let us be convinced that our powers of speech are a gift for which we are responsible. Of many of us I doubt, if we have



ever yet had an intention of doing good by our daily domestick interchange of words—by good I mean what I have explained before—to promote happiness, give innocent pleasure, communicate desirable knowledge, cultivate kindly affection, amend the heart, or glorify God. Have we ever reflected that for this our speech was given, and habitually disposed ourselves to make this use of it? The enquiry might soon be answered, Take a day—examine it through—what have we done with the gift?—What have we meant to do? The answer of most days will be, we have done harm by accident—we meant to do nothing.

I speak not of those who under the meridian light of truth, have drunk so deeply of self-knowledge and of self-reproof, that their thoughts and their words, the misuse of talents and the waste of powers, are among those things of which the remembrance is grievous to them, the burthen is intolerable. They will not carelessly add to that grievous remembrance, and increase that intolerable burthen. Their boughs have been already withered and overborne by the embraces of the earthliness that grew unchecked around them. Their branches have enough run to waste and perished, for want of more timely training and support; and left them to perpetual, painful, and sometimes unsuccessful struggles against obstinate and deeply-rooted habit. These need no persuasion; but well might the young be persuaded by them, to look early to the garden committed to their keeping.

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## SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

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WILLIAM THORPE.

IN tracing the progress of reformation in our country, through the lives of individuals connected with the

church, we cannot forbear giving a slight sketch of the account of William Thorpe, written by himself, in many respects curious and interesting; a specimen of the mode of writing at that time, now four centuries gone, and containing many curious allusions to the manners and habits of the period, as well as to the progress of truth, transmitted through the followers of Wickliffe, till the completion of the reformation.

It was about twenty years after the peaceful death of that first English reformer, that one William Thorpe, of whom we know no more than he records of himself, except the testimony of some persons who had seen the original manuscript, thus begins his narrative—"Known be it to all men, that read or hear this writing, that on the Sunday next after the feast of St. Peter, that we call Lammasse, in the year of our Lord 1407, I, William Thorpe, being in the castle of Saltwood, was brought before Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Chancellor then of England. And when I came to him he stood in a great chamber and much people about him: and when that he saw me, he went fast into a closet, bidding all secular men that followed him to go forth from him soon, so that no man was left then in that closet but the Archbishop himself, and a physician, that was called Malveren, parson of St. Dunstan's in London, and other two persons unknown to me, which were ministers of the law. And I, standing before them, by and by, the Archbishop said to me—'William, I know well that thou hast this twenty winters and more, travelled about busily in the north country, and in other divers counties of England, sowing about false doctrine, having great business, if thou might, with thine untrue teaching and shrewd will, for to infect and poison all the land. But through the grace of God thou art now withstooded and brought into my ward, so that I shall now sequester thee from thy evil purpose, and let (hinder) thee to envenom the sheep of my province. Nevertheless, St. Paul saith,



‘If it may be, *as much as in us is, we ought to have peace with all men.*’ Therefore, William, if thou wilt, now meekly and of good heart, without any feigning, kneel down and lay thy hand upon a book and kiss it, promising faithfully as I shall charge thee, that thou wilt submit to my correction, and stand to my ordinance, and fulfil it duly by all thy cunning and power, thou shalt yet find me gracious unto thee.’ Then said I to the Archbishop; ‘Sir, since ye deem me a heretick, and out of belief, will ye give me here audience to tell my belief?’ And he said, ‘Yea, tell on.’”

The Archbishop’s charge proves that Thorpe had been preaching condemned doctrines ever since the days of Wickliffe, as many others had continued to do. William here made a declaration at some length of his belief; but no farther than might consist with the tenets and requisitions of the Romish church, and no fault was found with his confession. When, however, he came to the point of swearing to it, he says—“But, Sir, I pray you tell me, if after your bidding, I shall lay my hand upon the book, to what intent? To swear thereby?” “And the Archbishop said to me, ‘Yea, wherefore else?’ And I said to him—‘Sir, a book is nothing else but a thing coupled together of divers creatures; and to swear by any creature both God’s law and man’s law is against it.’” It appears by this protest of Thorpe’s, as elsewhere, that the early reformers objected to take an oath. The Archbishop, not satisfied with Thorpe’s confession, which indeed was evasive enough, required him to swear that he would neither secretly or openly hold any of the opinions the Lollards were charged with: and that he would impeach before the bishops all whom he should know to hold them. This William refuses, saying—“I find in no place of Scripture, that this office that ye would now infief me with, accordeth to any priest of Christ’s sect, nor to any other Christian man: and therefore to do this, were to me a full noyous bond to be bounden with, and over grievous charge.



For I suppose that if I thus did, many men and women would, yea, Sir, might justly to my confusion say to me, that I were a traitor to God and to them: since, (as I think in mine heart,) many men and women trust so in this case, that I would not, for saving of my life, do this to them. For if I thus do, full many men and women would, as they might full truly, say I had falsely and cowardly forsaken the truth, and slandered shamefully the word of God. For if I consented to you to do hereafter your will, for bonchief or mischief that may befall unto me in this life, I deem in my conscience that I were worthy here for to be cursed of God and also of all his Saints: from which inconvenience keep me and all Christian people, Almighty God, now and ever, for his holy name!"

On this the Archbishop threatened William that he should "follow his fellow to Smithfield"—by which it appears that one of his party had already suffered death, whom he mentions to have been William Sautry. He remarks—"At this saying, I stood still and spake not, but I thought in my heart that God did me great grace, if he would of his great mercy bring me to this end." We see how deeply the desire of martyrdom was already engendered in the bosoms of these confessors. After some further disputing, the Archbishop becoming impatient for a final answer, Thorpe gives this very interesting and simple sketch of his previous life—"Sir, my father and mother, on whose souls God have mercy if it be his will, spent mickle money in divers places about my learning, for the intent to have made me a priest to God. But when I came to years of discretion, I had no mind to be priest; and therefore my friends were right heavy to me; and then methought their grudging against me was so painful to me, that I purposed therefore to have left their company. And when they perceived this in me, they spake sometimes full fair and pleasant words to me. But for that they might not make me to consent of good heart to be a priest, they spake to me full often-

times very grievous words, and menaced me in divers manners, showing to me full heavy cheer. And thus, one while in fair manner, another while in grievous, they were long time, as methought, full busy about me, ere I consented to them to be a priest. But at the last, when in this matter they would no longer suffer mine excusations, but either I should consent to them, or I should ever bear their indignation, yea, their curse as they said; then I seeing this, prayed them that they would give me licence for to go to them that were named wise priests, and of virtuous conversation, to have their counsel, and to know of them the office and charge of priesthood. And hereto my father and mother consented full gladly, and gave me their blessing and full leave to go, and also money to spend in this journey. And so I went to those priests that I heard to be of best name, and of most holy living, and best learned, and most wise of heavenly wisdom: and so I communed with them, unto the time that I perceived by their virtuous and continual occupations, that their honest and charitable works passed their fame that I before had heard of them. Wherefore, Sir, by the example of the doctrine of them, and especially for the godly and innocent works which I perceived then of them and in them, after my cunning and power, I have exercised me then and at this time, to know perfectly God's law, having a will and desire to live thereafter, which willeth that all men and women should exercise themselves faithfully thereabout. If then, Sir, either for the pleasure of them that are neither so wise, nor of so virtuous conversation to my knowledge, nor by common fame to any other man's knowledge of this land, as these men were of whom I took my counsel and information, I should now forsake thus suddenly and shortly, and unwarned, all the learning that I have exercised myself in these thirty winters or more, my conscience should ever be herewith out of measure unquieted, and as, Sir, I know well, many men and women should be therewith troubled and slandered." There is something very strik-



ing and beautiful in this appeal of William Thorpe to the lives and characters of the persons from whom he had received his opinions. Who these men were he tells us afterwards, where he says to the Archbishop, "Also Phillip of Rampington, while he was canon of Leicester, Nicolas Herford, Davie Gotraie of Pakring, monk of Byland, and a master of divinity, and John Purvay, and many other which were holden right wise men, and prudent, taught and writ busily this foresaid learning, and conformed thereto. And with all these men I was right homely and communed with them long time and oft: and so before all other men I chose willingly to be informed of them and by them, and specially of Wickliffe himself, as of the most virtuous and godly wise man that I heard of or knew. And therefore of him specially, and of these men I took the learning that I have taught; and purpose to live thereafter, if God will, to my life's end."

The Archbishop, finding William resolute not to swear, produced the charges that were against him, which were these; that, "The third Sunday after Easter, 1407, William Thorpe came unto the town of Shrewsbury, and through leave granted to him to preach, he said openly in St. Chad's Church in his sermon, That the sacrament of the altar, after the consecration, was material bread. And that images should in no wise be worshipped—And that men should not go on pilgrimages—And that priests had no title to tithes—And that it is not lawful to swear in any wise." He adds, "And when the Archbishop had read this roll, he rolled it up again, and said to me, 'Is this wholesome learning to be among the people?' And I said to him, 'Sir, I am both ashamed on their behalf, and right sorrowful for them that have certified you these things thus untruly; for I preached never, nor taught thus, privily or apertly.'"

*(To be continued.)*



## CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

### CONVERSATION XIV.

Gypsum—Alabaster—Plaster of Paris—Fluor Spar—Salt—Coal.

MAT.—I think, in our last conversation, we had done with the Red Sandstone, had we not?

MRS. L.—With the Sandstone itself, but not with its contents—subjects of no small interest. I believe I mentioned to you that of these, Gypsum, Rock Salt, and Coal are the most important.

MAT.—Salt and Coal are familiar acquaintance, but I have no idea what Gypsum is.

MRS. L.—Not quite a stranger, under other names. Gypsum, or Sulphate of Lime, (Lime and Sulphur) occurs in great abundance in many parts of the ~~Flint~~ ~~stone~~ Strata. It is known also under the names of Plaster-stone, Selenite and Alabaster. The common Gypsum is heated to redness and loses the water it contains, it falls to powder; which ground fine, is what we call Plaster of Paris. Near Tutbury in Staffordshire, and near Nottingham, it is found in blocks and veins; and lately a variety new in England has been found, called Anhydrite. These minerals constitute valuable materials for the ornamental manufactures of Derbyshire.

ANNE.—I had no idea we were speaking of the beautiful Derbyshire Spar.

MRS. L.—It is not so exactly. The substance of which those beautiful vases and other articles are usually made, is confined to one mine—it is called Fluor, and differs from Gypsum in that the Lime is mixed with Fluoric Acid, instead of Sulphuric Acid, which forms the yet more beautiful substance we call Alabaster, which is a variety of Gypsum. Gypsum is soft and may



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

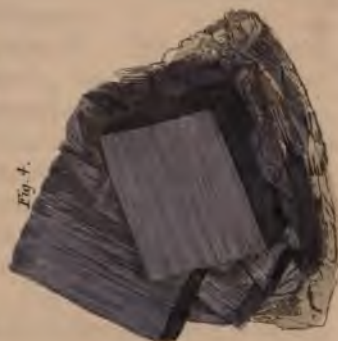


Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



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be scratched with the nail, which sufficiently distinguishes it from Marble.

MAT.—I should like to see some specimens.

MRS. L.—I will show you several—*Fig. 1.* is a specimen of common Gypsum.

MAT.—I should take it for marble.

MRS. L.—Not if you feel it. It is soft when first taken from the ground; and when hard and dry, becomes powdery in your fingers. A pressure of your nail will easily scratch it. These are not the characters of Marble. *Fig. 2.* is another specimen of Gypsum.

MAT.—This is beautiful—it has a streaky, brilliant, and satin-like appearance, quite unlike any thing else I have seen.

MRS. L.—*Fig. 3.* is Selenite. It is a transparent, crystallized Gypsum, and seems to differ from the others in containing more water.

MAT.—This indeed I should have taken for Mica—and cannot now see any difference.

MRS. L.—Try to slit a piece off. The Mica, you remember, slits into thin plates, that will bend without breaking. The Selenite crumbles into dust when broken. *Fig. 4.* is a specimen of Fluor crystallised in cubes. It forms some of the most beautiful of our Spars; arranging itself into enormous crystals, transparent as glass, and of the most beautiful colours. You cannot look into a cabinet or museum without seeing numbers of them, for they are very common. *Fig. 5.* is one that from its near resemblance to the Emerald is called False Emerald. I need not show you the Foliated Fluor which is the Derbyshire Spar, less transparent and not formed into Crystals. Gypsum is found in cavities of the Sandstone, sometimes forming a considerable extent of country, and rising into low hills. “In this manner it is found not only in England, but in different parts of the continent of Europe. It is also a conspicuous member of that peculiar district round Paris, which is supposed to have been deposited under the waters of an inland lake.

Organic remains of great interest are found in the Gypsum of the Paris fresh-water deposit. These are the bones of various terrestrial animals of extinct species and genera; besides which it also contains shells and remains of fish and vegetables. But I believe the Gypsum of Paris is considered to have been formed later; as in that which is found among the Red Stone, of which we are now speaking, there are no organic remains. Our next subject is Salt, of which I suppose you will not desire a specimen.

MAT.—No—but I should like to know more of the manner in which it is deposited in the earth.

MRS. L.—“In the county of Cheshire the Red Sandstone contains immense beds of Common Salt, most abundant in the valley of the Weaver; and near Middlewich, Northwich, and Nantwich, it is accompanied by Gypsum. The first stratum was discovered about one hundred and fifty years ago, in searching for coal. It begins about thirty yards below the surface and is twenty-five yards thick. Below this, and separated from it by ten or twelve yards of hard Clay, is another bed of Salt, the extent of which is unknown; in many places of extreme purity, in others tinged with Oxyde of Iron and Clay. This pit is at Northwich; and at other places there are very abundant brine springs. From these salt is procured by evaporating the water. A most remarkable circumstance in the Northwich mine is the arrangement of the Salt, giving rise to an appearance something like a mosaic roof and pavement, where it has been horizontally cut. The Salt is compact, but it is arranged in round masses, five or six feet in diameter, not truly spherical, but each one compressed by those that surround it, so as to have the shape of an irregular polyhedron. The Wernerians regard the Salt as having merely crystallised here after being dissolved in water; the Huttonians consider the water to have been evaporized by heat. The large pit at Northwich presents a very singular spectacle when duly illuminated; it is a circle of nearly



two miles in circumference; the roof is supported by massive pillars of Salt, and the effect is heightened by the variety of colours it presents." We now come to the important article of Coal.

ANNE.—Respecting this I feel very curious.

MRS. L.—It is indeed one of the most important gifts of Providence: and the manner in which it has been laid up for us for ages, is very wonderful. In all probability the whole of it was once living vegetable upon the surface of our globe.

ANNE.—But how can this be positively ascertained?

MRS. L.—It was long doubted; but I believe it is not so now by any Geologist. The proofs amount, I think, to little short of certainty. Wood has been found in every state of the process by which it is converted into coal, so that the operation may almost be said to be performed before our eyes, though it should have been in fact the work of ages. In one stage it has the appearance of half-burned wood, the outside only charred, the interior still retaining its natural appearance. A farther progress produces it in the form of Bovey Coal; of which we spoke in our last conversation. From this there is a gradual transition into Jet. "Satisfied that Jet, the bituminized wood that approaches nearest to Coal, in its chemical character, is the result of the action of water on vegetable matter, Dr. Macculloch was induced to try if this substance could, by heat under pressure, be converted into Coal: the result of his experiment was, that the produce exhibited the true characters of Coal, having not merely the colour and inflammability, but the fracture of Coal and its odour on burning."

ANNE.—Both fire and water then must have contributed to this transformation of the vegetables of one age into a supply of fuel for another.

MRS. L.—On this the best Geologists pretend not to decide: they think it possible to be effected by water only, in the lapse of time. "Dr. Hutton considered Coal Strata to have been produced by the operation of



subterranean heat in the manner already described, acting upon vegetable bodies and charcoal under exceeding pressure, which prevented the usual phenomena of combustion, and hindered the escape of the inflammable part. By Mr. Williams, antediluvian timber and peat bog have been regarded as the source of our present coal; and a variety of curious circumstances, which the minute history of coal fields presents, might be adduced as favourable to his conclusions."

ANNE.—I begin to feel some alarm lest our coal-mines should be exhausted: for if such is its origin, the extent must be limited and the supply cannot well be renewed.

MRS. L.—I think you may trust the Providence that has so wonderfully prepared a deposite of combustible material for our use, to have provided as much as will be necessary. If the vegetable productions of another age were, at the flood, or in some other great convulsion, consigned to the depths of the earth, there to lie entombed for hundreds of years, undergoing the operation by which they have been transformed into a substance so different to that of a living vegetable, do not suppose it was the work of chance, or of natural operations without design. Nothing is without design in the whole of God's creation. If it is the property of wood under such circumstances so to change, the Creator gave it those properties and placed it in those circumstances, because he knew and intended the result. I feel no apprehension, therefore, that he has provided an insufficient quantity; or that it will fail, till it is either not wanted, or something else is provided to replace it. Still that every year's consumption lessens the store, is as certain as that our daily fires consume the stock of our cellars. It has been calculated, that in the great Coal Fields of Northumberland, there is a supply for about 1000 years, at the rate at which it is now subtracted from the mines; exceeding, it is said, two millions of chaldrons annually.

MAT.—There are other Coal-mines in England.

MRS. L.—Many—but not of so great value, or producing exactly the same substance. There are several varieties of Coal, but as far as their economical applications are concerned, they may principally be reduced to two. The Coals of Lancashire, Scotland, and most of those raised upon the west of England burn quickly and brilliantly into a light ash: while the Coal of Northumberland and Durham becomes soft and puffy, spouts out bright jets of flame, requires poking to continue in combustion, and produces bulky cinders, which, if urged in a violent fire, or mixed with fresh coals, run into slags and clinkers." Small quantities of Coal have been found in the more recent Strata, no doubt from vegetables becoming bituminized at later periods: this has led to many expensive attempts to dig coal where there was none of sufficient consequence to dig. An improved knowledge of Geology will probably in future prevent these mistakes—though small quantities of vegetable matter may have become fossilized, and recently formed into Coal, no regular formation worth the miner's toil is found, except in the Old Red Sandstone Strata, where the convulsions of antiquity deposited it. "The lateral extent of these deposits, commonly known by the name of Coal Fields, is often very considerable, and it is observed that in many cases, they occupy basin-like cavities, often incurvated upwards on all sides. In others, they are inclined at various angles, in such a manner that their probable extent cannot be conjectured. It is usual for more than one bed of Coal to be found in a deposit, and sometimes they reach to ten, twenty, or more. At Liege, it is said there are sixty beds. The substances that separate these beds are Sandstone, Limestone, Slate, Clay, and Sand. The thickness of the Coal Strata varies from less than an inch to many feet. Where they are traversed by trap veins, or in contact with masses of that rock, they are often converted into cinder or coke."

MAT.—I do not exactly know what you mean by Coke.



MRS. L.—It is Coal partially burned.

ANNE.—Is it known of what vegetables the Coal is formed.

MRS. L.—We have many curious observations on this subject—but I must defer them till our next Conversation.

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SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS  
ON THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

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CONVERSATION XII.

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CLASS ARTICULATA—SUB-CLASS INSECTS.

*Their Associations and Hybernation ; with the injuries and benefits they confer.*

ANNA.—Look at that cloud of Gnats, papa, which are sporting together by the side of the brook ; they seem greatly to enjoy each other's company : what social little creatures insects are !

PAPA.—Some of them appear to feel the full force of the social principle ; and Gnats are certainly among the number : it is to me very exhilarating to observe how they

“ Sport together in the solar beam,  
Or in the gloom and twilight hum their joy.”

But insects differ very much in this, as well as in other respects. Some associate for the sake of company only ; others, such as locusts and aphides, for the purpose of travelling or emigrating together ; and others, in order to perform some common work for the benefit of the community.

ANNA.—I suppose it is only perfect insects that associate together.

PAPA.—O no ; sociability is not confined to perfect insects alone. Many form societies during their larva state : some of the Caterpillars for instance : you have



seen their magnificent silken tents spread on the hedges, under which hundreds and thousands repose in safety. Others associate in all their states: this is the case, you know, with hive bees and ants, and with the termites, or white ants, as well as with several others; and the economy by which these insects are regulated, is exceedingly curious and interesting. They have their cities and their sovereigns; their store-houses and their nurseries: and the ants are even known to engage in wars; to have their slave-dealers; and, what will perhaps astonish you still more, their milch kine.

ANNA.—Slave-dealers and cows among ants, papa!

PAPA.—Yes; so M. Huber assures us. The slave-dealers are not found here, I believe; but he tells us of some, a red species more particularly, which he observed near Paris. They carry off the larvæ and pupæ of other more hardy and industrious ants, into their nests, where they educate them as their own till they arrive at the perfect state, when they undertake all the business of the society. To make the resemblance between their slaves and ours more complete, theirs are also *blacks*. But I am ashamed to say, that they very far surpass us in the humanity and kindness with which they treat these unfortunate captives.

ANNA.—And what sort of things are their cows, papa?

PAPA.—Not much like ours. You have certainly observed the little insects, called *aphides*, or leaf-lice, which often infest our roses and other plants; these insects secrete a sweet fluid, not improperly denominated their *milk*, which the ants have the means of making them yield at pleasure. On whatever plant the aphides abound, you will always find the ants very busy; not, as might be wished, to kill these injurious insects; but, as Linnæus says, "*to milk their cows.*"

ANNA.—I shall certainly read Huber's history of these curious little creatures.

PAPA.—Do. You will find very much to amuse you.

ANNA.—I have often wondered what becomes of insects during the winter, papa. I should think they must all die of cold and hunger; unless it be the bees and ants: they are, I know, provident, and lay up stores for it.

PAPA.—The bees lay up stores, and perhaps ants may in warmer climates; but I do not apprehend that to be the case with those in our country. The supposed grains of corn, which they have been observed to carry in and out of their nests with such assiduous care, are, in reality, their pupæ. I am inclined to believe that ants do as most other insects do, remain torpid during the cold season; and in that condition you know they want no food. Insects pass the winter in all their states of egg, larva, pupa; and imago: but the greater number in the two last. Their winter quarters are too various to be described. Numbers of eggs as well as of larvæ, pupæ, and perfect insects, are buried in the ground, or concealed in the ivy-covered interstices of decayed trees; while many insinuate themselves under large stones, dead leaves, or the moss of the sheltered side of an old wall or bank, and there sleep out the winter in solitude and silence. When spring returns, they awake to all the activities of their existence, and assert their empire over the rest of creation: in very many instances, it is true, beneficially; but in numerous others, to the annoyance or destruction of multitudes both of the animal and vegetable tribes.

ANNA.—They do not injure us personally much, however.

PAPA.—You are much mistaken, my dear child. Not to mention the many and dreadful cutaneous diseases which are attributable to them, we must view insects as among the most terrible scourges with which God has been pleased to visit the sins of mankind.



They were the instruments by which he punished the horrible tyranny and wickedness of Antiochus Epiphanes; of the Dictator Sylla; of the two Herods; of the Emperor Maximin; and of that cruel persecutor of the Protestants, Philip II. of Spain. All these oppressors, and many others that might be mentioned, died of loathsome maladies produced by disgusting swarms of lice and mites, or by the larvæ of other insects, familiarly called *worms*. It is not, however, those only among these pigmy tormentors that prey upon us internally, that do us essential injury: to say nothing of the *chigoes*, or fleas of the West Indies; or of the various species of bugs, of mosquitoes, and of gnats, which are, as I have already told you, and as the names which they have given to various districts prove, terrible personal pests in the countries where they abound; the ravages these little ubiquaries make on our cattle and on our vegetable productions, are frequently very serious in their nature, and alarming in their consequences. Often do our hops, our corn, and our pulse; our shrubs, our flowers, and our fruits, wither under the influence of these minute enemies: indeed there is no sort of property, whether living or dead, that is secure from their devastations. They devour our grain and our flour; our meat, whether salted or fresh; our cheeses, our sugar, our spices; our drugs and medicines; our garments and houses, and even our books and cabinets of curiosities.

HENRY.—What are the most destructive species of insects, father?

PAPA.—In our houses and among our stores, the cock-roach, the house-cricket, and the various species of *termites*, or white ants, commit the greatest ravages; particularly the latter. In this country we are happily strangers to them; but in India the damages they often do are incalculable. They will destroy all the timber-work of a spacious apartment in a few nights; and sometimes even whole villages, when deserted by their



inhabitants, so that in two or three years not a trace of them will remain. Linnæus calls these insects "the great calamity of both the Indies." But of all insect plunderers, none commit such terrible devastations as locusts. You remember what they once did in Egypt.

HENRY.—They are almost entirely confined to Africa and Arabia, I believe.

PAPA.—That quarter of the world has always been peculiarly subject to their depredations. From the year 1778 to 1780, the empire of Morocco was terribly devastated by them; they ate up every green thing, and caused such a tremendous famine, that the poor inhabitants were obliged to live on roots; and fathers even sold their children, and husbands their wives, to obtain a little food. They are not, however, confined to Africa. It is said that in the Venetian territory in 1478, more than thirty thousand persons perished in a famine which they had occasioned: France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Russia, and Poland, with other countries in Europe, have been repeatedly the scenes of their ravages; and once, in the year 1748, they appeared in this country, where they excited considerable alarm; they soon perished, however, without doing us any injury.

HENRY.—I suppose the *aphides*, or plant-lice, are our greatest enemies of this kind.

PAPA.—Yes. They not unfrequently act the part of locusts in destroying vegetable produce. As each plant has its particular aphid, however, which will not feed on any other, their ravages are never so universal. Insects have however a claim on our regard; for the benefits they confer, in a variety of ways, are more than a counterbalance against the evils they inflict. What would be the situation, think you, of the inhabitants of tropical countries more especially, if these active "scavengers of nature" were not in existence to consume the decayed animal and vegetable substances, which, if left to the slow action of the atmosphere,

would fill the air with impurity? Even the white ants, though they do occasionally direct their voracity to their houses, and books, and valuable cabinets, render them eminent services by their activity and speed in this department. Many insects are useful too in destroying others. The ichneumon tribes, so called from their resemblance in this respect to the Egyptian ichneumons, lay their eggs in living insects, chiefly while in the larva state, and thus prevent myriads of them from coming to maturity. Ants, wasps, hornets, dragon-flies, and earwigs, with many others, consume also vast numbers; and the beautiful lady-bird renders itself very useful by destroying the aphides which injure hops. They are of use, moreover, as food to fish, and birds, and other animals; and even, sometimes, to man. The devastating locusts furnish a considerable supply to numerous African and Indian nations; the mischievous white ants are eaten by the Hottentots; the Chinese, who waste nothing, send the chrysalis of the silk-worm to table; and Sparrman reckons among the delicacies of a Boshiesman's feast "those caterpillars from which butterflies proceed."

HENRY.—Are not insects useful in medicine?

PAPA.—Our forefathers had great faith in their efficacy. Among their recipes were powder of silkworm for vertigo and convulsion; earwigs to strengthen the nerves; fly-water for disorders in the eyes; the cockchafer for the bite of a mad dog and the plague; with a variety of similar nostrums too numerous to be mentioned. But their wiser descendants have discarded most of these fanciful remedies. The cantharides, or Spanish fly, a species of beetle, which is both used in making blisters and taken internally, is now almost the only insect employed in medicine. Insects are especially useful in manufactures and commerce; and perhaps it is in this part of the benefits they confer, that their services are more especially felt. To them we owe our honey and wax; our ink, which is, as you



know, made from gall-nuts; our best dyes; with our extensive and lucrative trade in silks; without which courts would lose half their splendour, and the poor half their means of subsistence. Indeed the benefits as well as injuries which we derive from the insect world, are by far too many for me even to enumerate. If you wish to know more on this subject, I must refer you to Kirby and Spence's "Introduction to Entomology;" a work which is replete with the most amusing and interesting information on every particular connected with the history of insects, and to which I must own myself indebted for the greater part of the knowledge I have obtained respecting them. Z. Z.

## DESCRIPTION OF BRITISH TREES.

### No. XIV.

#### Lime Tree—*Tilia*.

THE *Tilia*, Lime Tree, or Linden, is among the most beautiful of the forest, in form and foliage, besides the exquisite perfume of its blossoms. The trunk is usually very upright, and the bark smooth and even: the leaf nearly circular—the flowers of the palest green;

"Other perfections of the tree, besides its unparalleled beauty for walks, are that it will grow in almost all grounds; that it lasts long; that it soon heals its scars; that it affects uprightness; that it stoutly resists a storm; that it seldom becomes hollow. The timber of a well-grown Lime is convenient for any use that the Willow is; but much to be preferred as being stronger and yet lighter: whence Virgil calls them *Tilias leves*; and therefore fit for yokes. They are turned into boxes for the apothecaries. And because of its colour and easy working, and that it is not subject to split, architects make with it models for their designed buildings; and the carvers in wood used it, not only for small figures, but large statues and entire histories, in bass and high relieve: witness, beside several more, the lapidation of St. Stephen, with the structures and elevations about it; the trophies, festoons, fruitages, encarpia, and other sculptures, &c. to be seen about the choir of St. Paul's, and other churches, royal palaces, and noble houses in the city and country. With the twigs they make baskets and cradles; and of the smoothest side of the bark, tablets for writing; for the ancient Phylra is but our *Tilia*, of which Munt-





T. Higham. scul.

Lime Tree,  
*Tilia Europæa*,  
*Polyandria Monogynia*.



ing affirms he saw a book made of the inward bark, written about a thousand years since. Such another was brought to the Count of St. Amant, Governor of Arras, 1662, for which there were given 8,000 ducats by the Emperor. Other papyraceous trees are mentioned by travellers, especially in Hispaniola, Java, &c. whose inward bark not only exceeds our largest paper for breadth and length, and may be written on both sides, but is comparable to our best vellum. Bellonius says, that the Grecians made bottles of Tilia, which they finely rosined within side. It makes pumps for ships, and lattices for windows. Shoemakers use dressers of the plank to cut leather on, as not so hard as to turn the edge of their knives."—EVELYN:

The Lime Tree is of the Class Polyandria Monogynia, there being in every flower numerous Stamina and one Pistil. The flowers begin to open in May, and are in full blow in July. They are great favourites with the bees.

"It was customary with the ancients to crown themselves with garlands of roses and other flowers, during their convivial entertainments, and these were artfully bound together with strips of the inner rind of the Lime Tree."—HUNTER.

"On fait des cordes avec l'écorce des jeunes Tilleuls; ces cordes ont la propriété de se conserver plusieurs années dans l'eau sans se pourrir, et de fermer exactement les joints qu'elles remplissent. On fait aussi avec cette écorce de grosses toiles. Dans le temps de la Ligue, chaque parti, maître d'un village, plantoit un Tilleul dans la place principale: si l'on étoit chassé du village, le parti vainqueur abattoit le Tilleul de l'ennemi, et en replantoit un autre."—GENLIS.

## ON THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

### ON THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD.

THE righteousness of God is displayed in the perfect equity of his moral government; and although amidst the manifold changes and fluctuating uncertainties of this sublunary scene, the nature of that government be very imperfectly apprehended; although circumstances of prosperity and adversity, riches and poverty, exemptions from calamity and deep afflictions, may often appear to take place fortuitously, so that, as the wise man expresses it, none can judge of the love or ha-



tred of the God of providence by the aspect of external circumstances, because "all things happen alike to all," and "one event befalls both the righteous and the wicked," (Eccles. ix. 1, 2;) yet that word (to which the Christian does well to take heed as to a light that shineth in a dark place,) the Scripture of truth does expressly declare, that however "clouds and darkness may be round about him, righteousness and judgment are the establishment of his throne, (Psalm xcvii. 2;) it declares that a day of retribution and of recompense is assuredly approaching, when he will judge the world in righteousness, and when every one shall receive according "to the things done in the body, whether they be good or whether they be bad:"—it says, "he that pursueth evil, pursueth to his own death." While it speaks the words of comfort and encouragement to those who follow after righteousness, it exhorts the meek of the earth, those who have wrought his judgment, still to "seek righteousness, to seek meekness," saying, "it may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger," (Zeph. ii. 8;) and pronouncing a blessing on such as hunger and thirst after righteousness, assures them, "they shall be filled." "The Lord is righteous in all his ways," and the same resplendent attribute which, issuing forth in flames of wrath to guard the requisitions of his holy law, sets in array all the terrors of the Lord against the transgressors of that law, sheds ineffable glory over the gospel of his grace, and becomes the security and defence of his believing people—around them it is a "wall of fire," and "the glory in the midst" of them. If with his adversaries he does in righteousness "judge and make war," (Rev. xix. 11,) so is he with his servants to strengthen in help and uphold them with the right hand of his righteousness. Thus saith the Lord, "let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorifieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me,

that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth; for in these things do I delight, saith the Lord," (Jer. ix. 23, 24.) Is God unrighteous who taketh vengeance? "God forbid," said the apostle, "for in that case, how should God judge the world?" Neither is God unrighteous in making known the riches of his glory in the vessels of his mercy which he had afore prepared unto glory, for "he is just while he is the justifier of those who believe in Jesus. "A JUST GOD and yet a SAVIOUR," is the peculiar and glorious distinction of that blessed and Holy One, who says, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." In him is all righteousness and strength, and in him, and him alone shall his true Israel "be justified and shall glory, (Is. xlv. 25;) therefore it is the glorious gospel of God's blessed Son, the ministration of that Spirit who giveth life, is called "the ministration of righteousness," for most eminently is the righteousness of God illustrated in the way by which he hath chosen to extend his mercy unto man. The total destruction of a world of guilty creatures would not have so magnified the law and rendered it honourable, nor have so perfectly and fully unveiled the glory of his righteousness as the exhibition of the great Law-giver himself stooping down to become the law fulfiller, the Judge taking the place of the criminal—He who denounced the curse, the awful consequences entailed on disobedience, leaving the throne of his glory ("Wonder O heavens, and be astonished O earth,") taking upon him the nature that hath sinned, that he might himself undergo the sentence he had pronounced upon the guilty, and thus making reconciliation for iniquity, bring in everlasting righteousness and deliver those who were appointed to die; for God sent his Son into the world not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.

When the question is put in the words of the admiring prophet, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with



dyed garments from Bozra? that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?" the voice that answers is from him who is one with the Father, for he and he alone can reply, "I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." He has wrought out and brought in everlasting righteousness, a righteousness without blemish and without spot. By his passive obedience unto death, having made reconciliation for the sins of the people, and satisfied the claims of God's broken law, he has redeemed them from its curse by his active obedience to that law, his perfect and voluntary fulfilment of all its moral and ceremonial requisitions; he has merited the reward promised to the righteous, and secured to those whose surety he became, the right and title to the heavenly inheritance; "and without controversy, great is the mystery of Godliness. God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory," (1 Tim. iii. 16;) for he who died for our sins, he who was delivered for our offences, rose again for our justification, and therefore it is written, "If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness, for we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." (1 John i. 9.) Great indeed is the mystery whereby those who by nature are children of wrath, even as others, who have also by actual transgression become obnoxious to the just displeasure of the righteous Governor of the universe, being justified by faith, washed in the most precious blood of Christ, and adorned with the glorious covering of his meritorious obedience, may take up the triumphant language of the prophet, and sing, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God, for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness," (Isaiah lxi. 10,) and with the apostle, "Who shall lay any



thing to the charge of God's elect," in life, in death, or in the day of judgment? Who shall condemn those whom God justifies and for whom Christ died, and dying, deprived death of its sting; changing the dark portals of the grave into the gates of glory, the welcome entrance to everlasting bliss; behold the Judge is their Redeemer, the Lord who pleadeth the cause of his people, and who of God is made unto them "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

"By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." They are so, however, not only as having his obedience put to their account, and thus bearing the name of the Righteous One—they also partake of his nature: with the non-imputation of iniquity is connected "a spirit without guile," (Psalm xxxii. 1, 2.) They have not only the righteousness of Christ imputed to them, but they are also created anew in righteousness; they are the workmanship of God created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before prepared for them to walk in. Whosoever Christ bestows a title for heaven, he also imparts a meetness for it, and they for whom in all its binding ordinances he fulfilled the law, have that law written in their hearts by his Spirit, and evidenced in their lives and conversation. They are called "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He may be glorified"—a figure which, while it implies life, designates the character of that life, as well as the author and giver of it, and the end for which it is bestowed; the glorifying of him whose sceptre, whose kingdom, whose judgments, statutes, word, works, and ways, are righteousness.

It is asked, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, and who shall stand in his holy place?" One there is, and only one of all who ever trod this earth, who can lay claim to it as his right. He it is who, looking up to the God of heaven could make the affirmation, "I do always those things which please him."

He who when surrounded by his bitterest enemies could challenge their severest scrutiny, and make the appeal, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" He who ere he resigned up his spirit to his Heavenly Father, could say, "I have finished the work thou gavest me to do."—"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." "Who is the King of Glory?" Behold the cross, his name is written there, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Around that holy sacrifice, behold mercy and truth, righteousness and peace, shedding their united and hallowed radiance. He died, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God—he descended into the grave, but he arose again—he ascended up on high, and we see him who for a little season was made lower than the angels for the suffering of death, now crowned with glory and with honour, being by the right hand of God exalted; we behold him entering into the holy place, but not for himself alone; having obtained eternal redemption for us—"thither the fore-runner is for us entered; even Jesus, made an high-priest for ever, after the order of Melchisedec; (Heb. vi. 20.)—(Melchisedec, King of Salem, Priest of the Most High God, first being by interpretation King of Righteousness, and after that also King of Salem, which is, King of Peace.) He it is who entering in through the gates of the city, enters not alone—"Open ye the gates that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in." (Isaiah xxvi. 2,) "I looked, and lo! a Lamb standing upon Mount Sion, and with him the multitude of his redeemed, having their Father's name written in their foreheads;" they shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Father, for the Sun of Righteousness is ever shining upon them, and they reflect his glory. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in. Who is the King of Glory? Jehovah of Hosts, he is the King of Glory; for this is the name whereby he shall be called, JEHOVAH OUR RIGHT-



ROUSNESS;" and in him, that is, in Christ Jesus, his mediatorial works, offices, and kingdom, is manifested the  
RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD. IOTA.

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## HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

## THE HOPE.

Is it impossible?—There grows a tree  
Hard by the waters of yon pearly stream,  
Where first it issues from the grassy earth;  
You'll know it by the smooth and polish'd rind,  
And the young freshness of its new-born leaf.  
Six months I looked upon that tree, and saw  
No chance or change betide its lifeless form.  
When the cold snows lay heavy on its boughs,  
It did not bend beneath their weight—and when  
The blasts of midnight wildly whistling played  
Their doleful musick through the twining stems,  
They played there all unheeded and unfelt;  
There was no leaf to rend, no bud to blight.  
It never stooped its bare and barren boughs  
To sip the stream that trickled at its feet;  
So pure, so clear, that well it might have seen  
On that fair front its own unloveliness.  
I saw the dews of Heaven bathe its brow—  
I saw the bright beam of the April sun,  
Kiss from its bosom what might seem its tears;  
And day by day lie sleeping on its stems  
As if it would have wooed them into life.  
But still no greenness came—no swelling bud,  
Impatient to escape its prison-house,  
And revel in the luxuries of day.  
All else grew fairer as the season grew.  
The gentle fountain dressed itself in flowers—  
The neighbour trees put on their best attire—  
First one and then another saw I change  
The colouring of sadness and of death,  
For hues of hope and promise. But no change  
Came to my mourn'd and melancholy tree—  
Emblem of death mid a new-living world.  
Now look for it—It was but seeming dead,



## MOONLIGHT.

SHINE on, thou peerless mistress of the night,  
 With beams so pure, and rays so mild;  
 For well I know, thy shadowy mournful light,  
 Is welcome still to sorrow's child.

To gaze on thee, he lifts an aching eye,  
 As if thou could'st his woes beguile;  
 Fancies he hears thee answer sigh for sigh,  
 And sees thee greet him with a smile.

Poor wretch, the feverish pulse, the bosom's swell,  
 The wasted form, the haggard stare,  
 Whisper a tale, words ~~away~~ not, cannot tell,  
 Which yet can reach compassion's ear.

And she would fain assuage the scalding tear,  
 And heal the deeply rankling wound;  
 But there is woe so deep, it cannot hear,  
 Nor heed the kindest, gentlest sound.

Well, let him raise his melancholy look,  
 To pensive night's chaste pitying star;  
 May he not find some page in nature's book,  
 To lift his drooping spirit higher far?

For then, and not till then, shall sweetly rise,  
 The hope that cannot be o'erthrown,  
 The breeze of peace, which, native of the skies,  
 Loves her own atmosphere alone.

And should his chastened thoughts pursue their way,  
 Till his firm faith be fixed on heav'n,  
 The dawn shall bring to him a brighter day,  
 The setting sun, a calmer even.

M.

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 REVIEW OF BOOKS.
 

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*Jerusalem Destroyed; or, the History of the Siege  
 of that City by Titus, abridged from Josephus,  
 with brief Notices of the Jews since their disper-*

sion, &c. *By the Author of Lily Douglas, &c.*  
Price 3s. 6d. 1826. Oliphant and Co., Edinburgh.

It is with great pleasure we commend this small publication to those in particular who are yet strangers to the pages of Josephus, and to whom the perusal of his history is by no means a desirable labour: by ourselves, who could not but be familiar with it there, in this form, and at this time, and with the additions here made to it, the story of Jerusalem's destruction has been re-perused with much interest. And we cannot pass this opportunity of expressing an earnest hope that others who devote themselves to write for children, will follow the example of the author, and that she will frequently follow her own, in exchanging the bons-bons of imagination, for the solid aliment of truth. The fund of interesting narrative, useful information, pious instruction, and amusing detail, that in the manner of the present publication, might be extracted from larger works, and brought forth in a form acceptable to youth, we believe would prove exhaustless, and meet an acceptance with the publick that would requite the labour. Admitted, it is much more trouble, and much less amusing, to fathom whole volumes of matter uninteresting in itself, or become so by long familiarity, in search of something worth subtracting, than to let fly the imagination and the feelings after some pretty tale of weal or woe, with no restriction but that of saying nothing wrong and nothing impossible. But we are persuaded many authors, like the one before us, have higher objects in view than fame or money in the pains they take; and would not think the trouble lost, that should better subserve their purpose of directing the youthful mind, and cultivating and informing it aright. We hope our young friends, by the acceptance they give to this volume, which we strongly recommend to their perusal, will invite the publication of many more of a similar description.

The collected information respecting the subsequent

condition of the Hebrew people, and the author's remarks upon it, are a very appropriate addition to the work. The information will be new to some, and should surely have an interest in the hearts of all. We believe there are many persons, besides children, who have thought no more of the fate of the Holy City, than of the destiny of Canton or Timbuctoo; and know nothing of it beyond what they have read in Roman history. But is it possible they do not care? Is there any thing in Judah's fate indifferent to a Christian's bosom? If so, he is not of his Master's mind. For where is the passion that has dictated, where is the poet that has uttered language of such deep feeling as that with which the Spirit of God has told the story of Israel's rejection—so joyful as that in which he has predicted their return? Is the servant of God so little a partner in his Master's sentiments, as never to have felt a sorrow or a joy, or so much as a curiosity, about that for which Deity once wept on earth, and from Heaven has dictated language of such heart-moving sorrow, as is contained in the prophecies of the old Testament? O what a soul-petrifying thing is thoughtlessness! If any we speak to have never cared for Jerusalem before, we hope they will when they have read this beautiful little work.

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## EXTRACTS.

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### A LESSON TO PROSPERITY.

WORTHY Master Greenham tells us of a gentlewoman, who coming into the cottage of a poor neighbour, and seeing it furnished with store of children, could say, "Here are the mouths, but where is the meat?" But not long after, she was paid in her own coin: for the poor woman, coming to her after the burial of her last and now only child, inverted the question upon her, "Here is the meat, but where are the mouths?"—*Bishop Hall's Works.*



THE  
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

SEPTEMBER, 1826.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

*(Continued from page 66.)*

ATHENS, FROM THE BATTLE OF MARATHON, TO THE FINAL DEFEAT AND  
EXPULSION OF THE PERSIANS.

THE Athenians were naturally much elated with this victory. Miltiades, Aristides, and Themistocles, were treated with the highest degree of gratitude and respect; but it was only to be in their turn opposed, prosecuted, and condemned. Miltiades took advantage of the moment of favour to get himself appointed to the command of an expedition against the isle of Paros; under pretence that it had lent aid to Persia, but in effect to exact money, or serve his private revenge. The Parians refused even to deliberate on the summons he sent them to surrender; the siege was vigorously laid for some time: till Miltiades, wounded, it is said by an accidental fall, and unable to accomplish his purpose, returned to Athens disgraced and defeated. To be unfortunate was at once to lose favour with the capricious and ungrateful republick. An enemy is seldom wanting to accuse the great; and Xanthippus, the father of the famous Pericles, demanded of the general assembly that Miltiades, so lately the preserver of the commonwealth, should be put to death, for having deceived the people into an impolitic expedition.

Miltiades was in no condition to defend himself, being in fact already dying of his wound. His brother spoke for him in the assembly, and entreated the people, in consideration of his former services, to pity the hero to whom they owed it, that they had the power of deliberating whether to pity him or not. He so far prevailed, that it was declared Miltiades had not deserved death, but was fined fifty talents, the expense of the Parian expedition; which not being able to pay, he was cast into prison, and died. His son, Cimon, is said to have afterwards paid the fine.

The other two heroes of Marathon, Aristides and Themistocles, remained to dispute for precedence in the democracy, and to distract and endanger the government by their rivalry. The Athenians, who always renewed their dissensions in time of peace upon the old question of dispute, whether all things should be at the will of the populace, or whether the best and wisest should direct the rest, found in these rivals a chief exactly suited to each party. Aristides was the son of Lysimachus; Themistocles of Neocles; neither of any eminence of birth. They had been boys together, and even then were always at variance in their sports, their characters being strongly opposed in every thing. Aristides was ever firm and steady in his behaviour, immoveable in what he considered right, and incapable of the least flattery, falsehood, or deceit, even in jest. Themistocles was impetuous and full of spirit, subtle, daring, yet complaisant, and ready to assume any appearance that would serve his purpose. He spent the hours of recreation in study, and was used to divert himself by composing orations, in which he either accused or defended some of his companions: whence his master said of him, "Boy, thou wilt never prove an ordinary person, but wilt at some time become a mighty blessing, or an outrageous curse to thy country." As they grew to men, they differed yet more. Aristides studied the laws of Lycurgus, and by his reasonings

became a favourer of aristocracy. Themistocles, rather from contradiction to his rival than any other reason, espoused the cause of the people. Thus growing up in determined opposition, these great men sacrificed to it the peace and welfare of the country they both sincerely loved. Aristides seems to have been by much the most honest man, and therefore the most frank. When Themistocles had one day proposed to the assembly of the people something to their advantage, Aristides, though knowing it to be so, made a long oration against it, and prevailed. He was yet so conscious of what he had done, in persuading the people to reject a salutary proposal, that when he went out of the assembly, he could not help exclaiming, "The Athenians can never be safe, till they have sent Themistocles and me to prison."

All Athenian citizens had a right to sit in courts of judicature; and here these rivals equally differed in their sense of duty. Aristides considered that he should be exactly just, and insensible to the influence of passion or affection. Themistocles professed a different opinion, and was used to say, "God forbid I should ever sit on a tribunal where my friends should have no more favour than strangers." There is little doubt that Aristides was the better man: the strict integrity of his conduct acquired him the surname of *The Just*, and he was regarded by Athens as the most worthy and virtuous of her citizens. But he was on this account only the nearer to a fall, as Themistocles well knew. Nothing rejoiced him more than this high reputation of his rival, which subjected him to the extraordinary law of the *Ostracism*, by which any man becoming eminent to such a degree that his influence might endanger the state, was banished for ten years. Plutarch says, this exile was not considered as the punishment of crime, but as an honourable retirement, made use of as a curb to too great power, and to relieve the people from the apprehensions of tyranny they were so often seized



with. When this law was introduced is not certain. The method in which the Ostracism was inflicted was this. Every citizen took a piece of a broken pot or shell, on which having written the name of the person he wished to have banished, he carried it to a certain part of the market-place inclosed with rails. The magistrates then began to count the number of shells: if they were less than six thousand, the vote did not take place; if they surpassed that number, they laid every name apart; and the man whose name was found on the greatest number of shells, was exiled for ten years; but with leave to make what use he pleased of his estates. It seems extraordinary that Themistocles could excite the popular resentment against a man so peaceful and beloved as Aristides: but he made use of that very circumstance, insinuating that Aristides, assuming the title of *The Just*, was made the umpire of every dispute among the citizens; and was thus in fact a monarch giving laws, though without the pomp and titles of royalty. This was sufficient: on a sudden, citizens and countrymen flocked to the forum, and demanded the Ostracism. One of the clowns from a borough in Attica, who could neither write nor read, brought his shell to Aristides, and said, "Write me Aristides on this." Aristides asked him if he knew any ill of that Athenian, or if he had done him any hurt. "Me any hurt!" said the fellow, "no, I do not so much as know him; but I am weary and sick at heart with hearing him every where called *The Just*." Aristides took the shell, and wrote his own name on it. When the magistrates signified to him that the Ostracism fell on him, he retired modestly from the forum, and as he went, raised his eyes to heaven, and said, "I beseech the gods that the Athenians may never see the day, that shall force them to remember Aristides."

About three years after the banishment of Aristides, the Athenians found Themistocles had spoken truth, when he had affirmed that the Persian war, far from

being ended, was but just begun: for Xerxes, succeeding to the ambitious desires of his father Darius, after having made immense preparations for the invasion of Greece, sent messengers with a Greek interpreter, to demand earth and water. Themistocles desiring to prevent all conciliation between his country and the barbarians, persuaded the Athenians to put the interpreter to death, for presuming to publish in the language of Greece the decrees of Persia. He ardently endeavoured to engage the Greek states to lay aside their quarrels, and prepare for the common defence; easily procuring to himself the appointment of general to the Athenians, among whom he had now no rival.

Meantime the Persians approached. Athens had no means of defence against forces so overwhelming. Themistocles advised the abandoning of the city, and conveying the whole population on board the fleets. The Delphian Oracle was consulted—the answer was decided as to the total destruction of the city, but promised safety to the people under shelter of wooden walls. This reply was easily construed into a confirmation of Themistocles' advice, by all those who duly appreciated the impossibility of escaping in any other way. The populace could hardly be reconciled to such a measure. To leave their country and their estates, to forsake their houses and employments, and what they estimated as a still greater sacrifice, to abandon to an enemy the tombs of their ancestors and the temples of their gods, seemed a harder fate than to perish in their ruins. Themistocles, whose all-governing genius never wanted methods to effect his purpose, took advantage of these very feelings to change the bent of popular opinion. Gaining to his purpose the priests of Minerva, he caused them to declare to the people that the great dragon kept in her temple and fed there on sacred cakes, had first refused to eat, and finally disappeared; which proved that the goddess herself had departed from the city. By these



and other devices, Themistocles not only persuaded his countrymen to yield to his wishes, but instilled into them the same spirit with which himself was animated. It is told, that wanting a supply of money for this extraordinary embarkation, he pretended somebody had stolen the shield from Minerva's statue, and procuring an order to search for it, seized, for the publick service, all the money he found during the search.

It was now that in their great distress, the Athenians remembered the banished Aristides, and expressed their apprehension lest he should take part with Persia against his ungrateful country. Themistocles readily yielded to the publick feeling, and proposed a decree that all who had been banished might return, to aid in the defence of Greece.

Notwithstanding the Athenian fleet was superior to that of any of the confederates, so great at this time was the name of Sparta, that a Lacedæmonian very little capable of the charge, was appointed to command in chief. From destruction by the fears and unskilfulness of this commander and his officers, the courage and ingenuity of Themistocles again saved the fortunes of Greece. Athens was laid in ruins. The few citizens who, refusing to embark, had fled to the citadel, persuaded it was within its wooden palisades the oracle had promised safety, were put to the sword. The burning of the temples and altar, and the destruction of all their sacred things, with which the Persians were so greatly reproached, do not appear to have arisen so much from impiety or revenge, as from their detestation of Polytheism, of which they considered the temples, altars, and images to be the marks.

The fleet, with all the hopes of Greece, lay now in the narrow straits of Salamis, between that island where the women and children were refuged, and the shores of Attica, whither Xerxes marched down his successful army. Themistocles saw that to give battle there was the only means of saving their families, and regaining their city: but the Peloponnesians regarding only the



defence of their own states, refused to fight and insisted on returning. All argument and entreaty failing, Themistocles had yet a scheme—leaving hastily the counsel where his opinions had been vain, he dispatched a confidential messenger to the Persian prince, commissioned to inform him that the Grecian fleet, divided and in alarm, were about to fly; but if the Persians would surround and stop them, those who were inclined to their cause, would be found to turn their arms against their confederates. The Persians, believing that Themistocles was tired of an unsuccessful struggle and meant to join them, took immediate measures to shut in the Grecian fleet; and thus compelling them to fight for safety, the famous battle of Salamis ended in the entire destruction of the Persian fleet, and the ultimate safety of Greece.

The small part of Xerxes' fleet that escaped destruction, sailed in haste to the Hellespont, to be ready to aid the retreat that monarch began to contemplate. Themistocles would have pursued and destroyed them, to prevent the possibility of Xerxes' return: but the allies more prudently suggested that it was not advisable to force such an enemy to remain, and fight for his own safety. This scheme rejected, Themistocles had another, to hasten the retreat he was not permitted to arrest. He dispatched a messenger to Xerxes to inform him that the Greeks intended to break down his bridge on the Hellespont, and stop his retreat, wherefore he must effect it without delay. Xerxes took the alarm, and with great part of his army recrossed the straits. Themistocles, meantime, persuaded his fellow citizens to return to Athens, and rebuild their habitations.

When the fleet returned to Salamis from the pursuit of the flying enemy, and had made a division of the booty, they sailed to the Isthmus, to confer the customary honours on the individual, who, by the votes of the officers, should be pronounced to have best deserved in the battle. Assembled in the temple of Neptune, and directed to write down the name of the first and the

second in desert, each officer wrote his own name as first, and Themistocles' as second—thus virtually proving his precedence, and proclaiming him most worthy of the Greeks. Thence he went to Lacedæmon, where he was received with the highest honours, the Spartans decreeing the prize of valour to their own commander and that of wisdom to Themistocles: they presented him also with the most splendid chariot in Sparta; and on his return to Athens, escorted him with five hundred horse, an honour never before conferred on a stranger.

Themistocles was now approaching in his turn that point of greatness, on which no Athenian might be allowed to stand. A story is told of him, that at one time conceiving the project of freeing Athens from all rivalry by destroying the fleet of his allies, he made an oration to the people, in which he told them he had a mind to do something very advantageous to his country, but which could not be communicated to them. The Athenians directed him to communicate his project to Aristides only, and if he approved it, it might be done: Aristides, on hearing the project, informed the people that it was at once the most advantageous and the most dishonourable plan that could be devised for Athens. On this it was decided that it should not be done. A story very consistent with the character of the two heroes.

All treaty with Mardonius, the general left in command of the Persian army that remained, being refused, Attica was again ravaged and wasted; till the battles of Plataea and Mycale decided the contest, and freed Greece for ever from her Asiatic enemies. These battles belonged more properly to Spartan story, as she claims the honour of those final victories. B.C. 478.

## REFLECTIONS

## ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

*He shall not be afraid of evil tidings.*—PSALM cxii. 7.

To fear where no fear is, to fly when none pursueth, is one of the characteristics of the sinner—to fear nothing in a world of danger, is the peculiar privilege of the regenerated spirit. And who that has had many years' experience of human life, but knows what a corrosive and consuming misery is that foreboding apprehensiveness, from which the heart is thus relieved—the portion more particularly of minds to which evil tidings have already come so often, that the footsteps of events as they approach, sound ever in the ear the warning to some undefined and yet unmeasured ill. Anticipation makes the larger portion of sublunary sorrow. Terror is a more heart-rending pang than grief—for while reality gives a measure and a limit to the one, the other has no limit and no measure. We have but to listen to the fearful expressions of those about us, or examine the evil omens of our own bosom, when once experience has instructed them in sorrow, to find how many moments of our existence are embittered by vague apprehension of what may be to come. It is from this sort of suffering in particular, a heart fixed and trusting upon God is delivered. All sorrows are lightened by it, but this is gone. The Christian expects no tidings but from Heaven, and thence comes nothing evil. Earthly messengers may bring him notice of adversity, but he does not fear it. The distant thunders may forebode the storm, but he is sheltered—the enemy may send up a shout of battle, but he is armed. The people of God, amid the seeming chance and changes of the world, are exactly in the condition of the gar-



rison of some impregnable fortress, while a barbarian host is laying waste the country around them. They may see their fields over-run, and their houses laid waste, and sigh for the desolation that is before their eyes, but they fear nothing—they are secure from danger, and all their best treasures are within.

*Take away all iniquity.*—HOSEA xiv. 2.

MOST beautiful, most sufficient prayer! Be it ever on my lips—my prayer in sorrow and my prayer in joy—my prayer in the full glow of spiritual elevation and in the destitution of the soul's abandonment—my prayer, above all things, when I cannot pray. For what can a sinner want that is not in it. In sorrow—Sorrow came by sin; and when sorrow presses hardest, we have need to hate it most, and most earnestly to pray to be relieved of it—the first mixer of the cup, and still the bitterest ingredient in it. In joy—O what a discordant note is heard amid the musick! Come the joy of the world, of providence, or of grace, it is still the same—there is one note of the chord that will not answer to the touch—selfishness, ingratitude, remorse—these are the sounds it gives out, amid the sweetest melody of the heart's gladness. Take it away, the iniquity and the sorrow will be turned into joy; and the joy of earth be pure and untainted as the joy of heaven. And then, when the bosom cannot find a prayer—so far from God it cannot lift its voice to him—so hard, so unbelieving, and so darkened, there seems to be no prayer that suits the case—then what a sentence is there here. Always suited, always ready, and, offered in Jesus' name, always accepted. Take away mine iniquity. It is because of iniquity that I cannot pray—it is that which has separated me from God—it is that which has driven me to such distance from him—it is iniquity that makes my heart so cold, so hard, so very dark, that wanting every thing, I can pray for nothing. Take away my bosom's sin, and all

will be well with me. And when all is well—when my heart is warmed with grace, and softened with love, and bounding with lightness for heaven anticipated and sin forgiven—still, “take away mine iniquity,” that I may not disgrace thy name and grieve thy spirit, and prove myself ungrateful for thy mercies. Always, till the day when it shall be so heard, that it can never be again repeated, be this my earnest and perpetual prayer—“Wash me from all mine iniquities.”

*When thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.—*

ECCLES. xii 1.

I HEAR people say they have no enjoyment in their existence—Life is become a blank to them—There is nothing to live for—They have no object—They cannot now take pleasure in any thing. What is the matter? Is some deep distress pressing so immediately upon their bosom, that it is not, cannot be susceptible of any impression but the great sorrow that engrosses it? Is disease so racking their limbs with pain, that the mind no more possesses itself of its supremacy, but sinks under the body's agony? Is their condition so destitute, that life is want, and existence suffering? Or is conscience so deeply stricken, that a sense of sin, and the terrors of judgment, forbid or empoison every temporal enjoyment? No—these have tuned their harps for other songs. The strain I speak of, comes mostly from those who are at ease in their condition, strong in health, surrounded with blessings, free from any immediate pressure of affliction, and either tolerably well-pleased with their own spiritual estate, or professing to have found pardon and confidence in the merits of their Redeemer. What do these mean by saying there is nothing left them to enjoy—and because the buoyance of youth is passed, and the dreams of vanity have been dissipated, and the excitements of passion have subsided, that therefore life is a blank, and time a dull monotony, and temporal good a yapid draught? Let this be the

language of earthliness, wearied of the portion it has chosen, sick of the feast it has spread, and sobering from the intoxication of its emptied cup. It becomes it. There the tale is told, the game is done, the spark is extinguished, and there is no more. But let us hear it never from those whose dawn of existence is but opening—whose animating race for an immortal prize is now but newly started—whose vintage is ripening as the days advance, and all as yet is promise, hope, pursuit, and active expectation. Apart from the brilliant futurity, is there nothing to enjoy, to delight in by the way? Is there no beauty for the eye to look upon, no music for the ear to listen to? Have the works of God no interest, has the service of God no pleasures, have the blessings of God no value? O! whatever may have been our disappointments, whatever blight may have come upon our prospects, whatever bereavement may have left our houses desolate, there is something—there are a thousand, thousand somethings daily presented to us to enjoy. I know they are no more to the blank bosom that has parted from its hope, than the summer sun-beam to the tree that has withered to the core: but this is not the Christian's case—it cannot be his case under any condition of existence here. Why talk the language of infidelity?

*Vivez en paix, et le Dieu de la charité et de la paix sera avec vous.*—II. CORIN. xiii. 11.

CE que je vous désire plus que tout le reste, est un profond oubli de vous même. Il n'y a que l'amour-propre qui s'inquiète et qui se trouble. L'amour de Dieu fait tout ce qu'il faut d'une manière simple et efficace, sans hésiter; mais il n'est ni empressé, ni inquiet, ni troublé. L'esprit de Dieu est toujours dans une action paisible. Retranchez donc tout ce qui iroit plus loin, et qui vous donneroit quelque agitation. C'est dans l'oubli du *moi* qu'habite la paix. Par-tout où le *moi* rentre, il met le cœur en convulsion, et il n'y a point de bon antidote contre ce venin subtil. Je



vous souhaite la paix du cœur et la joie du Saint Esprit. Toute pratique de vertu et toute recherche de sureté qui ne s'accorde point avec cette paix humble et recueillié, ne vient point de notre Seigneur. Que faire dans tous les fâcheux évènements qui nous arrivent? Se consoler, perdre en paix ce que la Providence nous ôte, et ne tenir qu'à celui qui est jaloux de tout.

FENELON.

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LECTURES

ON OUR

SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

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LECTURE THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

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*Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.*  
—MATT. vii. 15—20.

THE divine mind, pursuing the train of thought his words were calculated to excite in the bosoms of his hearers—for “he needed not that any man should tell him”—arrested now by the difficulty to which we alluded in remarking on the last verse—the difficulty of discovering, amid the false seeming of external things, and the covering of conformity in which society dresses itself, who walks the broad road to destruction, and who the narrow path that leads to life—prepares in the succeeding verses an answer to the difficulty, that would

suffice in every age, and even every state of society in which his prophetic eye beheld his people.

It is not true that God has set up an uncertain light, by which man may stumble upon a path he cannot see, nor ever know the issue of, till he, dying, finds himself in heaven or hell. The beacon was lighted at first, pure, single, permanent—it has never shifted its position or waned its lustre. It was placed too high to be affected by the inconstant atmosphere of human society, or dimmed by the obscurity of human intellect. It is bright enough, and sure enough, and visible enough, to enable every honest traveller to reach the issue of his heavenward path, and to know by the way that he is walking towards it; and to convict every broad-road traveller, of deliberately choosing the end he is pursuing. The mistrustful fears of the one party, and the delusive hopes of the other, come not of the obscurity of divine revelation, or the mysterious veiling of God's eternal purpose—they come of our wilful blindness, our proud reasonings, our stubborn disbelief, our sordid pre-occupation about other matters. In vain on the tall headland would the standard float by day, and the fires burn by night, the watchful sentinel always there to tend them, if they upon the waters for whose sake it stands, a warning of the shoal they must avoid, and a guide to the haven they must make for, should choose to go below and examine their charts, and argue upon their situation, and forget to look out for the signal—or, in full view of it, dance and frolick on the deck, while the unsteered vessel drifts at random over the waters. As much in vain has God revealed to us, in terms more unequivocal than the beacon's light, the secrets of the eternity that awaits us, the happiness and misery that are its sole alternatives, and the course of life that will inevitably end in each, if we are too busy, too happy, or too wise, to attend to the truth he has revealed and follow its dictates: preferring, as some most presumptuously express it, to "go to heaven our own way, and



follow the dictates of our own conscience." If we will do this, and our corrupted and perverted conscience mislead us, and our way prove the broad road to destruction, we shall know in eternity though we doubt it here, that the beacon light of truth was bright and true, but we wilfully refused its sacred guidance. We shall not then lay the charge of obscurity on him who in the following, as in thousand other passages, has set a light for our paths and a way-mark for our steps.

The difference of opinion among Christians in respect to doctrines, and their inconsistency, or at best their disagreement in some points of conduct, have been always a subject of triumph to the world, which exclaims exultingly, When you are agreed, we will listen to you. The weak Christian, on the other hand, tossed about by every wind of doctrine, seizing first on one point and then on another, and always wrong because taking hold of one notion exclusively, loses the steady, calm, determined uniformity of principle, which is the very soul and spirit of religion; and loses that peace of mind and confidence of hope that are the peculiar blessings of the Gospel. And particularly we see the young and inexperienced, who are most liable to be led by others, and to be dazzled by the talent or excited by the novelty of what is presented to them, take many a dangerous and pernicious flight, before they can understand and be satisfied with the simplicity of divine truth, as exhibited in the word of God. Though we must believe the whole of this confusion proceeds from man and not from any obscurity in the divine revelation, it cannot be denied that it exists, and probably will do so till the first Teacher shall himself return and exemplify his text. To our judgment of others it often proves an obstacle insurmountable, and leaves us to the last in doubt who has entered by the gate so difficult and narrow, and who is going still upon the path so easy and well-peopled. Neither is it necessary we should decide. If the pure, red grape hangs clustering round



the stem, the stranger that goes by it will not question of the tree. But if as yet there be no fruit—if the stem be bare, and the leaf be unopened, and nothing but the rough spines be wanting to prove it a thorn, then we may pass it by—there is no occasion to judge the religion of others. Of our own we must judge, and must decide—for here mistake is fatal—of others we need only decide, so far as their doctrines and opinions may influence ours. It is for enabling us to form this necessary distinction between truth and falsehood, whether as presented to us by others, or already existing in our own hearts, the words of our text are especially designed.

The first verse clearly calls upon us to exercise our judgment upon those who would teach us, since it begins with bidding us beware of their deceptions. And indeed there is much need—and never so much as now, when the great stir that is about religion, makes it to be talked of by more than those who understand it, and professed by others than those who honour it. As far as regards our own safety, we are called upon to judge them; and for this it seems rather necessary we should judge of their doctrines, than of their personal holiness. In the latter we may be mistaken—the wolf may wear his clothing so close, that we cannot perceive whether he be a sheep or not—the exterior of life and conduct, as far as a stranger sees, may be so morally excellent, that no one can detect the false principle from which it springs. Indeed the teachers of error have very commonly assumed great sanctity of manners the useful covering of hearts unsanctified. Thus in the teacher we may be deceived—but in the things he teaches we need not. We may know them by their fruits. What conduct are his opinions calculated to produce? What have they produced in those around us whom we know to have adopted them? What is the effect upon our own hearts, since these opinions began to find acceptance with us? Truth can well abide this honourable test. Though there

may be some that hold the truth in unrighteousness, or seem to hold it when they do not, we should not fear to put the proofs of religion even upon the second test, especially when taken in conjunction with the first and last.

Let us enquire now more particularly, what are the fruits of that tree of heavenly planting, which we must look for, in order to be sure that we are not deceived, or deceiving ourselves with a fictitious one. To repeat all the Scriptures that tell us what are the fruits of the Spirit, would be to quote half the text. The summary of the product is glory to God in all his attributes, and increase of holiness and happiness to man. Any doctrine, or any profession of religion, that honours God's mercy at the expence of his truth, or his love at the expence of his holiness—of which the former is done when we assert that God will not do what he has said he will do, and the latter when we are careless in our lives from confidence of his love—must be whole or in part wrong. So likewise any profession of religion that has made those who adopt it, generally, more irregular in their lives, unholy in their sentiments, and unsatisfied in their conditions, has produced the fruit of the thistle, and therefore is not to be taken for the vine. But the best proofs and the safest are to be found in our own hearts, and it is thither at last we must come; and there we must abide; there truth must stand proved or disproved; and there only can we come to a decision whether the religion we have adopted be the true one; and whether—for the question is one and the same—we are on the way to life or on the way to destruction. A prophet may come to us with the truth, though his own character be bad; or with seeming good character, may bring us error. It matters not. Leave the messenger, and examine the message: and when it has entered into our hearts, watch its progress and see what it produces. Whenever we fancy ourselves religious is the time to begin the examination—for is then we suppose ourselves



to have entered by the narrow gate, and it becomes necessary to be certain whether we have or not.

First, have the religious opinions we have adopted made any perceptible change in us—Or if we say that we have not adopted them, our opinions being such as we received from our parents and have grown up in, the question varies but in terms—Have they any perceptible effect on us? That is, do we feel, think, speak, and act, any otherwise than we should do if we had not imbibed those principles in our childhood or adopted them since? It is a sorry tree of which the fruit is hard to find. As severe a sentence has been passed upon the fig-tree that bears none, as upon the thistle or the thorn.

But perhaps we can trace some things in our character and conduct to the influence of our religious opinions; we think we are not the same as we should be without them. Next then, of the fruit, what is it? We have said it must be increase of honour to God, and of holiness and happiness to man. Has God gained any thing in honour by our religion? Has he got more acknowledgment of his justice, more thanks for his mercies, more gratitude for his benefits, more attention to his words, more admiration of his government, and more acquiescence in his will? Has he gained it not only from us, but by our means from others, who having beheld in us the good effects of his grace, have given him honour on our account? Has man gained any thing in happiness by our religion? Ourselves—those about us—those afar from us? Is any body happier than they would be if we had never troubled ourselves with religion at all, or had adopted other opinions than those we have received? There can be not much difficulty, I think, to solve this question. We can surely know if religion ever comes in to lessen our sorrows or enhance our joys—if it ever goes out to look after the sufferings of others and contrive for their happiness, more than would be done by the common impulse of humanity—and especially if it has done any thing for domestick and social



happiness, by keeping in check our selfish dispositions, and making us as watchful to give pleasure as to spare pain. These fruits the tree should bear.

It may, perhaps, be said that other trees have borne them—many persons, not actuated by the same principles, have exhibited these dispositions as the product of their own—other doctrines beside those of the Gospel will, at least in appearance, stand this test. We are not so much speaking of appearance, as of the witness of our own hearts honestly scrutinized: but admitting that in this there may be deception, there is yet one more test, which we believe no false religion will stand, and no true religion can exist without. Have our religious opinions made us more holy before God, in the secrecy of our hearts, and beyond the cognizance of man? We may surely know what this means, if it be only by contrast with our natural unholiness. Naturally we do not hold ourselves responsible for any thing but what appears. To have done no harm, to have wronged nobody, to have fulfilled our duties and led a moral and religious life, is to our untaught perception the utmost of human responsibility. The thoughts, the feelings, the desires, the affections, the preferences, the joys, the sorrows—these are not included in the natural man's moralities. But when true religion, or say we divine grace, for one comes not but with the other, enters into the heart, it is in these close recesses it takes up its abode—there is the seat of government, the centre of its kingdom, its chiefest and most important task. It is there God looks for a change, and there, if we would have any good confidence of our condition, we must look for it too.

Holiness is conformity to the mind of God—loving what he loves—choosing what he chooses—pleased with what pleases him—pained with what displeases him—offended with what offends him—thinking as he thinks—judging as he judges—desiring as he wills—approving as he decrees—preferring as he decides. This entire, would be perfect holiness—any degree of it is an increase of

holiness; for not a shadow is there in the unregenerate bosom, nor a desire for it, nor a feeling of its loveliness. Then have our religious opinions produced in us more of this holiness than was there before? Or rather has it discovered to us that there was none before—and that till there be some, the image that became extinct when Adam fell, has not begun to be renewed—and that till it is begun, we have no proof of being reconciled to God—since the very purpose of that reconciliation is that we may be conformed to his likeness? In this conviction, has it made such holy conformation the first and most anxious object of our wishes, the study of our lives, the prayer of our hearts, the chief aim of our existence—our work by day, our dream by night—the source of our intensest sorrow and extremest joy—for which we would bear any thing, forfeit any thing, consent to any thing—in comparison of which all else is as nothing, and without which we neither can be, nor seek to be, nor desire to be happy.

This is fruit which we believe no false root ever bore, nor any branch brought forth, but that which is engrafted in Jesus Christ, and cherished by the Father's husbandry! If therefore our religion has produced it, or seems calculated certainly to do so, we may be very confident we are not wrong, and only need be anxious to advance in the path we have entered. If not—I do not say the fig must be ripe upon the branch, or the grape in full bearing on the stem, or the heart of corruption have become perfectly conformed to the holiness of God—when it is it will have gone hence—but the fruit has many stages: it buds, it blossoms, it sets, it grows, it turns, before it ripens—still it is perceptibly the fruit, and it does not stand still, or continue long in the same state—it goes on to perfection, though sometimes but slowly, and sometimes checked, and seeming almost withered. Nothing of all this happens to the thorn—if it bears any thing, it is of another kind. If there be no appearance in our hearts of this secret change of sentiment produced



by the religion we have adopted, there is reason to believe that either we have adopted false views of the Gospel, or that we have merely informed our judgment with them, without receiving them into our hearts: in short, that however well we may know what the narrow road is, and where it lies, we have not at present passed the gate.

We would suppose yet one other case. You have made no profession of religion yet—One person tells you one thing, and one another—They seem all good people and wise—How are you to know the wolf from the lamb? First you are to pray for direction from above. Next you are to compare what they tell you with the words of Scripture, in their plainest and simplest sense, taken altogether. And when this is done, Jesus has given you still another text, “By their fruits you shall know them.” Consider in common sense, and with the help of your natural perception and the experience you have acquired, which doctrines are most likely to make you holy and happy, bringing honour to God and happiness to your fellow-creatures in the way we have described. Such will scarcely prove “false prophets.”

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#### THE LISTENER.—No. XXXIX.

THERE is a proverbial saying of some antiquity, and in wisdom not wanting, that “Listeners never hear any good of themselves.” When the motive for furtive observation is a bad one, impertinent curiosity or designing malice, it is most probable that they will not—or if they do, there is likely to come with the stolen commendation, a uncomfortable consciousness that they do not deserve it. But I, who Listen honestly and openly, in the broad light of day, and never hear any thing but what every body else has heard, nor any one had an intention to conceal, I may well hope to be exempted from



the sentence of this proverb; and if I should have chanced to overhear a conversation of which I was the subject, may be excused for repeating it, that proverb notwithstanding.

It was so, that once—I cannot tell how it came to be so, but it was—that a certain large house, square and white, not very far from the Regent's Park, had windows to the ground. It was at the beginning of June—June this year was very warm—therefore it was not surprising that the windows were open, though at the close of the evening, and with lights burning. A lighted chamber, filled with living figures, is an object so pictorial, no one with a painter's eye can pass it unobserved. Myself I never can—I have in this kind no greater pleasure, than to creep at dusk before a row of cottages, and through an uncurtained window, by favour of an illuminated rush, or a candle of scarcely more circumference, to see the unconscious inmates perform their evening task, or enjoy their evening's idleness, mindless of observation from without—the attitudes of the rustic figures, the distinct outline with the colouring obscured, gives an effect to objects in themselves not beautiful, and by the broad day-light scarcely observable. It is true that in a drawing-room, too gaily illuminated for any to be obscured, with patent lamps instead of rush-lights, and well-dressed ladies instead of rude peasants and half-naked children, the painter's vision is considerably less poetic; and on the occasion referred to, I should certainly have passed on without a pause, had not something particularly arrested my attention. About the window was a group of some half-dozen figures, purporting to be ladies somewhere in their fourth lustrum—I should think nearer the end than the beginning of it. And in the hand of one, closed, but with the finger in, as if it had just been in reading, there was a little book—a sort of pamphlet-looking octavo, with a light-brownish cover, so much like some I am acquainted with, that I could not but fancy it to be the same. The ladies were

in conversation very earnestly, and I fancied again it seemed to be about the book. By approaching a little I could easily hear, for the night was still, and they spoke loud. I thought of the aforesaid proverb, and was about to go away. When looking again within, I perceived that none but *young* ladies were there. By the shadows of lesser figures in the distance, I began to apprehend it was a school, or a place of education of some sort; extremely comfortable as, contrary to my former observations, I must allow it looked. This was the Listener's peculiar province. A better motive than curiosity arose. It was desirable, for my young readers' sake, that I should know the effect of my observations on their minds; that if it had been other than I desired, I might take occasion to correct my own mistake or theirs. Certain of the goodness of my motive and of the use to be made of what I heard, I resolved to take the risk of its not being agreeable to myself, and cautiously approached the window. The Listener was, as I had fancied, the subject of discussion: I could of course not see the number; but I soon found it was one or other of my papers upon Good-humour. If I repeat any thing favourable to myself, I beg my doing so may not be construed into a desire to circulate my own praises—my motive for it will be shortly seen. The ladies were not, as I gathered, quite satisfied with my definitions of Good-temper and Good-humour; some thought the terms should have been Good-temper and Good-disposition, expelling poor Good-humour altogether. The criticisms, however, were but few, while the papers upon the whole were treated with unbounded applause. The girls declared that nothing could be more natural—they had witnessed all and every of the circumstances related, even to the un-boiled egg, the open window, and the kicking of the dog. What wonder, with the experience of full fifteen years, and some three more to that? One knew an old woman who did exactly so—and one a young



girl who was exactly like this—another remembered a certain party in which the very thing happened—another had the whole of her last holidays spoiled by the ill-humour of her friends, and seemed not without apprehension that the next would be so too; unless the Listener had been there before her, and carried conviction and reformation on its wing. And then came the praises thick. Nothing could be more desirable than to expose and ridicule such inconsistencies. They had thought at the time it was all exceedingly sinful—and that aunts, cousins, friends—for I grieve to say, contrary to what experience would lead us to expect, these ladies' strictures were becoming very personal—had shown tempers very little consistent with Christian principles, the wisdom of age, and the suavity of youth. They thought such a one could not read the character of Amelia without applying it to herself. Such a one must surely take the hint—They hoped the world would mend by it, and then they should not be annoyed as they had been. They should never see any one out of humour without thinking of it, and longing to read it to them that they might see themselves and be ashamed. I was extremely obliged to my friends, as how could I otherwise—and so doubtless is the world, and all those whom they desired to correct by my means—particularly as the object was their own immediate benefit. I thanked them in the silence of my heart, and walked away.

In the vacation immediately following this event, I was introduced to a family, where as a part of the domestic circle, I quickly recognized two of my *ci-devant* friends of the window—no wonder I remembered them, for they were the two that had been loudest in my praise. Certainly had I wanted a portrait of Good-humour, I could not have chosen better than in these two girls. They were fresh and beautiful as the first blush of morning. Their bright blue eyes sparkled with perpetual glee—their fine elastic forms seemed



equally at ease in motion and at rest—mirth played innocently on their ruby lips. I can compare them to nothing but the first-blown rose of summer, before one drop of rain has soiled its petals. The cherished objects of parental care, surrounded with luxury, and expectant of future wealth, they seemed to live but to be loved, to breathe but to be happy.

It chanced that in this family, beside the parents and some other inmates, there was one isolated being, remarkable in contrast with the rest. She might be thirty, she might be forty, or almost fifty—it did not signify—she looked as if she thought so. Her features might not have been always without interest—but in the drawn and half-shut nostril, and the close pressure of the lips, there was an expression not altogether pleasing. “Green and yellow” sickliness was the predominant character; though in the dim, diminished eye, an acute observer might still discover what had once been vivacity and feeling. Mabel was but little past the age of her beautiful cousins, when in one day the promise of her life was blighted. Sorrow acting upon a mind enervated by indulgence, and a constitution naturally weak, implanted the seeds of a chronic disorder, which without immediately tending to the dissolution of life, had decided the tenour of it to be that of perpetual and remediless sickness. When Mabel’s heart became a joyless blank, she had not wherewith to fill it from above. She became fretful from disappointment and irritable from suffering; and the world that saw the change but knew nothing of the cause, still further soured her temper by harshness and neglect. She was a devoted Christian now; and in becoming so, had become benevolent, and generally cheerful. Nobody heard Mabel complain of the early blighting of her earthly hopes, or the perpetual suffering of which she was the victim; or speak ever of the providence that assigned her so hard a portion, but in terms of grateful acknowledgment. But habit had rooted in her temper what it had written on her features—she was

still fretful and still irritable. This every body saw, and every body complained of, and nobody liked poor Mabel. The parents of this family, in which she resided, knew her story and her worth, bore with her ill-humours, and tenderly administered to her sufferings. My young friends, I am sorry to say, showed no such consideration. Cousin Mabel was the object of their supreme contempt, and the perpetual subject of their mirth.

As the Listener is a person perfectly unknown, the ladies had no suspicion such a one was amongst them; and I had again to hear myself produced, quoted and extolled, whenever the girls thought they had reason to complain of their cousin's peevishness. "I wish she was away," said Susan one day to Emily, "she is the plague of the house—if she is ill, I cannot think why she does not die. I'm sure nobody would miss her." Susan did not know that Mabel had been all that day in the abodes of misery, spending her feeble powers in giving ease and consolation to the afflicted, paid with the widow's blessing and the orphan's smiles, and many an artless prayer that her days might be prolonged. "I think," said Emily one night to Susan, "cousin Mabel is a great hypocrite. The Listener says if people are religious they should be good-humoured. Did you observe what a fit of ill-humour she took this afternoon about nobody knows what—something I said that did not please her. One cannot be always thinking of what one says, for fear of putting people in a fret." Emily did not know that Mabel, conscious of having sinned that day before God, by the indulgence of her fretful and impatient temper, was at that moment in tears and on her knees, imploring Heaven to subdue an evil, for which her greatest grief was that it dishonoured religion; and intreating that her young cousins, the objects of her pious solicitude, however they might despise her for her infirmities, might not be prejudiced against religion on her account. Emily and Susan saw the exterior only. Once a day or twice a day, or as often as may be, they



saw a look of impatience, or heard a fretful word; or were put aside from their purposes by a complaint of annoyance; and though they neither quarrelled with their cousin nor directly opposed her, for they were thoroughly good-humoured, twenty times a day they hurt her feelings by sideway glances, broad hints, playful annoyances, and unnecessary trials of her temper; to amuse themselves, or as they were pleased to say, to cure her of being so touchy. Emily and Susan thought their cousin had a selfish heart, considering only her own convenience, putting every body out of the way because she was sick. For they did not see how often Mabel's eyes were filled with tears at their remarks when no words escaped her—how often she suffered acute pain from heat or cold or noise, because she would not cross their inclinations—how often while they were playfully trying to excite her temper, her eyes were uplifted to heaven for help to restrain it. Emily and Susan never suspected that their own hearts were selfish, when, in the enjoyment of such abundant blessings, health, strength, and spirits, limbs that had never ached, and hearts that had never known a care, they thought it not worth while to spare the feelings or study the convenience of a poor child of sorrow, blighted and withered at the first dawn of life, with nothing to support her since, and sweeten her existence now, but the love of her God, and the kindness of those about her. But this let me say to them, if having so much approved of one Listener, they do me the favour to peruse another.—The being of whose temper they were so impatient, and whose religion they in consequence presumed to doubt, with her small powers and enfeebled frame, conferred more benefits on humanity in one month than they in all their years—God had more thanks for her afflictions, than ever he had had for their prosperity—and she with every thing mental and physical to contend against, had made more sacrifices, and put more constraint upon herself for their pleasure, than they, with every thing at command, had done for hers.



Leaving these, my particular friends, to speak to others, who I hope may be as much so though I do not know it—let me add, that if it be our duty, as it is, to subdue as much as possible and controul our natural defects of temper, it is not less—nay, it is far more the duty of the young, the light-hearted and the happy, to bear with and excuse, and by all means to spare the defects of temper they perceive in others. Spoiled perhaps by an education not of their own choosing—soured perhaps by injuries not of their deserving—or subjected by the hand of Heaven to some organic disease, of which mind as well as body is the victim—little does the lively, healthful spirit know what these may suffer, from the restless humour that consumes their peace, from the disease that causes it, from the influence of external things upon their frame, and above all, from a consciousness of the wrong they are doing. Did we know what it is, after nights of sleeplessness, to arise to some charge to which, perhaps, our spirits are unequal—to find every nerve affected by the vapours of the morning—to feel every word that is spoken jar upon our senses as upon some fretted sore—to go wearily though willingly through the day's work, struggling in vain against the evil humours that assail us—and to lie down at night, defeated and ashamed and self-reproached for the day's impatience and ill-humour—we should learn a lesson which as yet perhaps we know not. And it may be more than one: for while we learned forbearance, and indulgence, and compassion, we should not unlikely learn more gratitude to Heaven than we ever yet have felt; and instead of taking merit to ourselves for what was nature's gift, be confounded and ashamed that we have used it so selfishly, and so thoughtlessly possessed it.

## SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

*(Continued from page 95.)*

### WILLIAM THORPE.

THORPE here denies having preached the opinions that at this time separated the reformers from the Church—but when the prelate, refusing to believe him, enters into disputation respecting them, he will not deny, though he uses every possible evasion to avoid admitting, the charge respecting of the eucharist. On the worship of images he is very positive. The prelate said to him, “It is great moving of devotion to men, to have and to behold the Trinity and other images of saints, carved, cast, and painted. For beyond the seas are the best painters that ever I saw. And, Sir, I tell you this is their manner: when that an image-maker shall carve, cast in mould, or paint any images, he shall go to a priest, and shrive him clean, as if he should then die; and take penance, and make some certain vow of fasting or praying, or pilgrimage doing, praying the priest especially to pray for him, that he may have grace to make a fair and devote image.” To this William answers—“Sir, I doubt not if these painters, that ye speak of, or any other painters, understood truly the text of Moses, of David, of the Wise Man, of Baruck, and of other saints and doctors; these painters should be moved to shrive them to God with full inward sorrow of heart, taking upon them to do right sharp penance for the sinful and vain craft of painting, casting, or carving, they had used; promising God faithfully never to do so after; acknowledging openly before all men their reprobable learning. And also, Sir, these priests that shrive, as you do say, painters, and enjoin them to do penance, and pray for their speed, promising them help of their prayers, for to be curious in their sinful crafts,

sin therein more grievously than the painters. For these priests do comfort and give them counsel to do that thing, which of great pain, yea, under the pain of God's curse, they should utterly forbid them. For certes, Sir, if the wonderful working of God and the holy living of his Apostles and Prophets, were made known to the people by holy living, and true and busy teaching of priests; these things were sufficient books and kalenders to know God by, and his saints, without images made with man's hand. But certes the vitious living of priests and their covetousness, are chief causes of this error, and all other vitiousness that reigneth among the people."

With respect to the third charge, William says, "Sir, by this certification I am accused to you that I should teach that no pilgrimage is lawful. But I said never thus. For I know that there be true pilgrimages and lawful, and full pleasant to God." When questioned as to what he calls true pilgrims, he describes them to be those who walk in faith and holiness, "fleeing the seven deadly sins and every branch of them." An old writer thus informs us what was meant by the seven cardinal virtues, of which we hear such frequent mention in the Catholic writings. "Ye shall know that there are seven capital, or principal deadly sins, it is to wit, pride, envy, wrath, or anger, sloth, covetousness, gluttony, and lechery. And also there are seven principal or chief virtues, it is to wit, faith, hope, charity, prudence, temperance, justice, and fortitude or strength."

We have in this part of Thorpe's examination, some curious information respecting the use of musick in devotion, and the feelings of these first reformers respecting it. The great abuse of it seems to have induced them to condemn the use of instrumental musick altogether in the services of the Church. Thorpe complains of the pilgrims, that they regard not prayer—"but will have with them both men and women that



can well sing wanton songs; and some other pilgrims will have with them bagpipes; so that what with the noise of their singing, and with the sound of their piping, and with the jingling of their Canterbury-bells, and with the barking of dogs after them, they make more noise, than if the king came there away, with all his clarions and many other minstrels." To this the prelate answers, "Lewd Losell, thou seest not far enough in this matter, for thou considerest not the great travel of pilgrims, therefore thou blamest the thing that is praisable. I say to thee that it is right well done that pilgrims have with them both singers and pipers, that when one of them that goeth barefoot, striketh his toe upon a stone, and hurteth him sore, and maketh him to bleed, it is well done that he and his fellows begin then a song, or else take out of his bosom a bagpipe, for to drive away with much mirth, the hurt of his fellow. For with such solace, the travel and weariness of pilgrims is lightly and merrily borne out." In answer to the Archbishop's question, whether it was not lawful to have organs in the church to serve God withal, William answers, "Yea, Sir, by man's ordinance; but by the ordinance of God, a good sermon to the people's understanding were mickle more pleasant to God." Thorpe had no doubt reason for what he said, in reference to the state of publick worship at that time: since the abuse of a thing is very apt to lead to its entire and too hasty condemnation. Erasmus attributes the ignorance so prevalent in his times, partly to the want of sober and sound preaching of God's word, and partly to the encroachments made upon divine service by the unbounded usage in churches of elaborate and artificial musick. He says, "We have introduced into the churches, a certain elaborate and theatrical species of musick, accompanied with a tumultuous diversity of voices. All is full of trumpets, cornets, pipes, fiddles, and singing. We come to church as to a play-house." "In the time of the reformation," says Sir John Haw-

kins, "such abuses had crept into the choral service, which had departed from its primitive simplicity and dignity, that not only the council of Trent passed a decree against curious and artificial singing, but the thirty-two commissioners in the *Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum*, expressed their disapprobation of it in very strong terms. Queen Mary, who loved musick, and played on several instruments, laboured to support it, and in her reign the formulary *In Usum Sarum* was republished. At the accession of Elizabeth to the crown, the clergy were divided in their opinions about the use of church musick. The first statutes of uniformity seemed to consider it as a thing indifferent; but the queen by her injunctions made it a part of cathedral worship."

On the fourth charge, respecting Tithes, William denied having preached against them—but it plainly appears that both he and Wickliffe thought the priest had no claim to them, except as voluntary alms from the people. Respecting swearing also he denied that he had preached, but alledged that no man should swear unless obliged, and then he should swear by God, and not by any creature; and he still refused to lay his hand on a book in token of oath, because it was "all one to touch a book, and to swear by a book."

Of the next accusation the prisoner had to answer, he says, "The clerk asked me—why on Friday that last was, counselledst thou a man of my lord's that he should not shrive him to no man, but only to God. And with this asking I was abashed. And then by and by I knew that I was subtilly betrayed of a man that came to me in prison on the Friday before, communing with me in this matter of confession. And certain by his words I thought that this man came to me of full fervent and charitable will; but now I know that he came to tempt me and to accuse me; God forgive him if it be his will."

Much more accusation and argument ensued—the prelate gained nothing upon the firmness of the prisoner, who seemed rather to grow bolder as he proceeded,



"Then a clerk said to the archbishop, Sir, it is far days, and ye have far to ride to-night; therefore make an end with him, for he will none make: but the more, Sir, that ye busy you for to draw him toward you, the more contumacious he is made and the further from you." And then Malveren said to me, "William, kneel down and pray my lord of grace, and leave all thy fantasies, and become a child of holy church." And I said, "Sir, I have prayed the archbishop oft, and yet I pray him for the love of Christ, that he will leave his indignation that he hath against me; and that he will suffer me after my cunning and power, for to do mine office of priesthood, as I am charged of God to do it. For I covet nought else but to serve my God to his pleasing in the state that I stand in, and have taken me to." Another very full exposition of scriptural doctrine here ensued, to which the prelate assented, but still required that he should submit to the ordinances of church without reserves, while Thorpe continued to stand upon his own explanations.

"Then Malveren and another clerk came nearer me, and they spake to me many words full pleasantly: and another while they menaced me, and counseled full busily to submit me, or else they said, I should not escape punishing over measure: for they said I should be degraded, cursed, and burned, and so then damned." All was vain to move the heretic to recantation—the prelate lost all patience and swore, saying, "Thou shalt go thither where Nicolas Hertford and Thomas Purvey were harbored. And I undertake, or this day eight days, thou shalt be right glad for to do what thing that ever I bid thee to do. And, Losell, I shall essay if I can make thee there as sorrowful as it was told me thou wast glad of my last going out of England. By St. Thomas, I shall turn thy joy into sorrow. And I said; Sir, there can nobody prove lawfully that I joyed ever of the manner of your going out of this land. But Sir, to say the truth, I was glad when you were gone: for the bishop of London, in whose prison ye left me, found



in me no cause for to hold me longer in his prison, but at the request of my friends, he delivered me to them, asking of me no manner of submitting." By this it appears that this was not William's first imprisonment. "Then the archbishop answered, Wherefore that I yede out of England, is unknown to thee; but be this thing well known to thee, that God, as I wot well, hath called me again, and brought me into this land, for to destroy thee and the false sect that thou art of: as by God, I shall pursue you so narrowly, that I shall not leave a slip of you in this land." "And I said to the archbishop, Sir, the holy prophet Jeremy said to the false prophet Anany, *When the word, that is, the prophesy of a prophet is known or fulfilled, then it shall be known that the Lord sent the prophet in truth.*"

After some farther parley, and the summoning of the constable and others, William concludes, "And then I was rebuked, scorned, and menaced on every side: and yet after this, divers persons cried upon me to kneel down and submit me; but I stood still, and spake no word: And then there were spoken of me, and to me, many great words, and I stood and heard them menace, curse, and scorn me; but I said nothing. Then awhile after, the archbishop said to me, Wilt thou not submit thee to the ordinance of holy church? And I said, Sir, I will full gladly submit me so as I have shewed you before. And then he bade the constable to have me forth thence in haste. And so then I was led forth, and brought into a foul, unhonest prison, where I came never before. But thanked be God, when all men were gone forth then from me, and had sparred fast the prison door after them, by and by after, I therein, by myself, busied me to think on God, and to thank him for his goodness. And I was then greatly comforted in all my wits, not only for that I was then delivered from the sight, from the hearing, from the presence, from the scorning, and from the menacing of mine enemies; but much more I rejoiced in the Lord, because that through his grace he

kept me so, both among the flattery specially, and among the menacing of my enemies, that without heaviness and anguish of my conscience, I passed away from them. For as a tree laid upon another tree overthwart or cross-wise, so was the archbishop and his three clerks always contrary to me, and I to them. Now, good God, for thine holy name, make us one together, if it be thy will, (by authority of thy word that is true and perfect charity), and else not. And that it may thus be, all that this writing read or hear, pray heartily to the Lord God, that he for his great goodness that cannot be with tongue expressed, grant to us, and to all other which in the same wise, and for the same cause specially, or for any other cause be at distance, to be knit and made one in true faith, in stedfast hope, and in perfect charity. Amen."

To this beautiful account of himself, written most probably at the commencement of this imprisonment, William Thorpe's early biographer adds, "What was the end of this good man and blessed servant of God, William Thorpe, I find as yet in no story specified. By all conjectures, it is to be thought, that the archbishop Thomas Arundel, being so hard an adversary against those men, would not let him go. Much less it is to be supposed, that he would ever retract his sentence and opinion, which he so valiantly maintained before the bishop: neither doth it seem that he had any such recanting spirit. Again, neither is it found that he was burned. Wherefore it remaineth most likely to be true, that he being committed to some strait prison, according as the archbishop in his examination before did threaten him, there, as Thorpe confesseth himself, was so straitly kept, that either he was secretly made away, or else there he died by sickness.

## CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

### CONVERSATION XV.

#### Coal—Vegetable Fossils.

MRS. L.—To resume the subject of Coal. You asked me respecting the sort of vegetables of which Coal has been formed. This of course can only be conjectured by the organic remains still subsisting among in their original form of vegetables. “Their examination of the various fossil vegetables which accompany Coal, has determined that they belong to the grass reeds, the cryptogamous, and the succulent plants, & point out the kind of vegetables which most abound, & perhaps to the exclusion of trees and arborescent plants at that period when the land first escaped from the dominion of the waters. It is true that an exact agreement between the forms and markings of these fossil remains, and those of the succulent plants which are offered to our observation in the present day, is not observable; but it should be considered that analogy will not authorise the expectation of an exact agreement, since it is very rarely to be found between the fossil remains and the animals now existing, owing to the extinction of whole tribes from which those fossil remains have proceeded. Besides, considerable differences must result from the greater size observable in the fossil vegetables, especially in those of the succulent tribe, and which may be corroborated by observing how much the succulent plants of Italy differ in size and form from those of South America, and of other regions in the warmer climates.”

MAT.—Have no trees, then, been found among these beds?

MRS. L.—It rather appears not—for though reports of such discoveries have been made, it has not appeared



# GEOLOGY.

PLATE III.



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Pub. by Baker & Fischer, 18, Finsbury Place.

Higham sculp.



certain, on examination, that they are not very large succulent plants, such as we now call Cactus. The following is an account given of one of these trees. "In a quarry of sandstone belonging to the coal formation on which Glasgow is built, in the neighbourhood of that city, it is stated, that the quarry men came upon the cast of a tree, *in situ*, just as if it had been growing. The trunk is about twenty-six inches in diameter, not quite round, but somewhat oval, so that the north and south diameter is several inches longer than the east and west diameter. The body itself of the tree is composed of sandstone precisely similar to the rest of the quarry; but the bark has been converted into perfect cherry coal, which adheres firmly to the tree, and renders it easy to remove the rock with which it is incrustcd. About three feet of the bottom part of the tree has been uncovered: this portion is situated about forty feet below the surface of the earth, in a solid quarry of sandstone. The upper part of the trunk and branches has not been discovered; indeed it is some time since the upper portion of this quarry was removed. The roots may be seen dipping down into the earth, precisely as the roots of living trees do. Four very large roots may be seen issuing from the trunk, and extending, some of them, about a foot, before they are lost in the surrounding stone. There is nothing to distinguish the species of tree, of which the mould has been here preserved. From the appearance of the roots, it is obvious that it was not a fir; it had more resemblance to a beech: the bark has been so completely bituminized, that its usual characters are effaced." Notwithstanding this description seems to be of a tree, Geologists are much of opinion that it is not so, and that, at the period of this deposit, there were no trees. The size which these fossil plants have attained, compared with that of the Cactus known in Europe, must, as in the fossil last mentioned, lead to a doubt as to this opinion of their agreement with the recent Cactus. But to be enabled



to form a correct judgment on this point, it is necessary to know the state in which these plants exist, where the soil and climate are such as to allow them to develop themselves in their native luxuriance. The researches of Humboldt, in the equinoctial regions, supply us on this head with the most appropriate and satisfactory information. The following detached observations of that philosopher will show not only the size to which these plants may arrive, but the vast tracts which, under favourable circumstances, they may overrun, as well as the great probability of their having been the first vegetable clothing of the earth. "The hill of calcareous breccia, which we have just regarded as an island in the gulph, is covered with a thick forest of columnar Cactus and Opuntia, some thirty or forty feet high, covered with lichens, and divided into several branches in the form of candelabra, wearing a singular appearance. Near Maniquarez, at Punta Araya, we measured a Cactus, the trunk of which was four feet nine inches in circumference. The European, acquainted only with the Opuntia in our hot-houses, is surprised to see the wood of this plant become so hard from age, that it resists for centuries both air and water, and that the Indians of Cumana employ it in preference for hords and door-posts. At San Fernando, the soil abounds with aquatic plants, with sagittate (arrow-shaped) leaves, and he remarks that some of these succulent plants are from eight to ten feet high. In Europe their assemblage would be considered a little wood. He also mentions a kind of Bamboo which the Indians call Jagua, which is found near San Fernando, more than 40 feet in height. These, he observes, cannot but remind the admirer of fossils, of the vast fossil Bamboos which are found in the Sandstone accompanying Coal."

ANNE.—I am almost lost in the novelty of these ideas—that a whole world of vegetation should thus lie entombed—and the forms so well preserved as to become subjects of botanical examination.

MRS. L.—“In the argillaceous and bituminous Slate forming the floors and roofs of coal mines, are vast collections of the bituminized remains of Gramina, Junci, Cryptogamia, and numerous other plants, agreeing in their general characters with those of succulent plants, but differing from the recent ones known in Europe, by their vast magnitude, and by the richness of the ornamental markings which appear on their trunks. Description cannot succeed in an attempt to give an idea of the beauty and varieties of the figures which are displayed on the surface of many of those fossils, and which have been supposed to owe their markings to the different trees of supposed antediluvian existence.” I have copied from a plate one of the most extraordinary of these fossil vegetables, bearing, as you will see, little resemblance to any plant we know; yet looking so decidedly like a plant, we should immediately pronounce it to be a part of one. *Fig. 1* is the external, *Fig. 2* the internal appearance.

MAT.—Have any specimens been found that are known to be the same that now exist?

MRS. L.—Possibly some few, or at least so near as to enable the botanist to determine the Class and Genus in which to arrange them. “By these facts we learn, that, at some remote and very early period of the existence of this planet, it must have abounded with plants of the succulent kind; and, as it appears from their remains, in great variety of forms and luxuriance of size. These, from what is discoverable in their structure, beset with setæ and spines, were not formed for the food of animals—nor, from the nature of the substances of which they were composed, were they fitted to be applied to the various purposes to which wood, the product of the earth at a subsequent period, has been found to be so excellently adapted by man. Their remains, it must also be remarked, are now found in conjunction with that substance which nature has, in all probability, formed from them; and which by the peculiar economical modifica-



tion of its combustibility, is rendered an invaluable article of fuel. If this be admitted to be the origin of coal, a satisfactory cause will appear for the vast abundance of vegetable matter with which the earth must have been stored in its early ages: this vast, and in any other view, useless creation, will thus be ascertained to have been a beneficial arrangement by Providence for man, the being of a creation of later date."

MAT.—This is to me both new and curious. And I am thinking, that though one great convulsion, like that of the flood, might overwhelm the vegetable world, and lay it in one mass of ruin, something more is necessary to explain the number of beds, one above another, with other substances between, as you have described them.

MRS. L.—It is so—and a recent writer justly remarks, "How are we to account for such a surprising accumulation of vegetable matter, arranged in repeated Strata, sometimes to the number of sixty, and even more in a single district, separated from each other by intervening deposits of clay and sand? It seems certain that the Coral Strata were deposited within, and perhaps along the borders of great accumulations of water, whether fresh or salt: the Testacea (fossil shells) occurring in them, sufficiently prove this. Now the partial filling up of lakes and ponds, offers us the only analogies in the actual order of things, with which we can compare the deposits of Coal; for in such situations we often find a series of strata of peat, and sometimes submerged wood, alternating with others of sand, clay, and gravel, and presenting therefore the model of a Coal-field on a small scale and in an immature state. The devastations of successive seasons produce the repetition of these beds; and if we suppose a like order of causes to have operated more extensively and for a longer period during the formation of the Coal Strata, we shall find such an hypothesis is sufficiently in accordance with their general phenomena. To give you a



clearer idea of a Coal-field, I have drawn *Fig. 3* a small section of one, and in *Fig. 4* a representation of another curious fact respecting the Coal Fields, proving that they are not now as they were deposited: these are called *Faults*, and greatly disturb the progress of the miner. They are thus described:—

“The *Faults*, or as they may be most appropriately called, *Dislocations* of the coal-fields, are other and still more irresistible evidences of their having been affected by violent mechanical convulsions subsequently to their original formations. These consist of fissures traversing the *Strata*; extending often for several miles, and penetrating to a depth in very few instances ascertained; they are accompanied by a sinking of the *Strata* on one side, of their line, or, which amounts to the same thing, an elevation of them on the other: so that it appears that the same force which has rent the rocks thus asunder, has caused one side of the fractured mass to rise, or the other to sink. Thus the same *Strata* are found at different levels on the opposite sides of these *Faults*, which appear to derive their name from their baffling for a time the pursuit of the miner; they are also called *traps*, and the elevation or depression of the *Strata* is described as their *trap up* or *trap down*, probably from a northern word signifying a step. The change of level thus occasioned by these dislocations sometimes exceeds 500 feet; whence we may infer the immense violence of the convulsion which had power to produce motions of such vast masses to such an extent. These fissures are usually filled up with Clay, which has since filtered in, and often includes fragments broken from the adjoining *Strata*: the creaks are usually vertical.”

SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS  
ON THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

CONVERSATION XIII.

CLASS ARTICULATA—SUB-CLASS ARACHNIDA.

ORDER 1—PULMONALIA, containing the *Spiders, Scorpions, &c.*

2—TRACHEALIA, *Phalangiun, or Shepherd's Spider—Mite.*

ANNA.—Do you see, papa, how busily this spider is weaving his net between the boughs of the jessamine tree? I have been watching him some time; for do you know, since our conversation on insects, I never see any without noticing them, and wishing to know their history. I think though you told me that spiders are not properly insects.

PAPA.—No: they differ in several essential particulars from the insect tribes. Insects, you know, have no circulation of fluids—spiders have—their heart and blood-vessels are very evident; and in consequence they have also organs that answer the purpose of lungs. In insects, the head is united to the body by means of slender threads—in spiders it is joined immediately to it. Spiders also in general have no *antennæ*, which you know form an essential part of the insect structure.

ANNA.—There are a great many different kinds of spiders, are there not?

PAPA.—Yes, a great many—naturalists have enumerated upwards of fifty—each of which differs from the rest in appearance and manners. They are all alike, however, in being solitary and ferocious; and are to the insect tribes what wild beasts are to the flocks and herds. I believe they live entirely by prey. I have a good magnifying glass in my pocket, and while the spider is lying quietly, watching his net, we will examine him through it. You observe that, besides his large

web, he has made a small cell for himself, in which he lies in wait.

ANNA.—Ah! I see; it is just by, where he thinks he is out of sight, I suppose.

PAPA.—A spider is a very curious object in a microscope, but I fear we shall not see its different parts distinctly in this glass. It has eight eyes on the top of the head, which are variously placed in the different species. In some, they lie in two rows; in others, they form two sides of an angle; indeed they assume every imaginable difference of position. It is by the arrangement of the eyes, that the various species are distinguished.

ANNA.—They seem to make good use of their eyes, I think; for I have observed that they perceive a thing in a moment, and they are very active.

PAPA.—Yes; they are capable of great activity; and all their movements imply great perfection of sight and hearing.

ANNA.—What sort of a mouth has a spider, papa?

PAPA.—Its mouth is formed for sucking fluids, and I believe it lives chiefly on the juices of the insects it catches. Though it has no teeth, it has what answers its purpose as well. In the fore-part of the head, at the mouth, there are two fangs, or sharp crooked claws, which stand horizontally, and when not in use, are concealed in two cases contrived for their reception, in which they fold like a clasp knife. At the point of each claw, there is a small hole, which emits a kind of poison, and with these claws, they tear and kill their prey with great dexterity and dispatch.

ANNA.—What cruel little creatures!

PAPA.—You see the hinder part of the body is separated from the breast by a small thread-like tube.

ANNA.—It looks as if it was quite divided. In that respect it is an insect, I suppose.

PAPA.—Yes; it is like an insect in that particular.

ANNA.—I think it has eight legs, has it not, papa?

PAPA.—Yes; all the species of spiders have eight



legs, with three joints in each, terminating in three crooked claws. Do not you admire its beautiful skin, Anna? Look at it through the glass—it is, you see, a hard polished crust.

ANNA.—It is indeed very beautiful. But what I most admire in spiders, is their skill in spinning and weaving.

PAPA.—It is a part of their history well deserving of your curious attention. The spider has four or six little tubercles or spinners at the hinder part of the body, each of which contains a multitude of tubes so numerous and so exquisitely fine, that a space, often not bigger than the point of a pin, is furnished, according to Reaumur, with a thousand of them. From each of these minute tubes, the spider spins a gluey thread of inconceivable tenuity; and the threads from all these tubes uniting together, form that which we see them use in making their webs.

ANNA.—Then each spider's thread that is visible to us, is composed of four or six thousand others: astonishing!

PAPA.—Yes; even those of the smallest species, some of which, you know, are so fine as to be almost imperceptible, are in reality ropes composed of at least four thousand strands.

ANNA.—And these complicated threads are not after all so thick as a hair.

PAPA.—So thick as a hair! my dear—a thousand of them would scarce form one so thick as a hair of your head. When the spider (I speak of the garden-spider more particularly, because we have an example of one before us, begins to weave, she fixes the end of her threads by applying the spinners to any thing that happens to be convenient; and the threads lengthening in proportion as she recedes from it, she fixes them to something on the opposite side. In this way she forms the margin of her net, which she takes special care to render strong by gluing several threads together. The founda-

tion of this margin appears to be the most important and difficult part of her operation: when that is completed, she quickly crosses the area she has described with the lines which give it a wheel-like appearance, and fastening these lines together by a number of circular threads, the web is completed.

ANNA.—She is not long in making it, I suppose.

PAPA.—She cannot be; for even when her net is not destroyed by any accident, she renews it either wholly, or at least the concentric circles, every twenty-four hours.

ANNA.—Why does she renew it so frequently?

PAPA.—Because these circles, which are intended to catch her prey, are composed of a very viscid material, which, when long exposed to the air, dries and loses its adhesive properties, so that it will not retain the insects that fly into the net. The web of the house-spider, on the contrary, which is a gauze-like substance, designed to entangle the claws of flies in the fine meshes of which it is formed, will serve with occasional repairs for a considerable period, sometimes for many months. Do you know, Anna, I expect a continuance of fine weather from the appearance of this spider's web.

ANNA.—What do you judge from, papa?

PAPA.—From the great length of the main-threads which support it. It is asserted by naturalists, who have well ascertained the fact, that if fine settled weather be on the point of commencing, these threads will invariably be very long; but if the weather be about to be changeable, wet and stormy, they will as certainly be short; so that they may be depended on as very accurate barometers.

ANNA.—I cannot imagine how they contrive to spin these long threads, that is, how they get across with the first thread; for the point to which they fasten it, is often a very long way from that where they began. I have seen some extending half across the garden—there is nothing for them to walk on, and they cannot fly.



PAPA.—Spiders have the power of darting their threads before them in any direction and to almost any extent. On these they convey themselves, not only in a horizontal line, but also up in the air to an astonishing height. Dr. Lister, a celebrated naturalist, was once on the top of the highest steeple of York Minster, and saw numbers of them soaring very high above him.

ANNA.—They employ their threads as air balloons then, I suppose.

PAPA.—Yes. They start in the first place by a sudden leap, which carries them on a good way; the stream of air and wind beating upon the threads they throw out, helps to ascend; and by the posture and management of their feet, which they use very much like oars, or wings, they are able to support themselves in the air at any height and for any length of time they please.

ANNA.—They can fly without wings then.

PAPA.—They cannot strictly be said to fly, because they are carried into the air chiefly by the external force of the wind; but they can steer their course, in case the wind suffers them, and perhaps mount and descend at pleasure. I apprehend these aerial flights are chiefly predatory excursions; for there are often manifest signs of slaughter, such as the wings and legs of unfortunate flies and gnats on the threads they sail on, as well as on their webs below.

ANNA.—I have often observed a very curious spider's web on the hedges, like a deep den, at the bottom of which the spider seems to be lurking for her prey.

PAPA.—You mean that of the Labyrinth Spider. It is a large white horizontal net, having at its margin a cylindrical cell, sometimes two or three inches deep, at the further end of which, defended from the rays of the sun, and secure from the attack of birds, the spider lies concealed. I have frequently seen her, on the slightest motion of her net, rush out of her cave to seize upon her prey.



ANNA.—The webs of spiders are very various, are they not?

PAPA.—Yes; there is a great variety of them. Each different species forms its toils in a somewhat different manner. You are not to suppose that all spiders' webs are equally fragile with those you see in this part of the world. I have read that the spiders of Bermudas spin webs between trees forty or fifty feet distant, which are strong enough to ensnare a bird as large as a thrush; and Sir G. Staunton informs us, that in the forests of Java, spiders' webs are to be found of so strong a texture as to require a sharp cutting instrument to divide them.

ANNA.—I suppose all spiders form some kind of web or net.

PAPA.—All have the power of spinning, but they do not all avail themselves of it in procuring food. Some, which Walckenaer in his work on spiders has named *vagrants*, obtain their prey by stratagem; they conceal themselves in a little cell formed of the rolled-up leaf of a plant, or in a hole in a wall, or behind a stone, and thence dart upon unwary insects; and sometimes, like the cat in the fable, they pretend to be dead, in order to tempt their heedless prey to come within their reach. Another tribe which may properly be denominated *hunters*, openly search for and seize their prey, and when taken, convey it to their subterranean dens, where they devour it. You perhaps know that an attempt was once made to produce silk from garden spiders. M. Bon, of Languedoc, about a hundred years ago, contrived to manufacture from their bags a pair of silk stockings and mittens. They were of a beautiful natural grey colour, and almost as strong and as handsome as those made of common silk; but it was found that the manufacture could not be carried on to any extent, for the work of twelve spiders was found not equal to more than that of one silk-worm; and they were so exceedingly ferocious, that it was im-

possible to keep any number of them together. Four, or five thousand being distributed into cells, fifty into some, one or two hundred into others, the larger ones soon killed and ate the less; so that in a short time there were scarcely two left together in any of the cells.

ANNA.—I suppose their disposition to each other, is the reason that there are so few spiders.

PAPA.—I have no doubt that it is, for they lay a vast number of eggs.

ANNA.—Did not you say, papa, that the silk was made from the bag of the spider—is that the same as the web?

PAPA.—No, my dear. The bag is the cone which the female spins for the reception of her eggs—you have often seen them, I dare say, in sheltered secure corners. They are little yellowish balls, something like those of the silk-worm, only a great deal smaller.

ANNA.—I think I know what you mean, papa: I remember mama once shewed me one in the microscope: it was full of young spiders. Z. Z.

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## DESCRIPTION OF BRITISH TREES.

### No. XV.

Yew Tree—*Taxus*.

THIS tree, more wanting of utility than most others, has been connected by tradition with many marvellous adventures; and in some instances charged with mischiefs it does not seem qualified to perpetrate—modern botanists considering no part of it poisonous, but the leaves.

“The berries are sweet and viscid. Children eat them in large quantities without inconvenience. The fresh leaves are fatal to the human species. Three children were killed by a spoonful of the green leaves. The same quantity of the dried leaves had been given the day before, without any effect.”—WITHERING.



Yew Tree.  
*Taxus Baccata*,  
*Monadelphica Polyandria*.

*Pub. by Baker & Fletcher 10, Finchbury Place.*





"Taxus, the Yew—since the use of bows is laid aside amongst us, the propagation of this tree is quite forborne. But the neglect is to be deplored; seeing that the barrenest grounds, and coldest of our mountains might be profitably replenished with it. I say profitably, for besides the use of the wood for bows, the artists in box, inlayers, and cabinet-makers most gladly employ it; and in Germany they wainscot their stores with boards of this material, for the cogs of mills, posts to be set in moist grounds, and everlasting axle-trees, there is none to be compared with it. It is likewise used for the bodies of lutes, theorboes, bowls, wheels, and pins for pulleys; yea, for tankards to drink out of."—EVELYN.

There are many stories of persons poisoned by the fruit, and by drinking out of the wood, recorded in Pliny and elsewhere; but probably it was of some other tree, mistaken for Yew by modern historians; though some idea of its baneful effects probably gave rise to the ancient practice of wearing garlands of it at funerals.

"The best reason that can be given why the yew was planted in church-yards, is, that branches of it were always carried in procession on Palm Sunday, instead of Palms. The following extract from Ouxton's directions for keeping feasts all the year, is decisive as to this custom. In the lecture for Palm Sunday, he says, "wherefore Holy Church this day maketh solemn procession, in mind of the procession that Christ made this day. But for in casen that we have none Olive that beareth green leaf, algate therefore we take Ewe instead of Palm or Olive, and bear about in procession; and so is this day called Palm Sunday." As a confirmation of this fact, the Yew-trees in the church-yards of East Kent, are at this day called Palms."—HUNTER.

"A story is related by Mr. Camden, of a certain priest, that falling in love with a maid who refused his addresses, cut off her head, which being hung upon a Yew tree till it was rotten, the tree was reputed sacred, not only whilst the virgin's head hung on it, but as long as the tree itself lasted; to which the people went in pilgrimage, plucking and bearing away branches of it, as a holy relique, whilst there remained any of the trunk: persuading themselves, that those small fine reins and filaments, resembling hairs, between the bark and the body of the tree, were the hairs of the virgin: but what is yet stranger, the resort to this place, then called Houton, a despicable village, occasioned the building of the now famous town of Halifax, in Yorkshire, which imports *Holy Hair*. By this, and the like, we may estimate what a world of impostures have, through craft and superstition, gained the repute of holy places, abounding with rich oblations."—EVELYN.

In the days of Archery, so great was the demand for the wood of the Yew-tree, that the merchants were obliged by statute to import four staves of it for every

ton of goods coming from places where bow-staves had formerly been brought. In those ancient days the Yew was always planted in church-yards, where it stood a substitute for the *Invisus Cupressus*. It also was placed near houses, where it might be ready for the sturdy bows of our warlike ancestors,

—— who drew,

And almost joined the horns of the tough Yew.

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## GEOGRAPHICAL READINGS.

### No. II.

#### SCOTLAND.

THE country of which I am about to speak, though less apparently favoured by nature than England, has yet, by her commerce, industry, and manufactures, and her progress in arts and arms, raised herself to nearly a level with her sister country. In so doing, she has had to struggle against great obstacles, owing to the inequality of the soil, which is quite hilly even in the Lowland counties, and in the Northern, presents quite an Alpine appearance. It is about 300 miles long and 150 broad—its coasts are well peopled with the inhabitants of the deep—and its climate, though not so temperate as that of England, permits the inhabitants, by proper culture, to introduce there the produce of warmer countries. In its internal traffic, its rivers do not present so many advantages as might be expected, for many of them are mountain rivers, whose violent impetuosity will not permit heavily laden barks to encounter the torrent. There are, however, many fine canals, the noblest of which is the one that connects all the lakes, passing over a stupendous tract of country. Its bays and harbours are very good, and afford excellent harbour. The principal of its rivers, are the Tweed, famous for its fine salmon, and for being the subject of many a poet's song,



the Forth, the Tay, the Dee, the Don, the Clyde, and the Annan. Many too are the beautiful lakes of Scotland—Loch Lomond, famous for its depth and length—Loch Ness, which never freezes, and many others of less reputation. Where, as I have already said, the face of the country is mountainous, it would be impossible to particularize all the most worthy of notice, but Ben Lomond and Bennarty, Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, rival their Alpine brethren in lofty beauty. From Arthur's Seat a most charming prospect presents itself, and Salisbury Crags are noted for the beautiful crystals picked up amongst them. From the number of hills abounding in Scotland, many fine cascades may be seen; among these the principal are, the Falls of the Clyde for sublimity, and the Falls of Aberfeldie for picturesque beauty. Among these mountainous ranges, metals abound, and a gold mine was discovered in the reign of Elizabeth, the traces of which are to be seen to this day. It did not, however, answer the expectations of the proprietors. My readers will probably recollect the Cairn Gorums, so highly valued for seals—these, with the fine Scotch pebbles, so much prized, form a great article of trade, and give great employment to the industrious. Amethysts and garnets of a tolerable size have been sometimes found, and pearls form part of the produce of the rivers; but as these latter productions are seldom found perfect, they are never now employed in the formation of ornaments. The basaltic caverns of Staffa, are, it is presumed, well known to most young people. The marbles of Scotland are particularly beautiful, especially the Glen Tett, the Dumblane, and the Perthshire varieties. A variety has been lately discovered, equaling, it is said, the famed Pentelic marble of antiquity, and is successfully employed in even very large groups for monuments. If the vegetable productions of Scotland are less rich or diversified than those of England, still they are better suited to her more wild and romantic scenery, with which the Scotch fir, and indeed all the

pine-tribe, harmonize admirably. Very rare plants have often rewarded the excursions of the botanist—in particular the Lady's Slipper, Orchis, one of our most rare and beautiful native plants. The heath, for which Scotland is famed, is particularly useful to the Highlanders, who employ it as fuel, as a covering for the cottages, and even brew a kind of beer from the young sprouts; and its rich bloom forms a luxuriant contrast to the desert wilds on which it is found; thus affording great relief to the eye, tired of gazing on barren rocks. Branberries, northberries, and bilberries grow plentifully on the heaths, and the strawberries are truly delicious, and so plentiful are they in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, that, when they are ripe, most families go in the surrounding country, and give what is called a Strawberry feast; where this charming fruit, cultured in different ways, forms the sole refreshment. The manufactures of Scotland are numerous and important. Every species of weaving, hosiery, &c. is carried to a high pitch of perfection, and in Paisley most of the streets are occupied by rows of manufactories. Education, especially amongst the lower classes, is much attended to, and many peasants' sons possess a very good knowledge of Latin, and the more abstract parts of arithmetic, with a degree of keen good sense, and shrewd observation, cloaked under a most rustic appearance, and the most uncouth dialect. The religion which chiefly prevails in Scotland is the Presbyterian, though all others are tolerated. The animal productions of Scotland are more diversified than those of the sister country, owing to the many secluded haunts to which the more timid kinds may retreat. A race of wild cattle, formerly very abundant, with manes resembling those of lions, and white as snow, is still to be found on the extensive estates of the duke of Argyle, while deer of different kinds abound in the woods.

Many kinds of birds nearly extinct in England, are still to be found in the Highlands. Grouse, Ptarmigan,



the Cock of the woods, various sorts of Falcons, Buzzards, and even Eagles have been observed. Loch Ness, as I before stated, never freezes in winter; and in that season presents a very animated picture, in consequence of the numerous tribes of aquatic fowl, which seek support there. Fish is very abundant; most of my readers have, I presume, heard of Scotch salmon and oysters. The number of islands which crowd the western coast of Scotland, present much sublime scenery; but as I shall consider these in a future paper, I shall take no further notice of them at present. I need hardly inform my readers that Scotland's heroes and bards will take rank even with those of England: and the education which is given to even the poorest, renders it less wonderful, that so many Scotch peasants have distinguished themselves by their genius, or their mechanical skill. Burns, Tannakill, Fergusson, among the lower orders, and Black, Stewart, Scott, and Playfair, among the higher, are a full proof of the native genius of the Scots. We are accustomed to think lightly of Scotland, because the peasants speak chiefly Gaelic, live on oat cakes, and run about with naked feet. Yet let us remember that the poorest Scotchman would sooner die than come to the parish;\* that crime is far less prevalent among them than in England, and that in short, there is more truth in Cowper's lines, than our national pride would lead us to suppose.

To whose lean country, much disdain  
We English often show;  
Yet from a richer little gain,  
But wantonness and woe.

EUGENIA.

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\* The following anecdote was related in Mrs. Grant's residence in the Highlands, I think. A poor carrier lived near Mrs. G., whose only support was his horse. The animal died, and the man was nearly starved. The overseer heard of this, and came to offer kind assistance. "No, thank you, sir," said the poor fellow, with honest pride, "it is not come to that neither, for I have 8d. and the skin of the horse."



## HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

## THE FLOWER OF TO-DAY.

I saw him whet his scythe anew,  
 I saw him lower the blade;  
 The bright beam glittering in the herb,  
 The moving steel betrayed—

The tall, ripe grass, that many a day  
 And many a night had grown,  
 Through heat and cold its seed matur'd,  
 Came in its fulness down—

The tender blade of yester morn,  
 Born of the summer shower,  
 Fell in the freshness of its green,  
 Boastless of seed or flower.

And there was one in midst of all,  
 A blossom scarcely blown—  
 Which never till that day had op'd  
 Its bosom to the sun.

The colouring of its bud was like  
 The azure blue of Heaven,  
 When, faintly mingled, it received  
 The vermil tint of even.

And Oh! it was a lovely thing;  
 It had not lived an hour;  
 It had not felt the evening breeze,  
 Or tasted of the shower.

The mower did not raise his scythe  
 Or pause, when it swept that way—  
 The weapon did not overpass  
 The flower of to-day.

I sighed—But O, had it stayed behind,  
 When all about it died—  
 Had it stay'd to blossom there alone,  
 When all was gone beside.

What had there been upon the waste  
To guard its tender form,  
Shadow its beauty from the heat,  
Or hide it from the storm ?

No, pretty flower ; I do not wish  
That thou wert growing still ;  
The shower thou hast not felt is cold,  
The evening breeze is chill.

The day-star does not always rise  
So bright, so pure as now ;  
Time would have soiled thy pretty leaf,  
And foul'd thy azure brow.

Go, while no touch of thing unkind,  
Thy gentle breast has riven,  
And all that thou hast ever felt,  
Is one bright beam from heaven.



#### WHY WEEPEST THOU ?

O ask not one, whose heart is drear,  
Whose fragile bark is driven,  
By wave on wave of earthly care,  
Almost from hope of Heav'n.

O ask not him, why he should weep,  
Whose wayward treacherous heart,  
So lately sunk in sinful sleep,  
Forgot its better part.

Bid him go weep, the icy breast,  
Insensible to love ;  
Which woos the flut'ring soul to rest,  
It else could never prove.

Bid him lament the stubborn will,  
Still deaf to mercy's voice,  
Perversely prone to choose the ill,  
And glory in its choice.

O bid him mourn the carnal mind,  
Which slights the Pearl of Price ;  
And, slave to sin, to earth confined,  
Forgets her native skies.

Yet, lest he sink beneath the fear,  
 That thus his peace destroy ;  
 Go whisper, He that sows in tears,  
 Shall surely reap in joy.

M.

*We will come unto him and make our abode with him.*

ALONE—what is't to be alone !—  
 It is to think, to feel,  
 Where none will question of the thought,  
 Or list the bosom's tale—

To hope, to dread, to wish, to doubt,  
 And ask of it of none—  
 To have the heart o'erflow with love,  
 And nought to spend it on—

On our own bosom to receive  
 The coldly falling tear ;  
 In joy to doubt it can be joy,  
 That no one minds to share—

To sing our hymns of praise alone,  
 While all is silence round,  
 And doubt if Heaven itself can hear  
 What nothing will respond.

Alone—and can I be alone,  
 Where all that is bespeaks  
 The presence and the sympathy  
 Of Him my spirit seeks ?

Where every thought I have ascends  
 Through yonder azure zone,  
 To Him who once on earth had thought,  
 And feelings like my own ?

Ascends ! Ah no ! for He is here,  
 My bed, my path about :  
 Marks every feeling as it comes,  
 And answers every doubt.

He lists with sympathizing love  
 To all my sorrow's tale ;  
 And speaks to me when none are near,  
 Of things he knew so well.



To him my anxious heart refers  
 Each feeling as it grows ;  
 And from his gentle voice receives  
 The sweetest joy it knows.

He bears the grateful song to heaven,  
 Which none on earth will share,  
 And tells me, when he comes again,  
 That angels sing it there.

O tell me not of solitude,  
 Where such sweet thoughts can be—  
 My God ! when most I am alone,  
 I seem most near to Thee.



#### FAITH.

BLIND, weak, and restless, man by nature knows,  
 Nor heavenly light, nor freedom, nor repose.  
 The feeble glimmering of reason's ray,  
 Serves but to shew him he hath gone astray.  
 His all embarked on life's uncertain sea,  
 At random driven on and tempest tossed ;  
 The fragile vessel must for ever be,  
 Without a compass or a pilot, lost.  
 A tide of sorrow bears him to the grave,  
 Nor hath he power to repel the wave,  
 Breaking with mighty force upon that shore,  
 Where the frail bark once cast, its freight is seen no more.

Amidst the elemental storm,  
 Behold an angel form.  
 She comes—but not with meteor light ;  
 She speaks—but not with syren voice ;  
 Her counsel sets the wanderer right,  
 And leads him to rejoice.  
 While peacefully the vessel glides along,  
 Hers is the harp, and hers the song ;  
 And when the winds prevail,  
 When the dark waters roll ;  
 She holds the helm, she furls the sail,  
 And casts her anchor out to stay the soul.  
 She bids the watchful mariner descry  
 Dangers unnoticed by the careless eye,

'Midst rocks and quicksands then in safety stood  
 His doubtful way, and still his spirit cheers,  
 And with fresh energy inspires his breast,  
 Through adverse currents of contending force,  
 Directs his steady, his unerring course,  
 Until in peace he gains the haven of his rest:  
 For she hath visited the world unknown,  
 That world—from reason deep concealed;  
 Is to the eye of faith revealed;  
 Its wonders are unveiled to faith alone.  
 But she hath scaled its awful height,  
 And tasted of its pleasures;  
 Her wings expanding with delight,  
 To scan its boundless treasures;  
 And she can sing of what no eye hath seen  
 Nor ear discerned, and where no thought hath been,  
 Save that great Spirit, that Almighty mind  
 In splendour inaccessible enshrined;  
 Who is, who was, who will for ever be  
 Throned in the praises of eternity.

Reader! wouldst thou behold that land so fair?  
 Wouldst thou secure a happy entrance there?  
 Incline thine ear to what the vision saith.  
 The record of eternal truth receive  
 In Him of whom it testifies, believe  
 His word declares, "The just shall live by faith."

IOTA.

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## REVIEW OF BOOKS.

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*New French Manual and Traveller's Companion, 4s.*  
*New Pronouncing French Primer, by Gabriel Sur-*  
*renne, F.A.S.E.—Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.—*  
 1826.

THE former of these small works, in which the latter is comprised, is superior to any of the kind we have met with, in the arrangement and practical usefulness of its contents. It will be found very useful to learners, and to unlearned travellers. And though we are persuaded

every attempt to enable a person to teach themselves the pronunciation of French without instruction, is unavailing, some assistance may yet be derived to those who have not the advantage of it, by the manner in which the pronunciation is here given.

*Consistency.* By Charlotte Elizabeth. Price 4s. Hatchard, London. 1826.

THE author of "*Consistency*", will not desire that after we have given so often and so strongly our opinion against the reading of these religious fictions for *young* people, we should individually recommend what we have generally discountenanced. But there are still many readers who take delight in these works, and seek them eagerly, and have traced to the perusal of them the most useful and permanent impressions. To these we can well say that this little work is marked by all the discriminating piety we should expect, from the opinion we have formed of the author. The purport throughout we understand to be, to show the mischiefs that result from equivocating in what we believe to be truth, from motives of human expediency: and it is very well shown. The character of Mrs. Forbes is extremely well given, and is, we fear, no uncommon one at the present day; therefore very useful to present to those who may take a caution from it. For the benefit of those who may not read the story, we cannot forbear extracting the summary of this character from one page of it.

"Keeping the vineyard of others, she had neglected both her household and herself. She had indulged a spirit of censoriousness, and shamefully connived at, if she had not actually encouraged a feeling of contempt in the family against him, who, as the head of it, was entitled to a master's honour and a father's fear. This is too frequently the case where the household are unfortunately divided on religious subjects; but not the less criminal for being so common; and whatever disgrace may seemingly attach to the individuals thus held out to the scorn of those beneath them, a double portion of guilt and shame rebounds upon the promoters of such unnatural and unscriptural rebellion against an authority established and recognised by the Most High God. In this, and numerous other instances, Mrs.



Forbes felt herself to be verily guilty, and wished to amend her conduct. Good resolutions, daily formed and hourly broken, only served to show the adhesive power of sin, not to be shaken off by any effort she was capable of: and indulging the spirit of slumber that so continually creeps over the soul, even of the established believer, and so often and lamentably ensnares to utter destruction the indolent professor of vital Christianity, she sought the evidences of her adoption, not in the abiding sense of a determined struggle against besetting sins; not in a deadness to the world, and growing conformity to the image of Christ, and persevering efforts to tread in the steps of a lowly Redeemer, but in the contrast between her present knowledge and former ignorance concerning divine truths: in a careful recapitulation of what she had done and suffered in the cause of Evangelical religion; and yet more, in the occasional ardour of feelings, peculiarly excitable at all times, and frequently roused to enthusiasm in the contemplation of a glorious dawning, which gives promise that the day of millennial triumph is not now far distant. Unconsciously Mrs. Forbes acquired a habit of balancing against known inconsistencies in temper and conduct, the probabilities of her being really a child of God, founded upon the above-mentioned insecure basis. When her heart, naturally affectionate, expanded in the endearing intercourse of truly Christian fellowship; when her comprehensive mind and quick invention, seconded by great personal activity, were brought into hearty co-operation in some plan for the spiritual advantage of the surrounding flock, or for souls yet enshrouded in the shadow of death in distant countries, she readily appropriated the words of the Evangelist, 'We know that we have passed from death to life because we love the brethren,' and similar texts. Thus soothed into a perilous compromise, she forbore to make free use of that Word of God, &c. &c."

The author has with excellent judgment left the issue of this character untold—but has described the evils of it by the way, in a manner that we hope may be useful to those whose character bears any likeness to it.

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### EXTRACTS.

THERE are some which call it a mercenary and servile spirit to be led by fear of punishment or hope of reward, to any service of God; yet if the loss of God be the punishment we fear, and God himself the chief reward we pursue, this fear may well consist with love and with a filial and not a slavish spirit. 'Tis the greatest effect of love to lose the communion of that which is beloved, and to fear to displease it in the least.—MRS. HUTCHINSON.

THE  
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

OCTOBER, 1826.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

(Continued from page 128.)

ATHENS, FROM THE FINAL EXPULSION OF THE PERSIANS, TO  
THE ADMINISTRATION OF PERICLES.

THE Athenians, more elate than ever with the glory they had won, and the freedom they had so bravely purchased, now began to rebuild their city, with some magnificence and great expedition. The government too was to be re-established. More enamoured than ever of the name of equality, a feeling Themistocles had always encouraged, and Aristides now yielded to, it was proposed that every citizen should have equal right to the government, and the Archons should be chosen from the body of the people without preference or distinction. With this the commons were pleased; while the men of distinction were satisfied in the certainty of being always chosen, where talent and merit were sure to prevail. Themistocles also proposed that Athens should be fortified, to prevent a recurrence of past misfortunes. This gave great alarm to the Spartans, who could endure no rival in Greece, and took advantage of their superiority to forbid it. Themistocles, wanting power to resist their commands, had a ready devise to evade them. To get rid of the Lacedæmonian ambassadors, he assured them the fortifications should

proceed no farther, till he had sent an embassy to Sparta to satisfy that state upon the subject: and immediately offered himself for the embassy, undertaking to bring all to a happy conclusion. Thus appointed, on his own proposal, with some other citizens, ambassador to Sparta, he set out before the rest, advising the Athenians to delay them as long as possible. Arrived in Lacedæmon, he put off receiving audience, because he was alone, under pretext of daily expecting his colleagues. Meantime he had enjoined the Athenians to proceed as rapidly as possible with the fortifications. This they did most ardently; sparing neither houses nor sepulchres for materials; women, children, strangers, servants, and citizens, toiling together day and night, till the walls were completed. The Lacedæmonians received advice of what was doing, and when the colleagues of Themistocles arrived, summoned them before the Ephori, to reproach them with the perfidy of the Athenians in thus violating their promise. Themistocles denied the charge; said his colleagues assured him to the contrary; it ill became a great people to depend on flying rumours; they ought to send deputies back with the Athenian ambassadors to ascertain the truth of the reports, and he would himself remain a hostage till their return. This being agreed to, he enjoined his friends, as soon as they reached Athens, to get the Spartan ambassadors committed to safe custody till he should be released. This done, he avowed to Sparta the whole transaction, and excused himself by saying, "All things are lawful for our country." The Spartans, thus outwitted, and seeing no remedy, stifled their resentment, and sent him back in safety.

The next achievement of Themistocles for the aggrandizement of his country, was to render the Pyræum the most capacious harbour in Greece, and unite it to the city by long walls: for he did not consider it fit that the port should be made part of the city, because



sailors, being generally dissolute, might corrupt the manners of the citizens. This was effected with so much rapidity and caution, that it was completed before the Spartans, whom alone he feared, were well aware of what was doing.

Another hero of distinguished name now appears in Athenian story—Cimon, the son of Miltiades. At this time he was abroad with Aristides in command of the Athenian forces, watching the movements of Persia; and by their justness and generosity they were gaining greatly upon the influence of the proud Spartans among the states of Greece. On occasion of a general tax being proposed to defray the expense of the Persian war, the management of it was given to Aristides, and all Greece was satisfied with his arrangements. Themistocles could ill bear the reputation of his rival, and is said to have remarked in the assembly that the merit of Aristides was no more than that of a money chest—of keeping safely what was committed to it. Thus were the disputes of rivalry renewed, as soon as external enemies were repulsed.

Themistocles had made himself yet more formidable enemies in the Lacedæmonians. Their king, Pausanias, being convicted of negotiating with Persia, they accused Themistocles of having conspired with him to betray the states of Greece. Poets and orators began to write libels and utter satyrs upon him, and Cimon, the new aspirant to greatness, is said to have fomented the publick animosity against him. In the issue, an Ostracism was demanded, and Themistocles was banished from Athens—for no reason that appears, but his own greatness and glory. It does not seem that Themistocles, when first banished, had any design of taking vengeance on his country, or retiring to Persia. But the Lacedæmonians pursued him with restless hatred. Wherever he took refuge, they insisted on his been expelled; till finding no quiet in Greece, he was forced to escape to Persia. There a high price having been

set on his head, as the greatest enemy of Asia, he had much risk to incur, and through many dangers reached the court of Artaxerxes. The same address that had so often saved his country, did not fail him in his personal need. He presented himself boldly as the willing servant of Persia and the publick enemy of Greece. It is told that Artaxerxes was so much delighted with the circumstance, as to exclaim several times in his sleep that night, "I have Themistocles, the Athenian." The next morning the king sent for him again, and said to him, "I am in your debt two hundred talents; for so much I promised to him who should bring Themistocles," and then bade him speak his mind freely on the affairs of Greece. Themistocles immediately accommodated himself to his new situation, learned the language, assumed the manners, and adopted the religion of Persia. The revenue of three cities was given him for a maintenance, and he lived in all the style and magnificence of a Persian grandee. It does not appear that he ever meditated evil against his ungrateful country; nor is it by any means certain how he died; though it has been asserted that, pressed by Artaxerxes to undertake an expedition against Greece, he drank poison to avoid fulfilling his engagements with the Persian against his people. The character of Themistocles is so deeply stained by his total want of honesty and truth, it scarcely can remain upon the mind as an object of admiration. The brilliancy of his success was rather the fruit than the counterbalance of these vices. With talents to achieve any purpose, he never scrupled the means, and made open boast of his deceptions; while the jealousy and animosity he ever evinced towards the rigid integrity of Aristides, betrayed the want of real nobility of mind, as well as of the love of it.

Cimon, who was now to take the lead in Athens, was the son of Miltiades by the daughter of the king of Thrace. No one of the Grecian heroes bears a more



spotless character, being said to have all Themistocles' powers, without his duplicity. On his father's death, he was put in chains for his fine, which was payed before he was released. His youth scarcely promised much; being disinclined to learning, a thing very uncommon in an Athenian, and of dissipated habits. On occasion of the Persian invasion, he began to show his better character; being the first to set about removing his goods on board the fleet, and much distinguished in the succeeding wars. Having a command at sea, he gained many victories, seizing an immense number of Phœnician and other vessels, as well as plundering the enemy's towns and fortresses on the coast: by which he accumulated immense booty, and became as remarkable for wealth as for valour. In the magnificent and patriotic expenditure of this wealth he much distinguished himself, and of course added not a little to the popularity his virtues acquired him. Besides many public works, such as adorning the forum with palm trees, and beautifying the academy with walks and gardens for the accommodation of the citizens, he affected the utmost extravagance in his own expenditure. The inclosure of his grounds and gardens was removed, that all might enter freely and take of their productions. His table was always open, and spread with the most expensive delicacies, of which the poorest man in Athens might come and eat freely. When he went abroad, he was attended by a train of young gentlemen, whose pockets were well filled with money. If by chance he met an ancient citizen in tattered garments, he made one of his attendants change cloaks with him: or if the person was of too high rank to be openly relieved, he took a sum of money from his attendants, and conveyed it privily into the pocket of the distressed person. The desire of popularity does not appear to have been the motive of this liberality, as it so usually is—for Cimon always took part with the nobility, and



openly opposed those who endeavoured to give power into the hands of the people.

The riches which Cimon's victories brought into Athens tended greatly to her general corruption : but himself, with all his splendour, is considered to have been as little influenced and corrupted by wealth, as Aristides in his voluntary poverty. Aristides had always loved him, and endeavoured early to bring him forward, in hope by his openness and integrity to defeat the craft of Themistocles.

A train of petty but successful warfare against the surrounding states and islands, brought Athens at this period to her highest reach of prosperity, and Cimon to the summit of renown. It was now that Lacedæmon, endangered by the rebellion of her slaves, condescended to ask aid of Athens. Some would have refused it, as impolitic to preserve a rival and an enemy : but Cimon, a friend always to the Spartans by whom he had been supported against Themistocles, prevailed, led an army to their assistance, and returned with added glory. On occasion, however, of a second expedition for the same purpose, the Athenians, as we mentioned in Spartan history, were rudely dismissed, and thus the previous animosity of the states was confirmed.

It was now that, as mentioned elsewhere, Athens interfered between Persia and Egypt, and carried her arms into the latter kingdom, though not eventually with any advantage to themselves.

Aristides lived only four years after the banishment of Themistocles. Though he had held repeatedly the highest offices in the commonwealth, and largely participated in the wars by which immense riches were amassed, he was so poor as barely to maintain himself, and had nothing to bequeath to his children, but the honour of being descended from him, which procured for them a publick maintenance. There is no stain upon his character, of which strict integrity seems to have been the prominent feature. In all probability his

talents were less brilliant than those of his rival Themistocles; and though more trusted and beloved, he does not appear, at any time, to have had equal influence in the affairs of Athens, or in the management of her foreign politicks. The versatile and crafty character of Themistocles, was perhaps better suited to this capricious people, than the rigid virtue and simplicity of Aristides.

The same factious spirit continued in Athens between the nobility and the people, who, after the loss of Themistocles, found a leader in the orator Pericles; Cimon, revered and beloved by all, having placed himself at the head of the Aristocratic party, to suppress the encroachments of the commons, struggling perpetually to deprive the nobles of the small degree of power and superiority remaining to them. Pericles had extraordinary talents, and an eloquence that surpassed all his contemporaries; but he was long obliged to conceal his powers, the Athenians regarding him with jealousy, because he resembled Pisistratus in person, and in his powers of oratory. To lull these suspicions, he long declined holding any office, or speaking in publick. Now that Aristides was dead, Themistocles in banishment, and Cimon generally engaged in foreign warfare, Pericles prepared to act his part. From seeing it the only path to distinction not pre-occupied, rather than from principle or natural disposition, he paid court only to the lowest of the people. The behaviour he assumed was altogether singular: he left off all company; neither received visits nor paid them; and but once in all his administration was present at a feast, whence he then retired early. He never went abroad but to the assembly: in his looks, speech, and gesture, he maintained an immoveable gravity, and always prayed before he delivered an oration. The liberality of Cimon, which Pericles had not the means to imitate, was the greatest obstacle to his schemes of popularity: but this he surmounted by scattering of the publick money what he had not of his own, increasing the salaries and allowances of the lower



classes. By these machinations and the influence of his resistless eloquence he laid the foundation of his greatness, and caused the subversion of the constitution.

It was now thought time for Cimon to share the fate of his predecessors—an accusation was laid against him, of having accepted presents from Macedonia, when, after his victories in Thrace, he might have invaded it. Cimon pleaded that having done his utmost in successful war against the enemies of Athens, he had not invaded Macedon, because he did not consider himself the universal enemy of mankind, to attack a people who had always acted honourably towards the Athenians. At his trial, Pericles, who had been appointed to speak as his accuser, thought proper to speak but lightly of the offence. In consequence, Cimon escaped capital punishment, but was banished by the Ostracism to satisfy the apprehensions of the people, for whom he had grown too great. Meantime, Pericles and his colleague Ephialtes were aiding the commons to encroach on the constitution, by transferring from the court of Areopagus to other tribunals most of the causes that had used to be decided there.

The states of Peloponnesus had watched with jealous eyes the increasing prosperity of Athens, and under pretext of attacking or defending the rights and liberties of the smaller estates, a sort of warfare was already going on between her and Sparta. In one of these engagements, the Athenian army being drawn up for battle, the banished Cimon suddenly appeared in full armour, and took his post among the troops of his own tribe. The popular faction, forgetting in their resentment the interest of the state, insisted on his retiring, his term of banishment not having expired. Cimon yielded to the clamour, but not till he had engaged his friends to prove there were in the field no better men than the followers of Cimon. They desired him to leave his armour with them, which he did; and with it in the midst of them, the battle being unsuccessful, they were all slain. This cir-



cumstance excited a wish in Athens for Cimon's return; which Pericles perceiving, took advantage of the publick feeling to gain for himself the merit of his recall; in return for which Cimon never after opposed his projects, but employed himself in gaining new honours, and new conquests abroad. B.C. 449.

The monarchs of Persia, having no rest from the attacks and inroads of the Athenians under this victorious leader, made now a final treaty, most glorious to the Greeks, but not a little acceptable to the Asiatics, Athens engaging no more to invade and ravage their provinces. During this treaty Cimon died, either of sickness, or of his wounds. When he found himself at the point of death, he sent for his principal officers, and advised them to embark the men, conceal his death, and sail home, lest the disclosure of it, at that time, should injure the interests of Athens. We must consider Cimon as the last, as well as the greatest of the heroes of Athens—for all who followed him sought their own advantage rather than their country's, and worked her more ill than good. His countrymen could charge him with no fault, but constant attachment to the Lacedæmonians, whose character and government probably suited the honesty and simplicity of his disposition, better than the levity of his own people.

From the death of Cimon, the prosperity of Athens began to decline, notwithstanding the military success of Pericles, who obliged the Lacedæmonians to a peace for thirty years. It is upon record that at this period of her most brilliant achievements, subduing foreigners, humbling her rival neighbours, sending out colonies, excelling in learning and every higher art, the whole number of citizens was found to be no more than 14,040 persons.

We must refer to larger histories for the particulars of the warfare with the neighbouring states, that makes up the history of Greece at this period—full of success to Athens and honour to Pericles, but the foundation of his

future ruin; by pride and oppression preparing for himself enemies against the days of misfortune. At home, as usual, there was little quiet. Pericles had gained such influence as had not been known since the days of Pisistratus. The last competitor with him for popular favour, was Thucydides, a man of noble birth and distinguished qualities. He endeavoured to the utmost to prevent the changes in the government attempted by the popular party; and especially opposed Pericles; who perceiving that one of them must yield, ventured an Ostracism, in which, on numbering the votes, Thucydides was found condemned to exile. From this time, Pericles conducted himself rather as a prince than a private citizen; held every thing at his disposal, and took the whole guidance of affairs at home and abroad. In this dangerous elevation, he had nearly shared the common fate; an attempt was made to ruin him, by a charge of embezzling the publick money: but for this time he escaped the effects of the calumny.

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## REFLECTIONS

## ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

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*Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as much as he needeth.—LUKE xi. 8.*

THIS is a strange, mysterious passage—yet do not on that account reject and pass it over, for it is full of most sweet encouragement and holy consolation. Does God not know his mind? Will he be persuaded to that to which he is unwilling, and for obstinacy of asking alter his determination? What he likes to grant can he not grant at once, and what he refuses to our desire, will he yield to our entreaties? O leave these deep, mysterious questionings, and take him on the word.



It is big with promise, and most precious. When wearied with asking and in heart discouraged, we have been ready to give up our suit—and finding that days and months went on, and still no hope appeared, we have said within ourselves—The task is vain, the petition does not please Him, and He will not hear—and despairing and heart-broken have been about to cease the weary invocation: when this passage has arrested our attention, and we have dwelt on it again and again; and still it seemed to say—“Despair not, despond not—do not cease the prayer. What if thou hast no answer—if thou art even refused. So it was here. Is not this parable set to show thee how it may be between the anxious suppliant and his God—that thou mayest understand how that which to the pious desire seems desired, may yet be won by ceaseless importunity? Nay, thou canst not understand—but here it is—thou canst at least believe it.” And the bosom has taken fresh courage at the thought—and hope expiring has retrimmed her flame—and the prayer has been renewed without its weariness. What need to understand it? Here it is, and it was Jesus himself who said it. The heart shall not break, and the bosom shall not despair, while so sweet a word as this stands written here.

*Mais être doux envers tous, propre à enseigner, patient.—II. TIMOTHEE ii. 24.*

Je suis bien fâché de tous les mécomptes que vous trouvez dans les hommes; mais il faut s'accoutumer à y chercher peu, c'est le moyen de n'être jamais mécompté. Il faut prendre des hommes ce qu'ils donnent, comme des arbres les fruits qu'ils portent: il y a souvent des arbres où l'on ne trouve que des feuilles et des chenilles. Dieu supporte et attend les hommes imparfaits, et il ne se rebute pas même de leur résistance. Nous devons imiter cette patience si aimable et ce support si miséricordieux. Il n'y a que l'imperfection qui s'impatiente de ce qui est imparfait: plus on a



de perfection, plus on supporte patiemment et paisiblement les imperfections d'autrui sans les flatter. Laissez aller ceux qui s'érigent en tribunal dans leur prévention : si quelque chose les peut guérir, c'est de les laisser aller à leur mode, et de continuer à marcher de notre côté devant eux avec une simplicité et une petitesse d'enfant.

FENELON.

*What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldest take my covenant in thy mouth?—*  
Psalm l. 16.

THERE is nothing more painful to a Christian's ear, than to hear the manner in which some persons make appeals to the divine government, and take to themselves the benefit of God's covenant promises, when not only have they not fulfilled the terms on which that covenant was made, but they have not even accepted it, nor signed it with an assent. I know not if it is that they do not mean what they say, and do not really care whether God's providence is over them or not, and whether or not he will support and comfort them; and speaking merely a conventional language current in christendom, feel no more confidence and encouragement than if there were no God at all—or if they are so stupid as to believe, that a Deity whom in their prosperity they would not serve, will come in their adversity to help them—that He whom even now they fear not, obey not, love not, is the guardian keeper of their interests, and will suffer none to wrong and nothing to injure them. But thus it is they speak. Providence will protect them—Providence will supply their wants—they trust in God—they hope in God—they appeal to God. What God? Men are used to trust the gods they serve—these have served nothing but themselves, their earthly purposes and vain desires. O! if any be so vain as to use in earnest a language so ill becoming them, let them consider how little reasonable is their reliance. God does indeed stand pledged for every thing to

his people—there is no condition into which they can come, where he has not by covenant promise pledged himself to keep them safe from harm, to comfort them by his spirit, and by his outstretched arm to cherish and protect them, and by his providence to supply them with every thing they need. But to this covenant they were a party—they promised to love him, to serve, to believe, and to obey him. They have done so, and confidently rest upon his promise. But there is not one promise of providential interference and support, to those who are passing their lives in mere devotedness to earthly good, doing their own will, and forgetting or neglecting him who made them—perhaps despising his words, and rejecting the covenant of salvation he has offered them. If they have despised that provision for eternity that God has made, let none persuade themselves he will make provision for their temporal interests; nor in every emergency make presumptuous, profane appeal to a Master they have never hired themselves to serve. If there be to them a Providence at all, it must in all reason be against them.

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## LECTURES

ON OUR

### SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

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#### LECTURE THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

*Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name have done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.—*  
 MATT. vii. 21—23.

THESE verses renew the subject of the last, the dif-  
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ference between true religion and false; and seem to confirm our remarks upon that difference, so important, so vital. Pursuing the subject as our Lord in his sermon pursues it, let us consider again the danger in which we stand of mistaking the profession of religion for its reality; and the tremendous consequence of doing so, as contained in the last words of the text. It does not seem that those on whom this sentence is passed expected it. They went up boldly to the judgment, and laid their claim before their Lord. They are not of those who in memory of their rejection of him whom now they see in glory, call on the rocks to hide them from his wrath. These thought that they were his people, and came boldly forward to take the reward of their allegiance. It is an awful consideration: since by this description we must look for the rejected individuals among the professing followers of Jesus Christ, as distinct from those who despise him or forget him. For here the holy preacher speaks in his own name. Before he had spoken in his Father's name. It was their Father in Heaven to whom they were to look, from whom they were to receive. And it might be said, the condemnations he uttered were only designed for those who rejected the Gospel of salvation, and refused to become the followers of Jesus Christ—for those, as we should in common language now express it, who are not Christians. But here the voice is changed—Jesus speaks in his own name; “Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord.” It must be of those who separated themselves from the rest of the world to profess themselves his disciples, and owned him, the crucified Redeemer, for their Lord, doing all their works in *his* name, and professing to have received from him the spirit that influenced them, that he says, “not every one.” It is impossible so to evade this turn of the discourse, as not to perceive that it is among professing Christians these rejected suitors are to be looked for. How serious, how awful becomes the text under this view of it, to all of us



who call ourselves Christians ; especially to those who, in a peculiar manner, are distinguished as giving higher honour to the Son of God, in that they profess to make his death and mediation the only ground of their eternal hopes, apart from every claim of merit in themselves.

We cannot but be aware that there is at the present day, a very large class of people distinguished in society by various names, according as designated by their friends or their enemies. We well understand what is meant when we speak of *religious people*—as distinguished, not from those who openly deny religion, but from such as do not seem to make it the one thing needful of existence : and we fully understand that the great difference of *opinion* between these persons and the world around them, is the higher value they set upon the doctrines of the cross, and of salvation by the death of Christ. In his name they preach—in his name they go forth to their task of benevolence—in his name they carry on many mighty works—and in his name they prophesy, to a world that wonders at them, the consequences of their stubborn unbelief. Sometime this people were a persecuted and suffering few ; whose outward profession of Jesus' name might well be accepted in testimony of a devoted heart, since the cry of " Lord, Lord," cost them the loss of houses, lands, and fame, of life itself or all that makes it dear. Now they are a host ; out-meting their enemies in talent, wealth, and name—walking in honour and joyful in success, and in danger of nothing but too much esteem. This is God's doing, and for his great goodness be he praised. But in the midst of our acknowledgments for this change, we hear the whispers of apprehension lest the cry of " Lord, Lord," so loud, so widely sounded, wanting the test of adversity, should no longer be an honest one—lest the great spread of religion should be an appearance and no reality. Whether it be so or not, who shall judge ? It is our duty to warn, but not to condemn. We are too fond of words and phrases without their meanings. One

time we were full of exclamations about the spread of the Gospel—the number of conversions—the great increase of seriousness. Tired of this language, or perhaps aware that we have talked too fast, we are full of lamentations now over the deadness of the religious world, the shallowness of profession, and the questionable character of religion at the present day. There may be reason. But when we speak so, are we speaking of ourselves? As, in a sort of vernacular language, we repeat these expressions from mouth to mouth, with an apprehensive, perhaps an honest sigh, do we feel any misgiving lest that sigh should be a tribute to our own condition, and the apprehension due to our own spiritual state? This is all we would enforce. If it be so that the immense increase of religious profession, and the character of the religious world at present, give reason to believe the plea of many who have taken upon themselves the name of Christ will be rejected, how does it become each of us to spare our words, and betake ourselves to the solemn examination of our own hearts.

Religion is not a certain set of opinions, adopted by the judgment upon a conviction of their truth, or accepted upon the recommendation of those who happen to have an influence over our minds. Opinions make an essential part of religion, certainly—because it is necessary we should understand the meaning of God's word, believe the doctrines contained in it, and rest our hopes upon them, and upon them only. It is far from indifferent what creed we take up. Truth is one and immutable—there are no variations in it—all that is not true is false—and any thing false cannot be religion. There may be mistakes in doctrine that are fatal—there may be others but of temporary and minor consequence—but there are no errors that are of no consequence; and we cannot take too much pains to understand the doctrines of the Gospel, or offer too much prayer to be taught aright, and kept fixed and decided in our opinions. Still, we repeat, opinions are not religion. People mis-



take us very much in this. "According to your opinions"—"Persons of your way of thinking"—these are expressions perpetually addressed to us. No—our religious separation is not *an opinion—a way of thinking*. If it is, it is as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. And those who accept it, as well as those who reject it as such, must be warned, that in this the spirits damned exceed us far—for they know what mortals but believe; they read the deepest mysteries of the truths that we spell out with doubt and difficulty; and in the depths of darkness, confess to their misery that these things are true.

Neither is religion a habit of life, or a certain set of habits, taken up in conformity to the practice of a party, and attached to the acceptance of a certain set of doctrines. We know this is the aspect religion wears in the eyes of those who do not understand us, and do not perceive that there is any thing else between us and them. But this is not all. As our text declares, there may be all this without religion. We may cry, "Lord, Lord," admitting all the doctrines of the Gospel, comprised as they are in Christ's supremacy—we may manifest all the actings of the Gospel, in works of piety and benevolence, teaching and disseminating truth in the name of Christ, seeming to give him the glory and not ourselves—the external evidences of Christian faith as they are now considered of amongst us—and yet our Lord may at the last declare that he has never known us. Even if this should not be the application of this text, it is most certain truth; for there are many, many passages that declare we may have a name to live and be dead. And if it is true that the profession of religion at the present time is not genuine, this is our condition—right in doctrine, and right in the exterior actings of religion, and yet unchanged at heart.

Religion, neither a set of opinions nor a set of habits, though comprising both, is a state of mind, resulting from the one, and producing the other. It cannot exist



without them—they may exist without it, but then they are not religion. We tried in our last lecture to explain what is this state of mind; and the words of our text will yet further illustrate what it is, having shown what it is not—not they that take up a seeming devotion to me, and do many great things, but they that “do the will of my Father which is in Heaven.” The will of the Father, of his Father and our Father, is two things—first that we should believe in him whom he hath sent, and then that we should be like him. Of the first part, what we are to believe, we say nothing now, because our Lord explains no doctrines in this sermon—he could not—he had not yet died, and his disciples did not know what was to follow. Of the second, what we are to be—O what was He? What was the state of mind in which Jesus set about to do his Father’s will? Mark the subjects of his sorrow—mark the sources of his joys—see where his affections lay—see by what measurement he took account of things—where he reprov’d, where he applauded, where he kept silence. What directed his choice between one thing and another—what turned his footsteps this way or that way—what sort of humiliation sunk him below his fellows, what sort of greatness raised him so much above them—what brought him into the crowded city, or sent him alone into the desert, bade him sit down at the feast, or starve in the wilderness? See the motive always, the object always, the spring of action and the end of existence always one. Let us contemplate him not now as God, but as man, walking among men. We lose sight of this too much—for Jesus *was* a man, under the influence of the same feelings and sympathies that act on our own bosoms. Joy in his heart was like joy in ours—sorrow meant with him what it means with us—to express his feeling he uses the same language as we should do—except that perhaps his divine nature made every sensation more intense. We are not required to adopt his manner of living, and follow him in every external action of our lives. We

cannot. But it is in the state of mind that we are to be like him—under influence of the same principles and motives. When Jesus rejoiced, what was the subject of his joy? When Jesus suffered, what was the cause of his anguish? When he spake, why did he speak? When he did any thing, why was it that thing and not another? Engaged perpetually with ordinary matters, for Jesus was no contemplative recluse, in what connexion did they stand before his eyes, and come into his thoughts? Find we one thing of all he ever said, of all he ever thought, or did, or felt, of which self was the object and earth the end?

And then look into the bosom of an ordinary man, and see what he thinks about, feels about, and goes about from sun-rise to sun-set, from his waking to his sleeping hour, and likely through the careful, wakeful night. Self, or some one who is dear because connected with himself, something for self, about self, belonging to self. Self, not spiritual and immortal—but self, animal, perishing. What does he weep for? Earth. What is he glad for? Earth. What does he toil for? Earth. What is he ashamed for? Earth. What is he proud for? Earth. Mark him in his sympathies with others. When he loves—Why? When he pities—Why? When he censures—Why? When he praises—Why? When he obliges—Why? When he avoids?—Why? See if all the actings of his mind are not the emotions of an earthly being towards other earthly beings, without reference to any thing else. Observe what influences him. God says—Is that a reason? God wills—is that an argument? God has ordained—is that a satisfaction? No—it is not in the calculation. Eternity makes nothing to his joys—sin makes nothing to his sorrows—if God has left him, he does not miss him—if he is with him, he does not perceive him: he comes not into mind. His destiny is so exposed to the influences of earth, that every smile or frown of man can reach it, and every breath of man may beautify or blast it—and it is so en-



trenched, impaled, and fortified against Heaven, that no influence from above can lessen or increase it.

Heavenly Father! what a contrast. Is this he who will do thy will? Never, till the heart be changed to something as unlike itself as to the holy Being it claims to be united to. Well at that last day may Jesus repel with abhorrence such a claim. United while so opposite! Can two walk together, except they be agreed? Well may he say, "I never knew you—depart from me." What can he know, what can he accept as God, in the earthliness and selfishness of such a heart—passions that as man entered never into his?

And how will these rejected ones stand amazed in the assembly of those who knelt together here, and acted together in their mighty works, and spoke together their prophetic words; no difference appearing between them, because they saw nothing in religion but opinions which they adopted, and habits which they conformed to. How will they stand amazed, when, side by side with theirs, these bosoms are laid open, to find them seared and scathed with anguish for things that never troubled them, while the impressions of what they have lived for are gone from these, as from sands that the tide has gone over? Bosoms, where the thought of God came in the morning and stayed till eve—and came again at midnight on their slumbers—bowing their heads with shame amid the world's applause, and exalting them to dignity above its utmost reach? These with his Scriptures before them, and on their knees, have studied the pattern of their Saviour's character, and mourned because they were not like it, and prayed for suffering and death to make them so; and in anticipation that they should be like him and be with him, have grown amazed at the measure of their own happiness. And these are like him—distant indeed in degree, but still like him—in that they have lived for what he lived for, and have delighted in what he delighted in—suffered most for what most afflicted him—desired most what was the object of his



cares, and loved most what had the nearest interest in his bosom : and in the ordinary paths of life, they have habitually regarded every thing about them, have calculated, valued, and judged of things, as Jesus did when he walked those paths before them.

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## THE LISTENER.—No. XL.

MR. LISTENER,

But a month ago, I was invited to pass a fortnight at the house of an old and valued friend of my mother's, whom I had never seen. Her letters, however, breathed the tone of true piety, and, as I was informed she had, though early left a widow, brought up a son and daughters in an exemplary manner, I had very little doubt but that my visit would prove very satisfactory. When I arrived at the pleasant mansion of Mrs. Rivers, I found only the female part of the family at home. I was welcomed by her and her daughters with real cordiality : I was much pleased with the lady of the house, and I thought the young ladies elegant and amiable. In the time which elapsed before dinner, they were busily engaged in working for the poor ; and I found by their conversation, that they were deeply interested for the spiritual as well as temporal welfare of their poor dependants. I also discovered that they were well informed and accomplished ; not by their quoting all the books they could remember, or by their displaying all their portfolios of drawings, but by the general rational tone of their discourse, and by the very pretty landscapes and figures of their designing which ornamented the drawing-room. After dinner had passed off, and coffee had made its appearance, a pause ensued in our conversation, when Mrs. Rivers asked me if I was fond of music. On my replying in the affirmative, the two young ladies rose, and with great alacrity proposed play-

ing to me. And while Caroline was arranging the music and piano-forte and Laura tuning the harp, I could not forbear reflecting how often the pleasure awakened by the preparation for music had been damped by the cold indifference of the performers, by the reluctance with which they consented, and by the ill-humour too frequently displayed. But nothing of this kind now allayed my enjoyment, and after listening to some very pretty English and Italian songs, chastely and beautifully executed, Mrs. Rivers said, Come, let us have some sacred music. The young ladies complied; and, to a common observer, it might seem as readily as they had done before; but it might be fancy, or did I not see less of alacrity—I certainly did see a very great willingness to finish the performance. When they had retired to rest, their mother and I continued chatting. She spoke of the piety and amiability of her girls, and, with the parent's tears springing to her eyes, she gave many instances of their self-denial, their charity and self-control. From this subject we wandered to education, and she asked me how I liked their music and singing. I answered, as in truth I might, that seldom had I heard such rich execution, tempered with such judgment and expression. "I am heartily glad to hear it," rejoined Mrs. R., "for their music, first and last, has cost me a thousand pounds, and they have practised six hours every day for many years; but I do wish they would sing a hymn at our family devotions: the servants like it, and would gladly join, if they would lead, but my daughters do not seem to like it, though I tell them they have no idea how it increases the devotion of the lower orders." The day after this conversation was Sunday, and we went to their parish church. Like many country churches, it possessed no organ, but the girls of the Sunday-school and a few young men and women, had been instructed by the parish clerk, and viler squalling, mis-called singing, did I never hear. But judge of my

astonishment, Mr. Listener, when I saw that though my young friends held, like most of the congregation, a hymn-book in their hands, yet there was certainly no singing on their part, no, not even did I see a movement of the lip. At dinner, Mrs. R. deeply lamented the torture which every one's ears must be subject to while hearing the singing in their church; "But," added she, "the parish is poor, and cannot afford to pay a good instructor." I then could not forbear mentioning that the instruction of them by the young ladies might effect some reformation. To my great astonishment they both replied, that they did not think it of such importance, that it did not signify, and that it would be a great deal of trouble. I assured them that twice or thrice a week would fully answer the end designed, and I could not forbear saying, that no part of the worship of God could be of small importance. Mrs. Rivers seconded my opinion, but they remained firm, and here the subject dropped. And when I got into the retirement of my chamber that night, I puzzled for some time to find out the great objection to singing in church themselves, or teaching others to sing. And when I reflected on the express injunction of the Apostle, and on the great help that harmony is, as Mrs. R. observes, to the devotion of many, I wondered why two ladies, on whose music so much expense and pains had been bestowed, should think scorn to dedicate some part of their time and talents to the Almighty, (who gave them their voice and execution,) in praising him themselves, or in teaching others to praise. At last, Mr. Listener, I resolved to apply to you, and resolved to ask you for a solution of my doubts, and if you will tell me why a church is a place in which nobody with a good voice may sing, though every-body with a bad one may do their utmost to annoy and distract the congregation; and what there is in sacred music, as instantly to damp all ardour in the performers; and why those who could execute it with fervour, neglect, and then pay those to perform it in



whose lips the sacred words become mockery and profanation, you will be doing great service to many besides

Your constant reader,

EUGENIA.

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The Listener wishes these questions were more difficult to answer than they are, or that there could be any doubt of the mournful origin of these strange discrepancies. When man was created, his person beautified, and his mind endowed, and placed in the midst of a material creation, whose yet hidden properties he was to discover and improve into sources of most exquisite delights, and instruments of exercise to his own yet unknown faculties, those personal beauties, those mental endowments and those material properties, had all one purpose and one end—the service of God and the happiness of man—for both were then but one, and could not be disunited. When these ends parted, and man chose himself a happiness independent of his Maker, he took to his own share these splendid gifts, these treasured materials of delight, these stores of intellect—another's workmanship—and regardless altogether of the purpose of their creation, devoted them to his own pleasure, honour or advantage, or what in his corruption he considered such. God let it be. He let his beautiful world become a prison-house of villainy, and his splendid gifts the instruments of sin. With those powers that he had created for his glory and his service, he let his creatures make themselves a happiness to which he was no party; till in the revel of possession, they found that they could do without the Giver. Time went on—the beginning was forgotten—man no more remembers how he got these powers, and for what purpose he originally had them—he finds himself in possession, calls them his, and sets about to do with them what he pleases, holds himself responsible to no one for their use, and thinks it a great matter of boast if he does no harm with

them. And now, when God has returned to claim his own, and in the hearts of many has reunited those long-separated ends of our existence, and taught us again that we must live for him, and find happiness in him, and devote ourselves to his service—stupidified by habit and misled by custom, false in our tastes and perverted in our feelings, we are slow to give back to him the embezzled property. Some, in the confusion of their judgment and the honesty of their purpose, throw away their splendid gifts, charge on their powers the folly they have wrought with them, and conceive it their duty to lay talents, intellect and feeling all aside, as parts of that vanity they are called on to forego. Others, more rational in the work of excision, and not quite so honest, take shelter in the plea of “innocency”—and finding that to maintain this plea costs them trouble enough, they will not venture on the deeper question of “utility.” And so, with all our religion, God’s service—aye, and our own happiness too, remains defrauded of those gifts and powers that were solely destined to promote them.

Musick is one of these. It must have been the gift of God. Man did not communicate to the extended wire its vibrations—man did not give to the surrounding air its undulatory motion—man did not organize the ear to such exact responsiveness, or the brain to such acute sensibility of what the ear conveys. Man could not have made musick had God not intended it. The power was his and the gift was his—man has possession and thinks it is his own. It administers to his pleasures—it buys him applause of men—it feeds his unhallowed passions, drives away thought, and helps to make him happy in forgetfulness of what he is and is to be. For these purposes, the worldly parent, if she finds this talent in her child, takes possession of it, expends upon it, as above described, no small portion of another talent committed to her keeping, and occupies with it a fourth, or a sixth, or an eighth part of her children’s early years—perhaps the only years that ever will be theirs—and her heart



never misgives her that she has perverted the gift, or defrauded the giver of this talent. The Christian mother follows her example, though not with the same motive. The talent is now divested of all its unhallowed purposes and dangerous effects. It is acquired without vanity and used without ostentation. Instead of leading the young performer into company, to exhibit herself for admiration, it now contributes to make the excitements of mixed society unnecessary, by supplying her with innocent amusement at home. Never let the Listener be supposed to say a word against the use that is made, in such families, of this delightful talent—the evening recreation of a well-spent day—the home festival of domestick cheerfulness and affection—or the solace perhaps of some anxious, lonely hour. I believe that musick stands thus in many families, entirely divested of every injurious application, and administering to one part of the Creator's purpose in the gift—the happiness of man. But I do question, if it is made anywhere, so much as it might be, subservient to the other—the service and honour of the Giver—or even to the first, in the best and highest sense of our word happiness.

To consider of it first in private. Do we not all know how difficult it is to keep God always in our thoughts, to cultivate perpetual intercourse with him in our hearts, and to have before us such an abiding sense of his presence, as to be our guardian at once from danger and from sin? To do this is the prevailing desire—at least I suppose so—of every Christian bosom; and yet while surrounded with things sensible and earthly, it is the most difficult task we have to perform. If musick is the resource of our lighter hours, might it not be the means of bringing God into our thoughts, rather than as now of driving him out of them by the introduction of other images? If it be the solace of our sadness, might it not better serve the purpose, by bringing together with its soothing melody, the remembrance and images of joys unseen, and hopes as yet unrealized—in



which, as in the mere physical impression of the sound upon our outward organs, the mind might forget, or find a sedative for its anxieties? Indeed, might not musick, to those who like it, be had recourse to for these express purposes, whenever the bosom seems to need it? If musick, under some of its forms, is calculated to excite the passions and intoxicate the spirits, it is in others eminently calculated to allay and pacify, to soften and subdue them. I believe it is capable of exercising a permanent and essential influence on the character, in awakening the gentler dispositions of the mind, and putting to rest the more turbulent. I should in this persuasion be extremely anxious to cultivate a love of musick in young people, whether they play themselves or not, and be much grieved if they showed a dislike to it. I would make it a part of their education with this view, and lead them to such use of it. To still the stormy passions, to soothe the irritated feelings, to elevate the sensual mind, and recall to seriousness the dissipated mind, would be a use of musick acceptable indeed to Him who wills nothing so much as the holiness of his creatures and their restoration to the likeness of his spotless purity. There are many who feel musick thus, and for this desire it. And I dare say there are more Listeners than one, who coming into musical society after a day of hurried occupation, or anxious thoughtfulness, have hoped amid the concord of sweet sounds, to compose their agitated spirits and elevate their earth-bound thoughts; and by the aid of Handel or Mozart, have been very near succeeding, when a noisy Italian Bravura, or a flippant French Madrigal, has put an end to their hopes, and almost to their patience.

In family devotion musick might surely be made far more useful and delightful than it is—though I am aware that in some families it is so used. Perhaps it might be made of more importance. The younger part of the family, on whose musick so much is expending, might be led to consider it as their especial care, and one of

the chief objects of the instruction they are receiving. How beautiful and how invaluable in a young mind, is the habit of referring every thing they receive or do to some higher end than that of temporal advantage or transient gratification.

In our publick service the musical department is indeed deplorable. Our psalms are solemn prayers or devout praises, as much addressed to Heaven and importing to receive attention thence, as any part of the service. As such it is difficult to understand why the minister is not responsible for the performance of this, as for the remainder of the holy ministration; that it should seem to be the business of the clerk, an illiterate always, and generally not a pious man, and perhaps some dozen idlers his companions, on whose taste and feeling is to depend this part of our devotions. The congregation may join, it is true—that is they may if they can—but in excuse for the ladies my correspondent has censured, I must confess that from the choice of tunes or the method of execution, it is not always possible. I doubt not there is in every village, parish, or congregation, musical talent enough, and dearly enough purchased, to make melody meet to be offered as prayer in the courts of the Most High, to instruct those who are willing to be taught, especially the children—and why not others of the poor, their neighbours and dependents—no unfavourable opportunity of teaching them to understand and feel this part of the service? And if under the sanction and direction of the minister, the charge of the psalmody were thus put into their hands—of course I do not mean the publick charge, but the choice of the musick—without preventing any one from joining, I think they might defy the clerk and his companions to destroy their harmony.

Perhaps our female friends will say this rests not with them—they cannot assume a charge not offered them. But my correspondent has produced a case in which they were found unwilling. I can imagine a case in which the minister, whose approbation was necessary,



would be their father, or their well-known friend—or where their rank and influence in the parish would secure a glad compliance, should the proposal come from them. And then how potent is example. Successful and approved in one congregation, it would come to be earnestly solicited in another, and the ladies might, as in most cases they ought to, wait the request. But even where the direction of the singing is not in their hands, but conducted on the present system, we still do not see how the musical ladies of a congregation could better use their expensive accomplishment, than by teaching the children of the schools, and others of the poor, to join with feeling, correctness, and moderation; by which the clerk might be even yet out-sung. If I have in these remarks, gone out of my province, they rose out of the observations of my correspondent, of which every listener in our churches must feel the justness.

For the rest, if it be thought that I have been dreaming instead of listening—and mindless of what is daily before my eyes and in my ears, have let imagination range in things that have no reality—that musick is an innocent play-thing of man's secular estate, in which we may expend as much time as we please, and as much money as we please, and need render no account, it being only intended for our amusement—I think that such an opinion is contrary to the whole tenor of Scripture, to our condition on earth, and preparation for eternity; and I believe that God will some time vindicate his purposes in all that he has created, material or intellectual, and convince us that he gave us all the powers we have for better uses than we have made of them. When the children of Zion were captives in Babylon, they hung their harps upon the willows and forgot their country's songs—for how could they sing the Lord's song in a strange land—their hearts were unstrung and tuneless as their harps. But when they returned to Jerusalem, doubtless they strung the chords afresh, and learned anew the forgotten musick,



and sang again the song that Moses taught them, the psalms their kings and prophets had bequeathed. So should the corrupted world return to the God it has forsaken, and the knowledge of him be established in all the earth, and sin and Satan be expelled from it, this talent, and every other, will find the use for which it was intended—will be made to subserve the holiness as well as the happiness of man, and before all things the glory and worship of the Lord. How shall we think then of our so long misuse? Or if we should never see a time when the earth shall be the Lord's, and the fulness of beauty with which he filled it be recovered from corruption, should we not as individuals, restored ourselves, endeavour to restore every thing else to the holy purpose of its first creation?

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## CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

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### CONVERSATION XVI.

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Shale—Iron-Stone—Fossils—Shells.

MAT.—I have not looked upon the fire since, without recalling the subject of our late conversation; and I must confess Geology has become a very interesting subject to me, as correcting many false ideas I had formed of the things with which I supposed myself most familiar.

MRS. L.—I am glad to hear it. Having dismissed the Coal in our last conversation, we have to speak briefly to-day of its accompanying Strata—for the usefulness of this wonderful formation is not yet exhausted.

ANNE.—You mentioned Shale among the substances that divide the Coal. I am not aware of having heard the word before.

MRS. L.—Shale is a sort of soft Slate, composed of nearly the same materials as the Clay Slate of the Pri-

GEOLOGY.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



Pub. by Baker & Fletcher 18 Finsbury Place.





mary Rocks. Occurring under various circumstances among the Secondary Rocks, it is usually called Shale. Dr. McCulloch thus describes it. "Under the term Shale are included all the Argillaceous Schistes of the Secondary Class, sometimes also known by the inconvenient and awkward name of Slate Clay. These have seldom been found occupying extensive tracts in nature, and it is even rare to find them in considerable beds. The Orkney Islands are, however, an exception to this general rule. They are commonly in the form of thin Strata, often of mere laminae, alternating with the other rocks with which they are associated. Hence they are implied by Geologists, where they are not mentioned in any series, or formation; being as subordinate substances. They present, in this case, a striking analogy to the Argillaceous Schistes of the Primary Class, which often occur in a similar manner among the other rocks of that division. They are found in the lowest Red Sandstone under a great variety of characters; and of this, Arran presents a very striking example. Very commonly also, in this case, they resemble the Graywacke of the Primary Class so strongly, that they cannot be distinguished by their mineral characters; a circumstance already mentioned in treating of that rock. In some instances, as in the Orkney Islands, and on the north-west coast of Scotland, these beds occupy a space so considerable among the rocks with which they are associated, as to be a source of doubt to the Geologist; since under peculiar circumstances of exposure, and of limited access to the series, it may thus be impossible to distinguish them from the Primary Graywacke. In these cases, in fact, there sometimes appears to be an actual transition between the Primary and Secondary Classes; the appearance of such a transition being rendered more perfect by the conformable order of the two. Shale also forms a member of the various Sandstones which lie above the lowest, or Red Sandstone; occurring through the greater number of those with which we are acquainted,

and in some, very conspicuously. In these cases also, it is often very difficult to distinguish it from the finer Graywackes of the Primary series; while, in some instances, it is even easily confounded with Clay Slate, as formerly remarked, unless examined in conjunction with its geological connexions. It occurs in many of the Secondary Limestones, either alternating with the calcareous Strata in considerable beds, or forming thin laminæ, or else entering as a constituent with other substances, into some of the peculiar groups in which many of these are found. Shale is also associated with Coal. In this case, it either alternates with the Coal itself, or forms a component part of the peculiar series of which that substance is the most conspicuous member. Further, it is found among the Clays; some portions of these important deposits appearing to have been indurated into this form, while others have retained their loose, earthy character. The texture of all the Shales is more or less schistose (slaty), and many of them also break according to certain natural joints, by which they are divided in the beds. In other respects they present many different aspects, arising from the greater or less fineness of their materials, or the variety of substances which enter into their composition. They sometimes also contain larger fragments or nodules of the rocks, from the decomposition of which they have been formed. Lastly, they contain organic remains both vegetable and animal. In the Limestones, they are often the principal repository of the shells which appertain to these groups of beds. They are also the occasional repositories, like Marl and Coal, of the remains of vegetables. From analogous causes they are also often impregnated with bitumen, even in such excess, as to be imperfectly combustible." *Fig. 1* is a specimen of Shale.

MAT.—Shale then, it appears, is the ruins of the Primary Slates, as Graywacke and Grit, with which it associates, are of the Granites, Marbles, &c.

MRS. L.—This is probably the case; with a mixture



of Clay or other substances that have floated with them, and been deposited and hardened into the same mass. Another substance which very often attends the Coal formations, is Argillaceous Iron-stone, both in layers and nodules; and although a poor ore of Iron, very seldom yielding more than thirty per cent. of metal, it becomes, from its associating with Coal and Limestone, (substances required for its reduction,) a most important natural product; it is the main source of the enormous quantities of Iron manufactured in this country; and the history of the various difficulties which have been surmounted in completing the processes of its reduction, presents an unrivalled picture of skill, ingenuity, and perseverance." I shall not speak more particularly of Iron-stone now—it will occur again. The argillaceous Iron-stone here spoken of, is, as its name implies, a mixture of Clay, Argil, and Iron-sand, of which we shall say more hereafter. For this the mines, exhausted of their Coal, are sometimes dug again—the walls, and roofs, and divisions of the Coal-beds containing layers or nodules of iron-stone; from which, by a laborious process of burning away the dross, one of our most valuable commodities is produced. It now only remains that I show you some of the Fossils of this valuable Strata.

ANNA.—That is a part of our study that I feel particularly curious about. It unfolds facts and circumstances so mysterious.

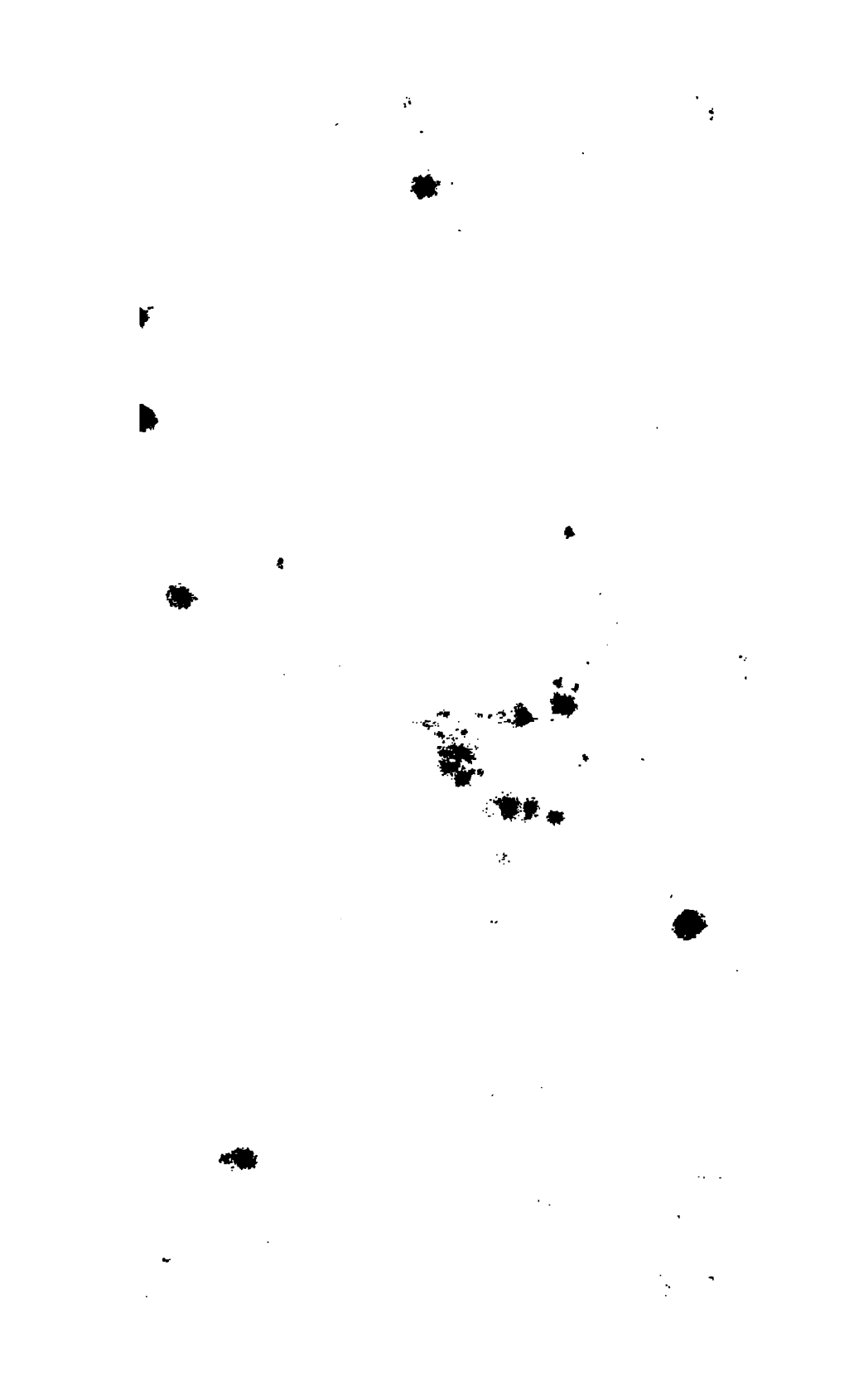
MRS. L.—I have adopted this method of producing specimens of Fossils with those of the earths that contain them, in order to introduce you to this study, and make you familiar with the terms of it; the frequent introduction of which, in Geological works, without explanation, renders them obscure to the uninformed reader. The Fossils contained in these Strata, besides the vegetables of which I have given you one specimen, and of which *Fig. 2* is another, being the impressions of the exterior bark of some unknown vegetable, called by Fossilists, *Phytolithus Cancellatus*, are shells of different



forms. And here perhaps I had better explain to you that shells in the fossil, as well as the recent kingdom, are called Univalved, Bivalved, or Multivalved, according as they are formed of a single shell, two shells, or more. Among the Fossils of the Sandstone and Coal Strata, there are specimens both of the Univalve and Bivalve Shells. Of the former are the Ammonites, which I have already shewn you in *Plate 11*. Another is the Orthocera, or Orthoceratites, *Fig. 3—Plate 16*. Conchologists would call this a Univalve, because the shell is but one, and multilocular, because the inside is divided into many chambers, by projections of the shell, called Septa. *Fig. 4*, is a Bivalve, termed *Mytilus*; it is also described as Equivalve, because both shells are alike. Another Bivalve, is the *Unio*, *Fig. 5*, and there are others of nearly similar construction. These remains of the living things of other days, have given rise to much conjecture and enquiry respecting the element they inhabited, some being asserted to be the inhabitants of salt water, and others of fresh water. But I confess I am not satisfied with any of the arguments I have read in proof of this assertion. In the above specimens, the Ammonites, Orthocera, and others, are known to live in salt water: the *Unio* is said to live in fresh water only, but this seems difficult to prove. If it should be so, it would not be difficult to imagine, in any great convulsion, a mixture of the two; but it becomes very extraordinary, when we find they are not intermixed, but laid separately in successive, and often alternating beds: of which we shall speak more hereafter.

MAT.—I apprehend we are now advancing very near the surface of our globe, are we not?

MRS. L.—You forget that you do not necessarily advance nearer the exterior of the globe than you began; for the lowest, remember, is often the highest. In fact, the Alluvial deposits, which are the latest deposition, occupy the valleys, and low grounds only; while the first-formed substances claim the elevations. To





T. Eyre del.

Ash Tree.  
*Fraxinus Excelsior.*  
*Diandria Monogynia.*



proceed, "leaving the districts of Red Sandstone, and Red Marle, we observe a change in the general aspect of the country. There are no steep or abrupt precipices; the hills assume a more picturesque and luxuriant character, and the rugged features of Primary country, are here softened down into gentle slopes, and verdant plains. The rocks which now occur, are chiefly varieties of Limestone and Sandstone, particularly prolific in organic remains; among which we discern a number of species, of which no living semblance is now in existence. Corals, Zoophites, Ammonites, Belemites, Nautili, and a variety of other fossil remains, are found in the Argillaceous Limestones, which succeed in position to the Red Sandstone, and which are often called White and Blue Lias Limestone. The coast of Dorsetshire, between Weymouth and Lyme, presents a very interesting section of these Strata; and their continuation through the country, is well entitled to the notice of the Geologist. They decompose into Marl, and furnish an ingredient in the best water cements. Sometimes they are of a peculiar colour, and contain Magnesia, when the fossil remains are less frequent."

MAT.—I am disposed to stop you for an explanation of all these new terms.

MRS. L.—The Ammonites I have shown you—Corals you know—Zoophites are of the Sponge tribe—*Fig. 6*, is a Spirifer—*Fig. 7*, a Belemnite.

## DESCRIPTION OF BRITISH TREES.

### No. XVI.

Ash Tree—*Fraxinus*.

THE Common Ash Tree, *Fraxinus Excelsior*, grows naturally in most parts of England, and is of great value as timber.

"The timber of the Ash (the Oak only excepted) serves for the greater variety of uses of any tree in the forest. Though a handsome

tree, it ought not to be planted for ornament in places designed to be kept neat, because the leaves fall off, with their long stalks, very early in the autumn, and by their litter destroy the beauty of such places. It should never be planted on the borders of tillage lands, because the dripping of the leaves is extremely injurious to corn, and the roots have a powerful tendency to draw the nourishment from the soil. Neither should it be planted near pasture ground, for if the cows eat the leaves or shoots, the butter will have a disagreeable taste."—HUNTER.

"The use of the Ash is, next to the Oak itself, one of the most universal. It serves the soldier—

'From Pelion's cloudy top, an Ash entire  
Old Chiron fell'd, and shaped it for his sire.'—HOMER.

and heretofore the scholar, who made use of the inner bark to write on, before the invention of paper."—EVELYN.

The knots and joints of the wood are often curiously marked, so as to be very valuable for tables, &c. In this are many reputed wonders.

"Upon which is mentioned that of Jacobus Gafferellus, in his book of 'Unheard of Curiosities:' namely, of a tree found in Holland, which, being cleft, had in several shivers, the figures of a chalice, a priests alb, his stole, and his several other pontifical vestments."

EVELYN.

"The Manna-Tree, commonly called *Ornus* by botanists, is a kind of Ash, and is to be found under the name of *Fraxinus Ornus* in Linnaeus. In all the woods near Naples, the Manna-tree is to be found very often, but for want of cultivation, it never produces any Manna, and is rather a shrub than a tree. The Manna is generally of two kinds, not on account of the intrinsic quality of them being different, but because they are got in a different manner. In order to have the Manna, those who have the management of the woods of the Orni, in the months of July and August, when the weather is very dry and warm, make an oblong incision, and take off the bark of the tree, about three inches in length and two in breadth; they leave the wound open, and by degrees the Manna runs out, and is almost suddenly thickened to its proper consistence, and is found adhering to the bark of the tree. This Manna is collected in baskets, and goes under the name of *Manna Grassa*. When the people want to have a very fine Manna, they apply to the incision of the bark thin straw, or small bits of shrubs, so that the Manna, in coming out, runs upon these bodies, and is collected in a sort of regular tubes, which give it the name of *Manna in Cannolis*, Manna in tubes."—D. CIRILLI.

"The ashes of the wood afford very good pot-ash—the bark is used for tanning calf-skins."—WITHERING.



SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS  
ON THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

CONVERSATION XIV.

CLASS ARTICULATA—SUB-CLASS ARACHNIDA.

*Spiders, Scorpions.*

HENRY.—Anna and I have had a little dispute on the qualities of spiders, father. She says they are poisonous; but I maintain that I never heard of any one being poisoned by them.

PAPA.—There is a vulgar prejudice against spiders, which, I am sorry to say, is very prevalent even among well-informed people. I remember once to have seen a party of ladies, very sensible and intelligent women too, upon the whole, thrown into the utmost confusion and alarm by the appearance of a poor little spider on the hearth-rug. I could scarcely help smiling at the ridiculous appearance they made, all mounted on chairs to be out of the way, while I was left to encounter the redoubtable object of their terror alone.

The spiders in our country certainly possess no power to do us harm, and it would be well for young people, if, instead of shunning them, they would accustom themselves to observe and to imitate their diligence and patient perseverance. Solomon, you know, speaks of the spider among the “four things, which, though little upon earth, are exceeding wise.” “She layeth hold with her hands,” he says, “and is in kings’ palaces.”

ANNA.—But are there none poisonous, papa?

PAPA.—I do not mean to affirm that none possess venomous properties. There is a species in Italy, the bite of which is said to be very dangerous, and even mortal: the bite of the tarantula, another species found in Italy, Barbary, and the East Indies, produces swelling



and inflammation: and according to Mr. Jackson, there is one found in Morocco, and called there the *Tendarainan*, whose venom is of such a virulent nature, that persons bitten by it, survive but a few hours. This spider is about the size and colour of a hornet, and spins a web so fine as to be almost invisible. These are certainly exceptions; but they are the only exceptions with which I am acquainted, to the general assertion that spiders are perfectly harmless.

HENRY.—That astonishing German lady, Anna Maria Schurman, used, it is said, to eat spiders like nuts; which she affirmed they much resembled in taste.

PAPA.—She was not alone in her propensity. Reaumur tells us of a young lady, who when she walked in her grounds, never saw one that she did not take and crack upon the spot; and the celebrated French astronomer, Lalande, was, we are informed, equally fond of these delicacies.

HENRY.—I believe there is a large species in New Caledonia which are greedily devoured by the inhabitants.

PAPA.—Yes: we are told that they roast and eat them with great avidity. Spiders form too an important article in the list of the Boshies-man's dainties.

HENRY.—Well, I have no desire to partake of such dainties, for my part: I would much rather see them feasting themselves in the stable on the flies which annoy my horse.

PAPA.—In the stable they are especially useful. I have charged the groom never on any account to destroy a cobweb there.

HENRY.—Spiders can endure long abstinence, can they not?

PAPA.—Very long: with all their industry and cunning, they are sometimes obliged to fast for half a year or more. October is their gala month; and consequently the month during which they are most active and vigorous; for as flies and gnats are then losing their

energies and sinking into a torpid state, they fall easy victims into the toils of their adversaries.

Spiders are remarkable for their instinctive ingenuity and skill. In my opinion they surpass even "the half-reasoning beaver" in the intelligence displayed in their operations. There are several which dig for themselves subterranean habitations, the entrance to which they close in a most artificial manner. One in particular, found in the southern part of France—one of the hunters that we were speaking of the other day, Anna—digs for itself a shaft in the ground two or three feet deep; the sides of which it lines with a web to keep it from falling in, and actually secures the entrance by a door turning upon a hinge, and exactly fitted to the aperture. "It does not indeed, like us, compose it of wood, but of several coats of dried earth, fastened together with silk. When finished, its outline is as perfectly circular as if traced with compasses; the inferior surface is convex and smooth; the superior flat and rough, and so like the adjoining earth as not to be distinguishable from it. This door the ingenious artist fixes to the entrance of her gallery by a hinge of silk, which plays with the greatest freedom, and allows it to be opened and shut with ease; and, as if acquainted with the laws of gravity, she invariably fixes the hinge at the *highest* side of the opening, so that the door, when pushed up, shuts again by its own weight. She has not less sagaciously left a little edge or groove just within the entrance upon which the door closes, and to which it fits with such precision that it seems to make but one surface with it." This door she also barricades with a web; and if an attempt be made from without to open it, she will endeavour to hold it fast by fixing her fore-feet in this web, and her hinder ones against the walls of the cell.

HENRY.—It is a very curious and striking example of instinct: indeed it seems to amount almost to an exertion of reason.



ANNA.—You mentioned the tarantula just now, papa; is it true that its bite is cured by music and dancing?

PAPA.—O no, my dear. It is merely the vulgar story of the Italian peasantry, who are pleased to practise a trick on credulous travellers by making them believe it.

HENRY.—The scorpion appears to me the most dreadful creature in this class of animals.

PAPA.—It has deservedly been, in every age, an object of terror and abhorrence: indeed we can hardly think of one of those ferocious animals, nearly as large perhaps as a small lobster, advancing in its usual menacing attitude with expanded claws and its many jointed tail turned over its head, without a feeling of horror arising from its disgusting appearance and its well-known malignity.

HENRY.—I do not know whether the bite of those in France and Italy is often attended with serious consequences.

PAPA.—I believe not; except to small animals: but those of warmer climates often produce very baneful effects. "The sting of certain kinds common in South America causes fevers, numbness in various parts of the body, tumours in the tongue, and dimness of sight; which symptoms last from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. The only means of saving the lives of our soldiers who were stung by them in Egypt was amputation. One species is said to occasion madness; and the bite of the black scorpion, both of South America and of Ceylon, is frequently mortal."

The wound they inflict is extremely painful. It is said you know of the symbolical locusts mentioned in the Revelation, that "their torment was as the torment of a scorpion when he striketh a man:" a comparison which gives us a dreadful idea of the sufferings they occasion.

It seems a kind provision of Providence that their ferocity is unrelentingly exerted towards their own species. They kill and devour their own young without



pity as soon as they are hatched, and are equally savage to their fellows when grown up.

ANNA.—I am glad we have none of them here, papa.

PAPA.—We have reason for thankfulness, my dear, in our general freedom from noxious animals in this happy island. I believe there are very few, of any kind, that can render us material personal injuries; and there are none, that I know of, that can cause death. Z. Z.

## GEOGRAPHICAL READINGS.

### No. III.

#### IRELAND.

"Il diviso del mondo, l'ultima Irlanda."

*Gierusalemme Liberata, Cant. 1.*

"GREEN isle of the ocean," "Emerald gem of the western wave"—such are the titles bestowed on Ireland by our ancient bardic writers, and justly does this beautiful island merit their praise. In length, it measures from north to south 280 miles, and in breadth, 160. Like its sister country, it is in some parts rocky and mountainous, in others fertile and level. Many rivers traverse its plains: amongst the principal are the Shannon, which may vie with our majestic Thames, the Blackwater and the Suire, the Barrow, the Boyne, famous for the battle fought on its banks, which gained William the crown of Ireland, the Liffy, the Bann, and the Dery. Canals, too, abound, as well as in England, and afford an easy carriage through the kingdom. The principal lakes are those of Killarney, whose romantic beauties are justly celebrated. They are divided into the Upper and Lower Lakes, and their banks are clothed with the scarlet-berried arbutus, while the well-wooded Islands, scattered on the bosom of the waters, add fresh beauty to this enchanting scene. Lakes Earn, Neagh, Foyle, Swilly, and Dery, are also much spoken

of. The mountains are Mourne, and Iveah, the Wicklow Hills, and Mangerton, and Turk, near Lake Killarney. Like England, it has few cascades; but those of the Shannon, and the falls of the Dargle, near Lord Powerscourt's enchanting domain, are well able to vie in picturesque beauty with any foreign falls. Its mineral riches are very great—iron, tin, lead,—nay, silver, and even gold—have been found; and the hopes of discovering a mine of the last mentioned metals, induced many to risk considerable sums. But a prospect better founded was opened in the year 1751, by the discovery of a very rich copper mine at Arklow, which still amply repays its owners for their expense. The lead mines of Ireland produce large quantities of silver. Many species of marble have been discovered in Ireland, but few of them appear to be of any use. The Wicklow pebbles, when polished, form very handsome necklaces, and pearls have been found in the Shannon and other rivers. But the most astonishing phenomenon connected with mineralogy in Ireland, is the Giant's Causeway. This wonderful basaltic structure, with which my readers are well acquainted, is supposed to extend under the sea, as far as the Isle of Staffa. It has often been aptly compared to the palace of some mighty being, and in gazing on it, one may every moment expect to see the portals unclosed, and its dread inhabitant come forth to view the bold intruders. Another extraordinary feature in Ireland are the bogs, which, perhaps, whether we consider their extent, or their peculiar conformation, are unparalleled. Many have been drained, but the most bid fair to defy the efforts of man; yet even they yield something useful, as they are frequently used in the construction of the Irish cabin, and produce that well known fuel peat. Numberless conjectures have been formed as to the time and manner of their beginning, but nearly every one has failed, from the circumstance of their being equally applicable to every other country, where no bogs



are to be found. It is, however, a curious fact, that utensils of pottery, iron, and even gold ornaments, &c. have been discovered under their surface. The picturesque round towers, too, have greatly puzzled the antiquary as to the time of their erection, and the use of their erection. Enormous horns of the morse or deer kind are frequently found, and many species of extinct animals have been discovered in a fossil state. The Irish appear to have been once a very refined nation, but the barbarous policy of their English conquerors, who destroyed all their records, has left us little light on the subject, but that of tradition. The Irish language so closely resembles the Punic, as to be used in translating a scene in Plautus, written in that dialect, which had hitherto defied every effort to render it intelligible. For her vegetable productions, Ireland greatly resembles her sister country; but we have, we believe, noticed, that the arbutus, rarely, if ever found in England, grows in profusion in Ireland. The country, in many parts, is very destitute of wood, but the pastures are fine. The lower orders chiefly feed on potatoes, and their vigorous constitutions speak highly in favour of this simple diet. The animal productions, too, closely resemble those of Great Britain, though it is evident, from the fossil remains, that many gigantic quadrupeds must have formerly inhabited Ireland. The seas abound in fish, which supply a profitable article of commerce. The manufactures of Ireland, owing to the disturbed state of the country, are few; but that of linen, established by the patriotism of Dr. Samuel Madden, proves to how high a pitch they might carry their industry. The great superiority of the Irish linen to the English, has been sometimes attributed to the greater flexibility of the fingers of the Irish spinning women, owing to the great moisture of the air. The exports are numerous; the vast numbers of cattle furnish abundance of beef and butter; they also export in great quantities cattle, hides, wool, suet, tallow, wood, cheese, wax, honey, salt, hemp, flax, furs, frieze, linen,



and thread. The character of the inhabitants is highly impetuous, warm, and ungovernable; they are unalterable in their attachment, and many beautiful tales have been selected of the readiness with which they have risked their lives to save those of others to whom they owed any obligation. They are extremely hospitable—the poorest peasant in Ireland will offer to the stranger an *air* of the fire, with potatoes and butter-milk, and minds no trouble in setting him right, if he have lost his way, even though it take him ten miles out of his own. They have a great fund of native humour—their well-known blunders, entitled bulls, are a great characteristic in even the higher ranks of society. They possess a great fund of oratory, ingenuity, and strong good sense, but their inordinate love of whiskey, and their highly irritable characters, frequently occasion much bloodshed and confusion. The state of the peasantry in some parts of the country, is wretched in the extreme, but in others, it is greatly improved. The established religion is that of the Church of England, but the prevailing one is the Roman Catholic. Great rebellions have often taken place in Ireland, but the state of the people, to which they are reduced by the absenteeism of the nobility and gentry, and the oppression of the petty farmers, must, in some measure, plead their excuse. Great pains have lately been taken to ameliorate the condition of the peasantry; and we may hope that, ere long, Ireland will as firmly unite with her sister countries in every respect, as in the three divisions of the national emblem—the green and graceful shamrock. And perhaps I cannot better conclude this article, than with the lines from the pen of a highly celebrated poet, whose candour has given the generous and warm-hearted natives of the Emerald Isle their due.

Hark! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,  
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy;  
His jest while each blithe comrade flings,  
And moves to death with military glee.

Boast, Erin, boast them! tameless, frank, and free;  
 In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,  
 Rough nature's children, humourous as she;  
 And he, yon chieftain—strike the proudest tone  
 Of thy bold harp, green Isle!—the hero is thine own.

THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

EUGENIA.

## HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

*"When I remember thee upon my bed."*—Psalm lxi. 6.

In the mid silence of the voiceless night,  
 When chas'd by airy dreams the slumbers flee,  
 Whom in its darkness does my spirit seek,  
 O God, but Thee?

And if there seem a weight upon my breast,  
 Some vague impression of the day foregone,  
 Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee,  
 And lay it down.

Or if it be such heaviness as comes  
 In token of anticipated ill,  
 My bosom takes no care for what it means,  
 Since 'tis thy will.

And oh! in spite of past or future care,  
 Or any thing beside, how joyfully  
 Passes that silent, solitary hour,  
 My God, with Thee!

More tranquil than the bosom of the night,  
 More peaceful than the stillness of that hour,  
 More bless'd than any thing, my bosom lies  
 Beneath thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire  
 Of all that it can give or take from me—  
 Or what is there in heaven that I need,  
 My God, but thee?

## RETIREMENT.

THE bold adventurer, mid-way on his course  
To some far island that his fancy dreams,  
Where mis-shaped animals and forms grotesque  
Prowl over regions of embowel'd gold,  
Becomes full soon impatient of the calm  
That holds him anchor'd in the glassy bay:  
And longs—aye, longs to hear the dashing wave  
In reckless fury bursting o'er his bows.  
And so the warrior, too, the battle shout  
Of victory still ringing in his ears,  
Unscath'd in limb, in spirit unsubdued,  
Distastes the plays and pleasures of the court,  
And lists in proud impatience for the call  
To higher glories and to fresher bays.  
But is there not a time? Can fancy's dream  
Of things that may be, though as yet unfound,  
And treasures hidden though we know not where,  
But worth the seeking were it but to know—  
Can they go on for ever? And when worn  
And wasted with defeat, and wounded deep;  
And if perchance the tardy victory come,  
With scarce a limb to hang the ribbons on—  
O is there not a time, when satisfied,  
Alike of what it has and has not found,  
In doubt if there are treasures yet to find,  
Or caring not to have them, if there are—  
The spirit asks no better boon of Heaven  
Than to repose between the earth and skies,  
To tread a soil that footsteps have not worn,  
To breathe an air untainted and unfoul'd  
By contact with the impurities of earth—  
And as the eye sees nothing intervene  
Between this fair creation of his love  
And that far heaven, where we think He dwells,  
So in the purified and chasten'd soul  
To feel no baser interest interfere  
Between our spirit and the God of love?

O yes, believe it—there does come an hour  
When spirits brave, and bold, and blithely fitted,  
Ardent to know, and panting to perform,  
Have had enough—and, sicken'd, or asham'd,



Tire never of the shelter that receives them,  
 From life's impetuous and unhallow'd cares,  
 To days of meditation, peace, and prayer.  
 And vainly then may wealth and fame invite  
 And fancy tell of mighty deeds to do—  
 The treasures are laid up—the store is full—  
 The pure and molten gold has pass'd the fire,  
 And proved itself eternal—now we ask  
 But time to count our treasures, and possess them,  
 And live upon that rich celestial store  
 Earth can add nothing too, nor all the waste  
 Of time or of eternity exhaust :  
 And hear—not earth's cold counsels or its fame—  
 But, safer far, to list the harmony  
 Of nature's musick ; and by the lark,  
 That sings ere day-light opens, be reminded  
 Of that unseen and near approaching day :  
 And do—have we not done enough?—of sin,  
 Of folly, and of our own false will—  
 Heaping the evil measure of our doings  
 Till scarce eternal misery may requite them ?  
 Now rather give us time to tell them over  
 And take the value of them ; and be taught  
 Or e'er that day arrive, the sum we owe,  
 How much must pay, or how much be forgiven :  
 Cease the world's music—cease the battle strife—  
 Cease all alike, and stop the cumbrous wheels  
 Of earth's machinery—silent and serene  
 That we may rest awhile without their noise  
 Or ever we depart beyond their reach ;  
 And earth's poor interests willingly foregone,  
 Make God our all before He claims to be so.

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Psalm cxlvii. 11.

O LET me call thee Father—for to me
 Above all other names, that name is sweet ;
 And if I am thy child, admit the plea,
 When I approach before thy mercy seat.

O look upon me in thy best beloved,
 I come to thee in Jesus' precious name ;
 And in my Lord, accepted and approved,
 Let me thy guidance, thy protection claim ;

And tenderest love—unworthy as I am,
 His spirit bids me, "Abba, Father," cry—
 Let me in him, for "Worthy is the Lamb,"
 Meet the loved radiance of Jehovah's eye.

Here, O my Father, is my soul's repose;
 Thine eye is ever beaming from above
 With pleasure, with complacency on those,
 Whose hope is in thy covenanted love.

VERITA.

WHERE is my heart? Dear Lord, with thee,
 And all the little flock who bear
 Thy name and likeness—where I see
 That mark impressed, my heart is there;
 With friends on earth and friends above,
 With all who love the Lord I love.

In thee alone it finds repose,
 Or where thy beams reflected shine;
 No other resting place it knows,
 But thee, O Lord, or thee in thine;
 Whose lips confess, whose actions prove
 They truly love the Lord I love.

Whate'er their country or their name,
 With such, when privileged to meet,
 Kindred and fellowship I claim,
 And converse hold—communion sweet:
 For still my heart will freely move
 To all who love the Lord I love.

When thou shalt raise us to the skies,
 Circling thine everlasting throne,
 As from one heart, one song shall rise,
 The theme, THY NAME, and thine alone:
 Thou wilt thy perfect work approve,
 Where all will love the Lord I love.

IOTA.

WARNING ON THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

(For the Assistant of Education.)

ABOUT a month since, I paid a visit to a young friend who had been one of my school-fellows, and with whom I parted last Midsummer. She was eighteen years of age—an orphan—an heiress—the representative of rank, wealth, and beauty. No one ever entered upon life with more sanguine or fairer prospects of happiness. Her many friends were affectionate and sincere, her wants were supplied as soon as named, and even forestalled, her slightest wish was gratified, pleasures suited to her age were provided for her, and she was permitted and encouraged to dispense charity with a liberal hand to all who needed it. She was not spoilt by prosperity or indulgence—her active kindness, her gaiety, her winning manners, won the affection of all around her; and to promote the happiness of others was her constant aim. Ever the gayest of the gay, she was the soul of mirth and joy: no dream of sorrow ever caused her to shed a tear, no forebodings of misfortune ever checked her buoyant spirit. If she sometimes wept that she stood alone in the world without one with whom she may claim kindred, that father, mother, brothers, all were gone, her tears were for those she had never known, and her sorrow was of that holy and chastened nature that exalts the thoughts and soothes the heart. To her this world was no passing wilderness—it was a valley of delight—she gathered every flower, inhaled each breath of gladness, found sources of pleasure at every step, and when she lingered, it was not to meditate on the past or the future, but to dwell on the present as the fairest, the loveliest scene. Her's was not that pale and melancholy

loveliness that seems to warn us it is only a sojourner on earth, but that luxuriant glow of health and spirit which breathes of life and joy. I saw her as playful, as glad-some as when we parted. We talked over old times and old companions, our childish joys and childish sorrows. She showed me her books, her drawings, the course of reading she had drawn up, the plans she had formed for the employment of her time, for her studies, &c. "And see, dear, I have done what we so often used to talk of doing;" and she placed before me a large musick-book, into which she had copied all the airs to which words have been written in the Assistant. "You must hear my piano, for it is such a beautifully toned instrument—Mr. L—— gave it to me on my birthday; so I will sing and play my favourite;" and she sang "Tell me not of friends untrue." "And now I will show you my green-house, but wait one minute;" and she ran to fetch me a cloak. "Had you not better put something on yourself, Isabel," said I, as she tied it round me. "O no: I love the wind of heaven to blow on me; you need not fear—it will not harm me; for I never take cold, or ever had I a day's illness." "We will do as we used to do, Isabel," and encircling each other's waist with our arms, we folded the cloak round us, and walked up and down the garden as we were wont to do when at school. She told me of all she meant to do this winter, of the merry Christmas she was to spend with her guardian at her own mansion, and the happiness she hopes to diffuse among her tenantry. "Mr. L. is so very kind," said she—"I never propose any thing (reasonable) which he does not accede to. Mrs. L. has written for little Mary (a poor neglected school-fellow) to spend the next holydays with us; and I hope your Mama will be able to spare you, Elizabeth—I should be so happy. I often wish ——" but why repeat wishes never gratified, intentions never fulfilled.

She, whose merry smile, whose merry glance cheered and gladdened every heart, is mouldering in the dust.

She took the typhus fever; and her hitherto perfect state of health rendering it impossible to reduce her strength with sufficient rapidity, the day week after she was taken ill, she was laid in the grave.

We hear, we read of such things—a sigh, an involuntary shudder, dismisses them from our thoughts. It happens to one of our acquaintance—of our friends, and then, alas! the impression is but transitory. Still we defer making religion our constant guide. We think we are young, and time lies before us—in sickness, in sorrow, we will seek comfort from God. But deceive not yourselves—you must worship your Creator in the days of your youth, to find him a refuge in time of trouble. And remember that life is short, that man is like a shadow that passeth away, and that in the midst of life we are in death; that we cannot say with certainty we will do this, and we will do that, for we know not if to-morrow's sun will rise for us. Whilst engaged in the pursuits, or enjoying the pleasures of this life, your souls may be required of you. Remember that after death cometh judgment, and before the throne of God a sudden death will be no excuse for commandments transgressed, duties neglected, parental commands disobeyed, parental love slighted. Then worship God in the days of your youth, and find mercy early in his sight: and watch, and pray, and be stedfast in well-doing, for ye know neither the day nor the hour in which death cometh.

A

HINT FOR THE DISPOSAL OF CAST-OFF APPAREL.

ONE of the uses of a periodical publication is to call attention to whatever may seem worthy of it. In a small tract, written for the poor, entitled *James Heselden*, we

met with the following remarks; and thinking them more appropriate to the rich, who will probably not see them there, we asked leave of the author to transfer them to our pages.

"I cannot let slip the present opportunity of dropping a hint to those in a superior station of life, if any such should condescend to cast their eyes over this little book, to those Christians especially who view the heart as the seat of every thing that is unholy, and from their knowledge of the corruption of our nature, desire carefully to guard against every thing which may be the occasion of sin, either in others or themselves. I would address myself to such persons, and ladies in particular, whether they have not observed the increasing and prevailing love of dress among the lower orders, especially among that useful and most necessary part of the community, female servants. I would gently remind them, that one great cause of this growing evil, is the practice too generally pursued by mistresses, of giving to their domesticks their own cast-off clothes. A servant having once put on a gown worn by her mistress, can no longer be satisfied with the plain apparel suited to her purse, or rather her station—for it is to be lamented, in this point of view, that flimsy, showy dress is in reality cheaper than good and substantial articles. Is it not natural, when a servant apes to be a lady, which, in her estimation, consists chiefly in dressing like one, she should despise those in her own sphere, and seek and desire the attention of her superiors? Surely in this enlightened age, when the true principles of Christianity are every day more and more clearly understood, it becomes a necessary duty to put some check on the vanity, which the present practice of mistresses seems rather calculated to encourage. But how, some will say, can that of which you complain be avoided? Can we differ from the usual practice? How are we to dispose of our cast-off clothes? The first question is easily set at rest: if none will dare to do right because others do wrong, then they are shackled indeed; shackled in a manner which, in this age of free enquiry, can scarcely be believed possible; but as to what may be done with the clothes, I wish it were as easy to abolish the custom referred to, as it is to find out more advisable means for their disposal. Are there not among your acquaintance some well-educated and reduced persons pining in solitude, in need perhaps of the necessaries of life, debarred the society of their equals, for want of the means of making a respectable appearance? To such, how acceptable would be an annual present of half-worn articles of dress! If you fear wounding the feelings of such persons, the articles may be sent anonymously; or if you are strangers to such claimants on your kindness, commit your little wardrobe to that interesting society, supported by members of the Church of England, for assisting married clergymen with small incomes. How valuable would fine half-worn materials be to those who, with the feelings and education of gentlewomen, live on a pittance far inferior to the wages of our men-servants! If I am not mis-informed, there are many instances where clergymen have only £30 a year to subsist on. I knew a lady once, who was a pattern for a manager of a family, and whose habits of regularity and economy

induced her to put every thing to its best use. She dressed handsomely and expensively without being extravagant; every thing that she put off as unwearable for herself, she laid aside in a chamber allotted to the purpose, and once a year she sorted and arranged the articles; the more common ones she would give to her nurse and lady's-maid, but the greatest part of them she sent off to a young lady of small income, whose ingenuity and industry converted them to so good a use, as to make them scarcely known again, even to the lady who sent them. Sometimes a friend, hearing of her judicious plan for using these things, would send her a considerable addition to her store, when it was a fresh pleasure to dispatch this second packet, and to think of the happiness she was conferring.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Biblical Researches, and Travels in Russia, &c. By E. Henderson, author of *Iceland, &c.* Nisbet, Berners-street, London. 1826.

THE interest with which this work is perused, will depend very much upon the mind of the reader—whether that which was the purpose of the author's travel, and of course the chief object of his attention, be a subject of interest or a matter of indifference. There are many to whom a Bible is a thing of no value. It may have sometimes disturbed their happiness, but has added nothing to it. It may have robbed them of some Sabbath hours of profit or amusement, but has never cheered their spirits or enhanced their gains. It is impossible that any one so circumstanced should care where Bibles are and where they are not—and the purpose of the expedition, and the biblical tone of it, will give them too much disgust, to admit of their liking the book, however entertaining else. There are others who, without despising the possession, hold it so common as not to need a *fuss*. They see Holy Bibles in every bookseller's window, and Holy Bibles upon the shelves of every library—and ever since they were born they have had so many more Bibles than were necessary, they are at a loss to conceive

how Bibles can be scarce, and why £100,000 a year should be spent in printing them, and the world put in commotion to circulate them. They tell us in their simplicity that the world is overstocked with Bibles—Bibles old and new can be bought at any stall for the value of a song—How can (a want that never has been felt), the world want Bibles? Or if for shame they do not say so, at heart they are sick to death with hearing of Bible Reports, Bible Researches, &c. &c.—not so much that they do not consider the Scriptures of any value, as because, not over-much given to thinking beyond the sphere of their observations, they cannot conceive of any body's wanting a Bible and not being able to get it. They have not imagined among civilized people under a European government, in a *Christian* country, an intelligent man, possessed of a number of religious books, in whose mind so great an interest was excited by a *part* of the New Testament put into his hand, that he sate up all night to read it—of another who had heard there was such a book, but had seen no part of it but the Psalms—of churches, towns, and monasteries, of which it is worthy of remark that they have a copy of the Bible—of Bishops who, if they had a Bible, could not read it. How difficult is it to conceive a want that never has been felt, or estimate a delight we can never experience—that of possessing for the first time the words of life and truth. Yet it would be well to stretch our minds to a little larger compass, before we either express ourselves thus foolishly, or feel disgust so unreasonable. To us who, though we have never wanted a Bible, have known moments when to want one would have been more painful than to want bread, and to have one has been joy, when other joy would have been very difficult to find, this narrative presents pictures of very lively interest respecting the professed object of the journey; besides much amusing detail respecting places and people with whom we are but little acquainted: the travellers having passed through Russia and Russian Tartary, to the shores of the Caspian

and the Caucasian Mountains, for the purpose of planting or encouraging societies and depositaries for the distribution and sale of Bibles, in the languages of the country: and however stale a thing a Bible Society Committee may seem in an English country town, we cannot without interest imagine a committee of Don Cossacks on the banks of the Don. The book is written in a light and entertaining style, and except a few pages of Biblical criticism interesting only to the curious, we think it a work of much interest to general readers, containing very good description of the scenery passed through, adventures met by the way, and peculiar sects and settlements of people, of Jews particularly, that the travellers encountered. Nothing excited our attention more than the places selected for depôts of Bibles—scenes so contrasted, in which the pilgrim is to find this stranger treasure. Such was the following—speaking of Kief, one of the most ancient towns of Southern Russia.

“The following morning, at eight o’clock, we again visited this place, according to appointment, in order to make the tour of the Catacombs, or the extensive dominions of the dead, consisting of subterranean labyrinths of great extent, which are excavated in the precipitous declivity of the hill forming the bank of the river. Following a young monk, who had been selected to conduct us, and who shewed every disposition to gratify our curiosity, we made our egress from the convent by a wicket-gate in the massy stone wall by which it is surrounded; and proceeding down a small steep lane, paved with stones, we came to a covered walk, or gallery of wood, about 500 feet in length, which led us to a magnificent chapel, with three gilded turrets, dedicated to “the Elevation of the Cross,” and designed to receive the donations of those who descend into the gloomy abodes below. Our lights being provided, we descended into the passage leading to the Catacombs, known by the name of St. Anthony’s, the founder of the monastery, whose relics are preserved in a cubitory at the extremity of the labyrinth. This passage is about six feet in height, but so extremely narrow, that it is with difficulty two persons can pass each other. Like all the other apertures and subterranean galleries to which it leads, it is dug out of the hill, which seems to consist of a mixture of sand and clay, possessing a considerable degree of adhesion, but too soft to be entitled to the character of stone. The sides and roof are, for the most part, black from the smoke of the torches which are incessantly conveyed through the passage; and where there is any turn or winding in it, the projecting angle is partly smooth and worn away by the friction occasioned by the numerous companies of visitors.

We had not proceeded far, when we came to a niche on the right side of the passage, containing a coffin without a lid, in which lay the mummied body of one of the saints, wrapped in a silken shroud, with one of the stiffened hands placed in such a posture as easily to receive the kisses of those who visit the cemetery for purposes of devotion. This token of respect was paid by our guide, not only to this relic, but to all we passed, the number of which, in this dormitory, amounts to eighty-two. After advancing to the distance of twenty yards in a north westerly direction, we turned round suddenly to the east, by a somewhat circuitous passage, and then proceeded again towards the north; observing, as we passed, the numerous niches on both sides, containing bodies, or parts of bodies of those who had acquired renown by the degree of austerity and mortification to which they attained in reducing to practice the rules of ascetic discipline. Beside these niches, we came every now and then to separate dormitories, 'in the sides of the pit'—little chambers having been dug in the sand, and after the bodies had been deposited in them, again closed up by a thin wall, parallel with the side of the gallery, in which, about four feet from the ground, a small glass window is inserted, discovering, on a candle being held to it, the funeral attire of its unghostly inhabitant. In one of these little chambers we were shown the remains of a rigorous ascetic of the name of John, who, as the legend goes, constructed his own dormitory, and after building himself in by a wall with a small window, as above described, he interred himself up to the waist, and in this posture performed his devotions, till death left him in possession of the grave he had made. A figure representing him is visible through the small aperture, but whether his mummy or merely his effigy we could not determine. Another of these sepulchres is said to contain the relics of the twelve friars who first addicted themselves to the monastic life in this place, one of the bones of the protomartyr Stephen, and some of the children of Bethlehem, murdered by order of King Herod!

"After penetrating to the northern extremity of this 'region and shadow of death,' we came to the sepulchre of Nestor, the celebrated father of Russian history, who flourished in the Petcherskoi Monastery from about the middle to the end of the eleventh century, and was contemporary with Ari Frode, the first Icelandic historiographer. From the dormitory of Nestor, the dreary avenue turned round by a gradual descent towards the *Boristhenes*; and after leading us past a number of dead bodies, brought us to two subterranean chapels; the first, only a short distance from the river, is dedicated to Anthony, who here lies enshrined in a coffin covered with silver; and the other, situated near the entrance, is dedicated to the Purification of the Virgin. Both are richly ornamented, and are used for the performance of mass on such days in the calendar as are appropriated to these festivals.

The origin of the Catacombs of Kief is to be traced to the introduction of the ascetic life into Russia. Hilarion, Presbyter of Berestof, a learned and devout man, abandoning his church, and the intercourse of the world, dug a cell, two fathoms in depth, in a sequestered and woody part of the hill, close to the spot where the monastery now stands, where he imposed on himself numerous acts of mortification, till called by Jaroslaw to be the Metropolitan of Russia.

The cell, however, was soon re-inhabited by a native of Linbetch, who, after performing a pilgrimage to Mount Athos, where he received the honour of the tonsure, and assumed the name of Antonius, endeavoured to settle in some monastery; but not finding any sufficiently strict in its rules of discipline, he repaired to the cave of Hilarion. Here he led a most retired and austere life, addicting himself to prayer and fasting, and, in a short time, acquired such reputation for sanctity, that immense crowds of devotees, among whom the Grand Duke Iztaslav himself, came to his cell, in order to obtain his blessing. Other ascetics now associated themselves with him, and enlarged the subterranean seclusion: a regular monastery was at length formed; churches and chapels were erected for the accommodation of those who visited the place; and in the course of time, after miraculous powers were ascribed to the relics of the original founders and others, who had rendered themselves famous for the rigour of their discipline, the spot obtained that celebrity which it still retains in the present day. What Jerusalem was to the Israelites, Kief is to the Russians; and the veneration in which the grand cathedral of the Petcherskoi Monastery, with its surrounding 'Holy places' is held, is at least equal to that paid to the temple in Mount Sion. On this account, it is the great resort of pilgrims from all parts of the empire, not even excepting Kamschatka, and other distant regions of Siberia, who, as they proceed hither, collect money from those who are not able to come in person, with which they purchase candles, to be placed before the images of the saints. The average number of those who annually perform this pilgrimage, is estimated at 50,000.

"To direct the attention of such weary pilgrims, most of whom are excited to proceed hither from a concern about the salvation of their souls, to that book which alone reveals HIM, who is the way to eternal life, we could not but regard as an object highly deserving the consideration of the Bible Society, and accordingly took the liberty to propose, that depôts of Bibles and New Testaments should be established in the chambers, where all the pilgrims purchase and light the candles with which they proceed into the Catacombs. It gave us pleasure to find that our proposition was instantly approved, and two very appropriate inscriptions, which had been drawn up by the secretary, were read, adopted, and ordered to be affixed in the most conspicuous places at the entrance to the tombs. In consequence of this measure, many a poor fatigued pilgrim may retrace his steps, laden with the precious treasures of Divine Revelation, and perhaps not a few with their minds savingly illuminated by its contents."

The following anecdote pleased us:—

Passing in our way a large field of arbuses, or water-melons, we requested the Tartars, who were cutting them, to sell us some; but they returned for answer, that they would not sell any under a ruble a piece. Not very willing to pay so exorbitant a price, we were about to continue our journey, and gave the young Tartar, who came from the field, a copy of the Gospel of St. Luke, which he immediately conveyed to his companions. We had not driven far, when we heard a person hallooing after us, and looking back, we were surprised to find our Tartar, with his arms full of the finest melons,

which his master had sent in return for the book we had given him. We now presented him with the Psalms, in the same language, and drove off, not a little pleased with this instance of Tartar feeling."

Also with this:—

"At another village we had some conversation with an interesting young Tartar, who seemed extremely desirous to gain information, and immediately committed to paper whatever we told him. On asking him whether he knew how many books the Koran declared to have been sent down from heaven, he instantly replied 'Four;' and specified their names—the Koran, the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and the Gospel. We then asked, if he had ever seen the Gospel; and on his rejoicing that he had not, we showed him the Gospel of Luke in Turkish, and informed him, that this was the Gospel which he said had descended from heaven. The moment he heard this, his eyes brightened, and he was all anxiety to learn what it contained. We then read together part of the first chapter, with which he seemed much pleased; and on being told that he might keep the volume, he was quite in an ecstasy of joy."

The following is a picture of a very agreeable *state of society* on the borders of the Caspian.

"The Ingush are naturally of a high independent spirit, incapable of bearing an affront; and the most trivial circumstance is often sufficient to produce quarrels, which seldom terminate without murder. Adhering tenaciously to the oriental law of 'blood for blood,' they never rest satisfied without avenging the death of their relatives, and the principle is followed out in their generations, till it effects the death of the murderer, or one of his descendants on whom he is supposed to have entailed his guilt. The Missionaries were acquainted with a young man of an amiable disposition, who was worn down almost to a skeleton, by the constant dread in which he lived, of having avenged upon him a murder committed by his father before he was born. He can reckon up more than a hundred persons who consider themselves bound to take away his life, whenever a favourable opportunity shall present itself. There is scarcely a house in which there is not one implicated in something of this nature, on which account they never appear without a loaded gun and sword. They also wear a shield, made of wood or strong leather, and surrounded on the outside with iron, in the use of which they are very expert."

We should be glad if our limits allowed us to make more extracts: we have chosen those most likely to be amusing to our younger readers.

"The same day we went to the Patriarchal Hall, (at Moscow), to see the ceremony of the preparation of the holy oil. Here, over a stove constructed for the purpose, we found two large kettles, in which the different ingredients were mixed, and kept in constant motion by six deacons, who stirred them with long rods of cypress, the

handles of which were covered with red velvet. This was the third day since the ceremony commenced; and another day would still be required, ere the oil would be ready. This oil, which consists of the ingredients prescribed in the Levitical law, is not prepared every year; but only every third or fourth year. When the fire is kindled, and also when the ingredients are put into the kettles, the Metropolitan is present, to give his benediction; and this he repeats in a most solemn manner, when the ceremony is about to be completed. During the whole time of the preparation, a succession of Deacons keep up the reading of the Gospels, and should they read through the Evangelists, they commence afresh. To us it was most interesting, to behold a crowd of poor people leaning over each other, and listening to the words of eternal life. At the east end of the hall rose a stand, resembling that used in rooms for receiving flower-pots, the steps or shelves reclining, and diminishing as they reached the top. On these was placed a great variety of gold and silver cups, and flagons of various sizes, among which, at certain distances, was a vast profusion of lighted candles, which gave great brilliancy to the scene. The most remarkable object in this splendid exhibition of sacred utensils, was a large flagon, made of mother of pearl, which still contains some of the oil brought from Constantinople, on the introduction of Christianity into Russia, in the tenth century. It is preserved with great care, so that when only a few drops are taken from it, as on the present occasion, their place is supplied by some of that which had been prepared at a former period, by which means its perpetual virtue is supposed to be secured. Close to the stove, we observed an immensely large silver urn, and on a table on the opposite side of the hall, sixteen similar ones, resembling the common tea-urn, only much larger. The oil thus prepared, and deposited in these utensils, is sent to all parts of the empire, to be used for sacramental purposes."

EXTRACTS.

CORAL ISLANDS.

AN actual cause of change operating on the surface of our planet, are the Coral Reefs and Islets formed in the midst of the Pacific Ocean and some other seas, by the minute but combined labours of millions of marine Zoophites. How these animals perform their task beneath the waters, we know not. As soon as the ridge or reef has reached such a height that it remains almost dry at low water, at the time of ebb, the Corals leave off building higher; sea-shells, fragments of corals, sea hedge-hog shells, and their broken off prickles are united by the burning sun, through the medium of the cementing calcareous sand, which has arisen from the pulverisation of the above-mentioned shells, into one whole or solid stone, which, strengthened

by the continual throwing up of new materials, gradually increases in thickness, till it at last becomes so high, that it is covered only during some seasons of the year by the high tides. The heat of the sun so penetrates the mass of stone when it is dry, that it splits in many places, and breaks off in flakes. These flakes, so separated, are raised one upon another by the waves at the time of high water. The active surf throws blocks of coral, frequently of a fathom in length, and three or four feet thick, and shells of marine animals, between and over the foundation-stones. After this the calcareous sand lies undisturbed, and offers to the seeds of trees and plants cast upon it by the waves, a soil upon which they rapidly grow to overshadow its dazzling white surface. Entire trunks of trees, which are carried by the rivers from other countries and islands, find here, at length, a resting place, after their long wanderings. With these come some small animals, such as lizards and insects, as the first inhabitants. Even before the trees form a wood, the real sea-birds nestle here; strayed land-birds take refuge in the bushes; and at a much later period, when the work has been completed, man also appears, builds his hut on the fruitful soil formed by the corruption of the trees, and calls himself lord and proprietor of this new creation.

THE spirit and mind of man are like waters upon which the Spirit of God is perpetually moving. Still waters are easily warmed by the sun—but violent and rapid streams seldom or never.

A MAN that will be something, is the matter out of which God is wont to make nothing: and he on the contrary who is willing to be reputed as nothing, and who in his own judgment is so, is the matter out of which the Almighty maketh something. He that will be wise in his own opinion is the matter out of which God maketh a fool: and he who is truly sensible of his own folly and nothingness is that of which God forms a wise man. He who believes himself to be the chief of sinners shall be honoured by God as the chief of saints.

THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

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A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

(Continued from page 190.)

ATHENS, FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR, B.C. 432 TO 424.

IN the wars the Athenians had been carrying on in Greece, especially with the rising states of Corinth, Coreyra, and Macedon, the fame of their naval power was yet further augmented, and the superiority of the seas was now universally ceded to them. Meantime the smaller states, on which they exercised perpetual aggression, were carrying their complaints to Sparta; ever glad of an excuse for interfering with the prosperity of her rival, and all things were preparing for war between the states. Ambassadors were sent from Sparta to demand satisfaction: Pericles persuaded his country to resist, and risk the consequences of the war, rather than submit to Spartan interference. Historians are much at variance as to the motives of Pericles for this advice. Some assert that it was done to avert the minds of the people, and get over an impeachment with which he was threatened; and it is added that he was incited to it by the speech of the young Alcibiades, who, observing Pericles to be melancholy, enquired the cause, and being answered that he was studying how he could render an account to the people of the money that had passed through his hands, replied, "You had better study to

avoid giving that account." Others ascribe it to the influence of Aspasia, a woman by whom he was in every thing much influenced. But it rather appears that Pericles gave the advice he considered best for their interests, however bad it proved. Thus commenced the famous Peloponnesian war, B.C. 432, Pericles, and nine others, being appointed generals of the Athenian forces. The Athenians had, in fact, but very inadequate means of resistance against the forces of Lacedæmon; and nothing but the wisdom of Pericles saved her from immediate destruction in the contest into which he had drawn her. Having given the particulars of this war in the history of Sparta, we need only speak here of its consequences to Athens.

The Athenians solemnized in an extraordinary manner the obsequies of those who fell in the first year of this war. First their bones were laid in a tent, to be seen of all, and thither their friends were permitted to come and render the last offices of relationship. Then they were carried out, each tribe providing cypress coffins, and chariots for their dead; and one empty coffin was carried for those whose bodies had not been recovered from the field, the women making loud lamentation all the way. They were then interred in a public sepulchre in the Ceramicus, and, after burial, a person appointed by the senate of the Areopagus, made a funeral oration to their honour. Pericles was appointed to this office, and his orations have been preserved by the Greek historian, Thucydides. This first year of the war ended with nearly equal damage to both sides.

In the second year, while the enemy wasted her territories without, a most fearful plague raged in Athens. The account of this extraordinary disease, as preserved by the contemporary historians, is so much spoken of in history, we shall repeat some part of it in the words in which it is transmitted.

"When the plague first began among the Athenians, the Peloponnesians had not been long in Attica; but so

great a plague, and so fatal as this was, is not remembered to have happened in any place before. For at first neither were the physicians able to cure it, through ignorance of what it was, but died fastest themselves, as being the men the most likely to approach the sick, nor any art of man availed whatsoever. All supplication of the gods, and enquiries of the oracles, and whatsoever means they used of that kind, proved all unprofitable; insomuch, that subdued by the greatness of the evil, they gave them all over. It began, by report, first in that part of Ethiopia that lieth upon Egypt, and thence fell down into Egypt and Africa, and into the greatest part of the territories of the king. It invaded Athens on a sudden, and touched first on those that dwelt in the Pyræus, insomuch that they reported that the Peloponnesians had cast poison into their wells; for springs, there were not any in that place. But afterwards it came into the high city, and then they died a great deal faster. This was a kind of sickness which far surmounted all expressions of words, and both exceeded human nature in the cruelty wherewith it handled each one, and appeared otherwise to be none of those diseases that are bred amongst us, and that especially for this:—For all, both birds and beasts, that used to feed on human flesh, though many men lay abroad unburied, either came not at them, or, tasting, perished. Now they died, some for want of attendance, and some again with all the care and physic that can be used. Nor was there any to say certain medicine, that applied, must have helped them; for if it did good to one, it did harm to another; nor any difference of body, for strength or weakness, that was able to resist it; but it carried all away, what physick soever was administered. But the greatest misery of all was the dejection of mind in such as found themselves beginning to be sick, for they grew presently desperate, and gave themselves over without making any resistance; as also their dying then like sheep, infected by mutual visitation. For if men forbore to visit them for

fear, then they died forlorn, whereby many families became empty for want of such as should take care of them. If they forbore not, then they died themselves, and principally the honestest men; for out of shame they would not spare themselves, but went in unto their friends, especially after it was come to pass that even their domestics, wearied with the lamentations of them that died, and overcome with their great calamity, were no longer moved therewith. Besides the present affliction, the reception of the country people, and of their substance into the city (driven in by the enemy) oppressed both them, and much more the people themselves that so came in. For having no houses, but dwelling at that time of the year in stifling booths, the mortality was now without all form, and dying men lay tumbling one upon another in the streets: and men, half dead, about every conduit, through desire of water. The temples also, where they dwelt in tents, were all full of the dead that died within them; for oppressed with the violence of the calamity, and not knowing what to do, men grew careless of holy and profane things alike. And the laws, which they formerly used touching funerals, were now broken, every one burying where he could find room. And the great licentiousness, which also in other kinds was used in the city, begun at first from this disease. For that which a man before would dissemble, and not acknowledge to be done, he durst now do freely, seeing before his eyes such quick revolution of the rich dying, and men worth nothing inheriting their estates; insomuch that they justified a speedy fruition of their goods, even for pleasure, as men that thought they held their lives but by the day. As for pains, no man was forward in any action of honour to take any; because they thought it uncertain whether they should die or not before they achieved it. But what any man knew to be delightful, and to be profitable to pleasure, that was made both profitable and honourable. Neither the fear of the gods, nor laws of men,

awed any man. Not the former, because they concluded it was alike, to worship or not to worship, from seeing that alike they all perished; nor the latter, because no man expected that his life would last till he received punishment of his crimes by judgment. But they thought there was now over their heads some greater judgment decreed against them; before which fell, they thought to enjoy some little part of their lives."

We do not remember to have found in the history of the world so appalling a picture of mankind, in their ignorance and abandonment of the only true God. And this in the highest state of cultivation to which the human intellect had ever attained; when art, science, legislation, and every description of learning were at that eminence in Athens, whence they descended through all the habited world; and religion too, such as it was, was so outwardly upheld, that men of genius and philosophy were banished and put to death for impugning the honour of any of the thirty thousand gods whom Greece at that time worshipped. That Athens, in the horrors of such a time, and amid surrounding and approaching death, should have become a scene of licentious pleasure and reckless wickedness, such as is here described, is indeed a fearful illustration of what the children of men had in themselves become, however a fictitious and illusive splendour is thrown over the annals of heathenism. They knew of no God they could trust, and therefore none they feared; and the restraint of human laws being for the time suspended, man showed himself in his genuine character—such as without knowledge of his Creator he had become.

Pericles in the midst of these distresses retained his courage, and endeavoured to keep up that of his countrymen. He embarked as many of his troops as he could find vessels to convey, to carry on the war, and force the enemy to leave Attica; but the plague raged in the ships; and of 4,000, he brought back to Athens but 1,500. These evils drove the Athenians almost to mad-

ness. In vain Pericles used all his eloquence to appease them: they sent Ambassadors to Lacedæmon to ask a peace, which was denied them. Distracted with the evils the wars had brought, Pericles, who had advised it, was dismissed from his employment and fined. Meantime he was deeply partaking of the domestic misery of this frightful period. His eldest son, his sister, almost all his relations and friends, and last his second son, had died of the plague. At his funeral, Pericles lost all his previous heroism: going to place a chaplet of flowers on the head of the corpse, he burst into tears; and being conveyed home, gave way to the deepest melancholy, and kept the house closely. It was then that the capricious people repented of what they had done, and invited him to accept again the honours they had stripped him of. At the persuasion of his friends he came abroad, was received with acclamations, and resumed his influence.

The third year of the Peloponnesian war, carried on with various successes on either side, was most distinguished by the death of Pericles. He, too, fell by the plague, but in a manner different from every one else; for while it took others off suddenly, it destroyed him by degrees, preying at once on his constitution and the powers of his mind. As an instance of this, it is related that when he drew near his end, he showed some of his friends an amulet, or charm, which the women had hung round his neck, intimating that he must be sick indeed when he had recourse to such a remedy. In his very last moments, some of his friends, sitting by his bed-side, and supposing him to have quite lost his senses, amused themselves by reckoning up the glorious events of his life. Suddenly he raised himself on his bed, and turning to them, said, "I wonder you should commend those things in me, which were as much owing to fortune as any thing else, and which have happened to others also, and omit that which has been peculiar to me, and more to my reputation than all the rest; that never any of my

fellow citizens put on mourning on my account." Pericles is spoken of by historians in very contradictory terms: while they charge him with desiring his own aggrandizement rather than that of Athens, and with an extravagant expenditure of the publick money, every action they relate of him seems to have the good of his country in view; and all the expenditure to be for the publick advantage, and not his own. His ideas of what was good were indeed false; but they were only in accordance with those of the people he led, preferring glory to virtue, and wealth to glory. When we compare him with Aristides and Cimon, we see indeed a great change in the character of Athenian heroes. While Pericles exalted the Athenian state, and adorned her capital, he is charged with introducing an ambitious spirit of dominion, instead of that love of true glory which had been cultivated by Aristides and Cimon. While this proves the corrupt preferences and sentiments of his own mind, it does not appear that he less honestly desired to serve his country. There is a story told of him, that as he was going on board the fleet, and had just entered the admiral's galley, an eclipse of the sun happened; the seamen, the pilot of his vessel especially, were astonished and terrified at what they considered an ill omen. Pericles, perceiving their alarm, pulled off his cloak, and muffling the man's face in it, asked him if that was terrible, and if he drew any ill omen from it. The man answered, No. "Why then," said Pericles, "what is the difference between one shadow and another, except that what hides the sun is larger than my cloak." This speech does not prove the hero a good astronomer; but the causes of eclipses must have been well known to him, and to every one else in Athens; though the learning of the Athenians did not probably extend itself to the superstitious sailors. Pericles is said to have been very learned; and he could scarcely at this time have had such unbounded influence in Athens without it. Phidias, the famous sculptor, and the philosopher, Anaxagoras,

were among those whom he encouraged; but it appears he either could not or would not defend them, when sent to exile or prison—the former on the charge of embezzling the gold intrusted to him for the statues he was employed to make; the other on charges of propagating irreligious opinions; among others, that the sun was a burning mass, many times bigger than the Peloponnesus, without sense and knowledge; the moon a dark, opaque body, enlightened by the sun, and habitable, having plains, hills, and water; and that the stars were earthly—all which opinions were impious to the Athenians, who held the planets to be gods. Among the scholars of Anaxagoras, were the greatest men of Greece; but they were all suspected of irreligion, as we shall see in the famous Socrates. Probably they had all some suspicion of the truth—of one only and invisible God.

It was at the suggestion of Pericles, the Athenians seized the treasures of Greece at Delos, deposited there for the expenses of the war with Persia, and applied them to the beautifying of their own city. When complained of as a breach of trust, Pericles defended this act by saying, it was given to defend Greece from Persia, which the Athenians having done, had a right to the money. By this large expenditure, he drew to his party the merchants, seamen, labourers, artists, and mechanics of all kinds. For such as were not served in this way, he procured largesses and pensions from the public funds. In time of peace, when he apprehended that the murmurs of the people might be most dangerous, he caused them to be draughted off in colonies, and thus rendered those useful abroad, who would have been factions at home. In short Pericles made Athens the richest and most powerful of the Grecian states; he exalted the power of the people, which other leaders sought to depress; and in the height of her greatness, and when her commons were most proud and ungovernable, he directed all things at his will; was but once, for a very short time, in disgrace, and then recalled with honour, and kept

possession of authority till he died. He was more entirely king than ever Pisistratus had been; but Athens could bear the reality better than the name.

The fourth year of this warfare wore an unfavourable aspect to Athens, being marked by the defection of some of her allies. In the fifth year she had some considerable successes; particularly the taking of Mitylene. On the other hand, the most faithful of her allies, the city of Platæa, was compelled to surrender to Sparta, the citizens put to death, and the women sold for slaves—so desperate and barbarous had now become the warfare. The spirit of confusion had spread itself through the whole of Greece; and in every city, as in Corcyra, the people seemed bent on each other's destruction, incited and stimulated by the emissaries of Sparta and Athens—the former pretending to settle the aristocratic form of government every where, the latter determined it should remain no where. As if this were not sufficient, the Sicilians had this year commenced a civil war, and one party appealing to Athens for assistance, she had the indiscretion to send a large armament thither at a time when she was scarcely adequate to her own defence. To complete the calamities of this year, the plague appeared again, and carried off 4,000 citizens, 300 knights, and a great number of inferior people.

At the commencement of the sixth year, Agis, being king of Sparta, made great preparations against Attica, but the many earthquakes that happened in Greece alarmed the people so much, little was done; and the war was principally carried on in Sicily. In this year there was a greater eruption of Mount Etna than had been known for a long period.

The seventh year of the Peloponnesian war was one of so much honour, and of such brilliant achievement to Athens, chiefly by the skill of Demosthenes, and the orator Cleon, that Sparta earnestly solicited a peace: but Athens, in the pride of her temporary successes,

was too much elated to consent, and thus prepared for herself future misfortunes.

REFLECTIONS
ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

Notwithstanding be ye sure of this, that the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.—LUKE x. 11.

“NOTWITHSTANDING”—To hear people talk about religion—about the messages God has already sent—the things he has revealed—the effects of the Spirit on the heart—the separation of the servants of Christ—the coming of our Lord in glory—it would seem by the tone and spirit of their debate, that the thing might be as it pleased them—that it is all and altogether a matter of opinion or of choice. “If you like to believe these things and to do them, well. We are of another way of thinking—we do not like so much religion—it is too melancholy a subject for us—we have not turned our mind to such things—we do not profess to be saints.” Not choose, not like, not profess! And will the kingdom of God therefore not come? Is that which is truth, not true, unless you believe it? Will that which is to be, not be, unless you choose it—that you thus carelessly treat a matter on which consequences so awful are depending? Mark the Saviour’s words—the message was the same to all—there was a choice indeed, for by some it was welcomed and by others it was rejected—but still it was the same—“The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.” We see that that which is as the sweet sound of musick to the ears of some, is to others a fearful and unwelcome tale—the truths that are more precious than rubies to the bosom that accepts them, are to the cold heart of pride a vague and vapid story—“Notwithstanding, be ye sure”—It is no matter of cool debate, on

which all may determine as they like and go their way. The kingdom of God is come nigh—as nigh to those that will, as to those that will not—as nigh where it is welcomed as where it is contemned—as certain and no more avertible to those who disbelieve, than to those who believe and rejoice in what is already come, and live in holy expectation of what is yet to be.

Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?

But when Jesus heard that, he said unto them, They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.—MATT. ix. 11, 12.

It is pleaded by many in excuse for their indulged association with an ungodly world, that Jesus did the same—that he sate down at their unhallowed feasts, and made himself partaker of their sports. It is strange they do not perceive how completely this text invalidates that plea. The charge thus urged against the Saviour, is itself a proof that his presence in these places seemed inconsistent with the holy tenor of his life; and in the answer, he accounts for the seeming discrepancy, by adducing the motives of his conduct. Unless our motives are the same, the act is not the same in the sight of God, and the example cannot be pleaded. Do we go to please ourselves? Jesus did not so. Do we go to please others? Jesus did not so. Do we go to do them good, to heal the sick, to comfort the afflicted, to win the sinner from his ways, and convert the heart to holiness? God cannot be deceived, and he will not be mocked. He knows we do not—and we know it too—and therefore let us not for shame pretend it. What should we think of one who should choose to spend his days in some loathful lazar house, and his nights in a fever hospital, pursuing there his business or his sports; and when remonstrated with on the danger of infection, and the degradation of such companionship, should answer that his physician came there too, and he was but following his example. To such absurdities will men resort, to defend

themselves in the wrong they are determined not to relinquish.

Arise, take up thy bed, and walk.—MARK ii. 9.

How could he arise and walk, whose palsied limbs were unable to support him? How could he take up his bed, who for years had lain on it helpless and decrepid from infirmity, not from choice. Surely a command like this to such a one, was but a mockery of his wretchedness. Had the sick man reasoned thus, he had not arisen, and he had never walked. Yet even thus men reason when they are bidden to follow Christ, and devote their hearts to God. They are sinful, they say, and cannot—they are so earth-bound, it is impossible—born in iniquity and dead in sin, they cannot awake to righteousness and life. Nay, they have the authority of God that they cannot—for he has pronounced them incapable of thinking even one good thought. All exhortation therefore is but mockery—they must wait till it please him to alter their condition, and do for them what they cannot for themselves. And thus they remain in cold indifference or blank despair—professing all the while to wish their hearts might be renewed. Had the palsied patient been as wise as these, the Lord he had not trusted nor obeyed, had left him still desiring to be healed. The cases are exactly parallel. The sick of the palsy was bidden to walk when he could not stand—he heard, obeyed, and walked. Man is bidden to live in righteousness when he is dead in sin—let him hear, obey, and live. It was not more impossible for the palsied limbs to take back their strength, than it was for Matthew to quit the gold on which all his heart was set, and follow Jesus to poverty and death. Both were impossible, and both were done. Equally impossible it is for the heart that is evil to turn itself to good—but this too may be done. And if it is not done, it is because we do not hear the word of God, believe it, and obey it.

Naked I came out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither.—JOB i. 21.

JESUS finds us in the world full dressed. Proud of our garments, and pleased with the ornaments that hang about us, we have taken our appearance into great admiration, and never doubted the becomingness of our apparel in the sight of God. One task his spirit undertakes, and not the easiest, is to unclothe us. The wisdom with which we wrap ourselves about—the virtues that hang so bright on our necks—the powers with which we weave our golden tissues—all, in the work of salvation, must be alike foregone. Ashamed of the nakedness that threatens us, we struggle hard to clothe ourselves afresh. If we must forego our pride, we will make show of humility instead—if we may not appear in selfishness, we will dress ourselves in benevolence—if the jewels of natural virtue are of no value in the sight of God, we will trick ourselves out in spiritual gifts—something we must have for a covering and for an ornament, in which to stand dressed and well pleased with ourselves before God. But God will not have it so. One by one he strips our garments from us. Step by step we learn that we have nothing, are nothing, and can do nothing. That childlike simplicity of heart, without which God has declared we cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven, is a backward lesson, very hard to learn—it is that disrobing of the soul of all the self-deceptions with which it wraps itself about, that nature in her pride so much resists, confounded by the shame of her own nakedness. Meantime the work proceeds. Defeat attends our schemes—mortification waits upon our best intents—circumstances make sport of our wisdom—self betrays itself in our fairest graces—one by one the boasted garments fall—till humbled, baffled, defeated, and ashamed, the soul consents to receive all things freely from its God—and is prepared to go out of the world as it came in—naked, ignorant, and helpless, ready to be clothed upon with

the garment of salvation, wrought of our Saviour's merits, without one thread of our own weaving.

Soyez sobres et veillez.—1 PIERRE, v. 8.

ETRE tout occupé des créatures, sans jamais faire aucune réflexion sur soi, c'est l'état d'aveuglement des personnes que le présent et le sensible entraînent toujours; c'est une extrémité opposée à la simplicité. Etre toujours occupé de soi dans tout ce qu'on a à faire, soit pour les créatures soit pour Dieu, c'est l'autre extrémité qui rend l'ame sage à ses propres yeux, toujours réservée, pleine d'elle-même, inquiète sur les moindres choses qui peuvent troubler la complaisance qu'elle a en elle-même. Voilà la fausse sagesse qui n'est, avec toute sa grandeur, guère moins vaine et guère moins folle que la folie des gens qui se jettent tête baissée dans tous les plaisirs. L'une est enivrée de tout ce qu'elle voit au dehors; l'autre est enivrée de tout ce qu'elle s'imagine faire au dedans; mais enfin ce sont deux ivresses. L'ivresse de soi-même est encore pire que celle des choses extérieures, parce qu'elle paroît une sagesse et qu'elle ne l'est pas: on songe moins à en guérir; on s'en fait honneur; elle est approuvée; on y met une force qui élève au-dessus du reste des hommes: c'est une maladie semblable à la frénésie; on ne la sent pas; on est à la mort, et on dit, Je me porte bien.

LECTURES

ON OUR

SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

LECTURE THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended,

and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.—MATT. vii. 24, 25.

SECURITY is throughout the world the predominant object of desire: so soon, at least, as some brief experience of the world's uncertainty has made it impossible to repose in the present without regard to the future. And this desire grows as the intellectual capacity increases. To the enjoyments of the brute security could add no zest nor can the want of it embitter them—he could not be made to understand security. The child has a reach of desire but very little, if any thing, beyond the brute. You would create but momentary uneasiness in his mind, and perhaps not that, by explaining to him that his future years are unprovided, and the maintenance of his childhood insecure. In a like freedom from the corrodings of uncertainty, the poor man seems to gain from providence a compensation for his else unequal destiny. Really at greater risks than any other person, the very day's existence depending on the day's earning, no one suffers so little from the thought of what may come. He does not care that nothing is laid by for age and infirmity—he does not care that his family are increasing, without the certainty of increasing means, or of any means at all—he does not care to calculate the future destiny of his children, that he may make provision for it before he dies. And let wealth and intellect confess, how often they have looked from their towers at midnight on his lowly roof, and wished they could sleep as fearlessly as he who has no provision for to-morrow. But they cannot. Raise the peasant by moral education one step above this brute indifference, and he too begins to pre-calculate—security for future provision becomes immediately the object of his desires. Lift him yet higher in the scale of thinking beings, and this is not enough—he must now secure something for his children also. And so on, to that state of moral elevation, in which it would be as degrading as it is impossible, to

taste the present fulness of the cup, without wherewith to fill it up again. Thus is security become the first great object of man's solicitude—and he goes about every where to look for it—and he fatigues himself in vain to find it—he fences his cities with walls, his property with bonds and oaths—he compasses his health about with caution—he provides against every calculable accident, and every foreseen necessity. He will part from half his substance to secure the rest—he will risk his blood to secure his liberty—he will barter his conscience to secure his fame—he will forego the ease of fifty years to secure prosperity for the other ten. From the first thinkings of his manhood to the last gasp of life, this is his business: and he cannot do it—he has never done it yet. Nearly six thousand years the world has stood, and man has been all the time upon this work—experience has accumulated, inventions have multiplied, wisdom and knowledge have spent themselves in contrivances—and not yet has man found means to secure to himself any one thing on which his heart is set. The walled city is taken—the bonded property is lost—the disease is in the blood—he is defrauded, he is defamed, imprisoned, bereaved, and cannot help himself—he cannot secure himself in any thing. Man knows he cannot—and because he knows it, he is destitute in the midst of possession. Look nearly to those who seem at ease in their condition, and listen closely to their words—how does this conscious insecurity betray itself in cautions, in alarms, in fearful forebodings, and a thousand different expressions of uneasiness, about that future which they cannot scrutinize and dare not trust.

What is to be done? Must we go back to brute insensibility for peace, or on our intellectual elevation sit down and envy the herd that graze in stupid security around us? There is but one thing else to do. A state of existence is revealed in which this mutable, uncertain life will very soon be merged. All there, we are told, is fixed, immutable, immortal. Thither the mind turns it-

self for peace, and thither looks for that security the earth refuses. But alas! what a vision does it present to most! An uncertainty ten thousand times more terrific than that they fly from.

"Acquaint yourself with God and be at peace," are the words of one who must have known—yet few who read them are indeed reposing on the security of eternal bliss that God has given; or even looking to such repose as an attainable object; though their hearts are lacerated the while with the bodings of uncertainty, the more painful for the greater importance of the object. There must be something very wrong in this. God has spoken of security, perfect security; beyond the reach of heaven or earth, or life or death, or thrones or principalities, or powers, or things temporal, or things eternal to affect—there is a rock, its base in the deep and its head in the highest heavens; planted before the foundations of the earth were laid, and to endure when as a scroll the earth shall have passed away—it is fixed, it is free, it is immutable—and yet man cannot find whereon to build, but suffers the same distracting uncertainty about the future world, as he is doomed to in the present. If you ask him whether he is bound to heaven or hell, scarcely ever will he venture to tell you that he knows; so much alike to him seem these ways so opposite.

We hear much of dispute and controversy about assurance—wondering on one side that persons should feel themselves assured of everlasting bliss, and sweetly repose in that assurance, when every thought and feeling of their hearts is a witness to them that they have the spirit of God, and are reserved to everlasting life, on no less security than the word of God himself; having believed in him whom he has sent and become like-minded with him in the principle and purpose of their hearts—and on the other side wondering, that persons professing to believe the Gospel, enjoy no assurance of salvation, when the feelings, desires and habits of their minds, are very far from entitling them to such enjoyment. To

the latter class the verses next succeeding speak a fearful warning—to the former, the present text speaks surely of security—not from exposure to the dangers, assaults and temptations to which other spirits are subjected, but from the destruction in which others are involved—not in a temple of perfection where sin and sorrow cannot enter, but in a house that the winds will rock, and the rains will beat upon, yet neither tide nor tempest can endanger. Were the former the image used, well might we expect to wait for our security till we come to heaven, and for our peace till our bodies are in the dust. But the storm-beset and weather-beaten mansion is the image of man's condition upon earth; and we are promised in this poor tenement a security as much contrasted with the vague ideas of eternity that alternately agitate and stupify the minds of men, as with the anxious uncertainties of the present life.

And how beautiful, how exquisite a position is this to stand in, amidst surrounding change, corruption and decay. Secure to live till that better mansion of our Father's house is ready, and then secure to die, and take possession—freed from apprehension of the casualties of life, because life and its casualties are of too little moment to be feared; and because the earth is the Lord's and the fulness of it, and he giveth it to whomsoever it pleaseth him—suffering no void in nature's destitution, because the presence and the thought of God are enough to satisfy the utmost capacity of the most enlarged mind—to walk erect and firm where others start and tremble—to smile peacefully upon the images of death and the instabilities of life—to see the moth come in, and to see the thief break through, and know they cannot reach our treasures—to see the sun go down without care for where the morning light may find us, since to live is to follow Christ and to die is to be with him—to take the pleasures of earth with such delight as the hasty traveller picks the fresh-blown flower, and leave them as willingly when they fade—to ride over its machinations in such

triumph as the proud vessel rides the waves, venting their useless fury on its bows—O if there be such a condition—and there is—why do we ever pause till we attain it? Why do we go on to eat our bread with bitterness and mix our drink with tears, in our want dissatisfied, in our abundance insecure, while we are bidden, nay, commanded to sit down at such a feast? Those in particular who are making profession of christianity, seeming to believe the offers of salvation in Jesus Christ, and speaking themselves willing to accept them—why do they not enter into their rest, and enjoy the security thus offered? If they know nothing of this peace as yet, why do they rest contented till they reach it? Why do they not examine their house to its foundations, and never content themselves till they are sure on what it stands? Can they sleep one night in peace, or go on their way one hour in cheerfulness, till they are sure that eternity's approaching flood will find them fast upon the rock of ages? They tell us that they hope, but cannot be assured—once they were confident, but now they have learned to doubt—they hope all will be right with them at last, but while they are on earth they cannot avoid its anxieties; and they cannot but dread that death of whose issue they are so uncertain. It pleases God, they say, that they should walk in darkness, and wait for his peace till this body of sin shall be dissolved. We believe that it pleases Him never. It is his pleasure that we believe what he has said, and do what he has bidden, and enjoy what he has promised. It pleases us to equivocate, to tamper, to dissemble. It pleases us to cumber ourselves with earthly schemes, and give a thousand thoughts to them for one that we can spare to God. It pleases us to hear these sayings of his, and instead of doing them, to dispute and argue against them; to say that one is not literal, and another does not mean what it says, and another does not apply to us; and the rest shall be answered by and by, when it shall please God to rid us of our infirmities, or remove certain impediments,

that are in the way of our obedience. Instead of entering into his gates with joy, mournfully we sit down upon the threshold, to calculate how much of the world we may take with us—how many of our evil passions we may indulge—what of our thoughts may be yet given to vanity, and what of our affections still wasted upon earth. And when we have entered on that narrow way, have tasted something of the peace of God, and seen the light of his countenance shining upon us in all the promise of eternal joy, forgetful of its narrowness, still we will be venturing the same false game. Why shackle ourselves with forms? Why be particular in trifles? Religion consists not in these poor externals. Armed with the spirit of God, we can go any where and do any thing—the world has no temptations and society no dangers, to one whose salvation is secure in faith. We become careless in conduct—we treat salvation as a business that is settled, and refill our minds with the interests of earth; till earth gets such possession of us again, and God is again so much forgotten, and his sayings fall again so unregarded on our ears, that whether we be his or not, were hard to discover by our life and conversation. And then again the mention of death affrights us—the uncertainties of earth begin to agitate and trouble us afresh—the words of men begin again to mortify and gall us, for they have gained more influence over us than the words of God. Our hope in Jesus may remain, a vague uncertain thing, founded upon some past and half-obsured convictions; but our peace in God is gone. We have no assurance now, and taste of no security. How can we, while ostensibly to others, and consciously to ourselves, we stand with those who hear his sayings and do them not? To excuse ourselves, we charge this fearful condition upon God, and say he has forsaken us, has withdrawn his Spirit from us, has averted his countenance and left us in doubt and darkness. We must beware of these expressions. They are truth, but they are not all the truth, and the remainder is of immense im-

portance. God never withdraws himself, unless he is provoked. Our darkness does not come of his wilfully averted countenance, but of our wilful placing of something else between—even as the shadow of this globe opaque makes dark the star of night, by intercepting the rays that else would lighten her. If we and God's Spirit have parted company, the first step of the separation was our own—we would not follow where it led—we would go somewhere that it could not follow—we invited company that it could not keep—we encouraged practices it could not countenance. Oh! if our hearts be not at peace, and our path be not secure, let us lay the blame where it is due—some sin, some wilful neglect of God's command is the cause; there are some of his sayings that we hear and do not, because other things have taken precedence of him in our hearts.

The house that is divided against itself cannot stand; and the heart that is divided and balanced between the will of God and some miserable expediency of earth, can never be at peace. But this does not affect the faithfulness of God. There is no contingency in his promise, or uncertainty in his purpose—he is true, whether we perish or are saved—the rock is fast, whether we build on it or not. The means of salvation are set forth to us with all the simplicity of an infant's tale—pardon, holiness, and peace in Jesus. Some will not hear it, and some will not believe it. Others do both hear it, and in some sense believe it; but in their hearts they do not like the saying. A part of the salvation they would like, but not the whole—they would like the peace without the holiness, and the pardon of the sin without the prohibition of it; and so they come to no determination—they would rather defer the question till they come to die—or they will take a part now, and the rest hereafter—they will have the pardon while they live, and the peace when they die, and the holiness when they arrive in heaven; and thus voluntarily deferring the good that is proposed to them, because in fact they are not sure

they like it, they of course feel no security of ultimate possession, and are obliged to content themselves with a vague and agitating hope.

But this insecurity is the choice of man, and not the will of God. And O, what bliss is delayed, what felicity foregone, while we thus stand balancing between earth and heaven—as it were bargaining, to enjoy the one at the least possible cost of our base affection for the other. Earthliness and infidelity have been compelled to own, that if such persuasion of eternal happiness can be, it must be felicity indeed. And it can be, and it ought to be—for what God has said ought to be believed, and depended on, and obeyed.

We have heard from his own lips the sayings of our Lord. We have found them not difficult to understand, nor impossible to fulfil; because he who proposes them, has himself provided the means which in ourselves we have not. They are simple, pure, and beautiful; and such as of themselves would tend to happiness, were happiness not appended to them in reward. What do we wait for, that we are not happy? When this sermon was delivered, these might appear hard sayings—for Jesus had not then died. Well might his hearers feel that nature was insufficient to these sayings, and therefore could not rest securely on them. They were never addressed to man in his natural, unassisted state—they are addressed to him as the professed disciple of Christ, redeemed by his blood, and regenerated by his grace. If such will hear them, and none other will—if such will do them, and none other can—they need not wait till death to be at peace, nor till eternity to be secure. They are secure in life as in death, in time as in eternity. The rains will yet awhile descend, and the floods will yet awhile come, and the winds will for a season blow, and there will seem to be no shelter for that house more than for any other house—but it will never fall—it is founded upon a rock—even upon the promise

of our Lord, received from his own lips, and sealed with his own blood.

THE LISTENER.—No. XLI.

THERE is a place that the Listener cannot penetrate. He stands in vain under its closed windows and fast-bolted doors, trying to catch something of what is heard within. It reaches him at best but as an uncertain sound, imperfectly repeated or designedly mis-stated. Most welcome from that place of secrecy is any one who will bring a faithful tale; and having listened to what is passing in his bosom, will honestly disclose the truth of what he hears. From such a Listener we accept the following paper. We can all detect the faults of those around us—we have ears quick enough, and perceptions keen enough to detect the external faults by which the community suffers, and social intercourse is embittered. But who hears, who heeds that secret, hidden wrong by which the soul offends its Maker, and destroys itself, and robs humanity of what is due from it of good? Man has ever been held responsible for his actions; but it was left for Christianity to discover that he is responsible for the imaginations of his heart. Now that we know we are so—and Scripture makes not more frequent mention of any thing than of this—it becomes us to listen with fixed attention to what is passing there; for there more especially it is, that our characters are to be corrupted or reformed. With regard to the particular subject of the following affecting narrative, we question if there is any heart that will disown all knowledge of this secret Idol of Imagination—certain we are that many of our readers will stand convicted of having bowed down to it and worshipped it. Self is in fact the deity the unchastened imagination serves—but self is not always the character it appears in. It is a wary god,

and knows well the heart from which it claims devotion, and the manner of worship it may best set up. Sometimes it calls itself Sorrow—a form so interesting, Imagination never suspects that the incense with which it nourishes it is rank rebellion against heaven. Sometimes it calls itself Satiety—and Imagination, while it feeds its altars with disgust and weariness, never mis-gives that it is in fact no other than disgust of our duties, and weariness of God's appointments. Sometimes it is a speculative spirit, building castles for futurity where it has not an inch of ground to set them on; and then Imagination plies it well with projects, while present duties are neglected, and present good despised. At other times the form it takes is of the purest, best affections of the bosom—enchanted with its loveliness, Imagination then indeed believes it has a claim to all—thoughts, feelings, wishes, pleasures, cares—this now is all our world—alas! and our God beside. And more dangerous than all of these, this idol of Imagination will sometimes call itself Religion. Our Listener has beautifully described it in this character. I have seen it often, and have watched its progress through. It takes birth in disappointment, feeds itself on bitterness against the world it fancies it despised, or reposes in self-indulgent neglect of all its claims—and I have never seen the sun of prosperity arise upon such a mind, and the world make promise to it of a better portion, but religion has been abandoned, and the heart become more entirely earthly than it was at first.

I should but weaken the effect of this recital by further comment on it. It is a beautiful tale—to the young in particular I commend it. Imagination is the first-blowing flower of our garden—in youth it flourishes and in youth it blows—age may cull its fruits, but cannot change them. It is true that it grows not equally in every soil. Feeling, reflective and poetic minds, bear in most luxuriance this beautiful and dangerous thing. Their garden is all the gayer—the blossoms hang all the

fuller on their boughs—and they are ill-disposed to prune what others cultivate with unsuccessful labour. But proportioned to the blossom is the fruit—and since it must be gathered, in proportion to its quantity is the importance of its kind. To these in particular we commend our tale.

THERE is a world within the heart of each human being, the converse of which no Listener hears, the creatures by which it is peopled meet no mortal gaze—its love and hatred, its joy and sorrow, are unknown to the visible world; and yet it is as complete a world in itself as that in which we live, and move, and have our being—I mean the world of imagination; its fascinations are known to many, its dangers are acknowledged by few: we take refuge from the weariness and heartlessness of a scene over which we have but little controul, in the centre of a little territory, all our own—where we reign undisturbed, making all things do homage to us. Here we picture to ourselves perfect beings, or if we allow them a fault, it must be only the venial one of loving us too well—here all our fancied merits are duly appreciated—here we find those who are ever ready to weep with us over our sorrows, real or imagined, to resent with us the injustice of which we believe ourselves the victims, and to join with us in wondering that the visible world is not more duly aware of our superiority. But in what state of mind do we leave our own kingdom to return to the realities of life? Are we happier, or better, or more able beings from our residence in that land of shadows? The majority will answer that though perhaps they are not better, they are quite sure they are not worse, and that they cannot see why those to whom the world is unkind or uninteresting, may not please themselves innocently and quite inoffensively to others, in the wanderings of their own imagination. Were this life only the end and aim of our existence, and I think I

could even then prove that we err, by supposing our happiness increased by endeavouring to live in a world of our own creating; but having much higher ground to take, I will not put it to the question. In the Christian's life nothing can be negative; all is either positive good or positive evil. I do not mean that he can do any one action, which to the eye of Omniscience shall not be defiled by the original sin that is in him, but that touching himself it is good or evil, inasmuch as it either helps or retards his progress in the narrow way. Let us examine the world of our creating in which we delight to dwell by this test. We fly to it because life is deficient in interest, because we have nothing to do. Have we done all we could do for others? Are we faultless, that we have such ample leisure from our duty of kindness to our neighbour, and our duty of correction to ourselves? May there not be one sitting by our side to whom a word of kindness, patience in hearing an oft-told tale, sympathy or counsel might be dearly prized, and have we then leisure for mere amusement, allowing it even to be in itself innocent? We profess to believe that all things are ordered for our good, that our lives are under a special providence, and the events of them derive their chief importance from the reference they hold to the eternity whither we are hastening; if viewed aright, the events of each day—those days we call dull and weary—would form a theme for deep humiliation were we to look into our own bosoms, as well as a song of praise, were we to view the mercies that have followed us; yet instead of daily studying this Book of Providence, in which the history of every one is written, we choose to live in a world of our own, where God does not order events, where he is not all in all; but where we question his omniscience and doubt his love, by altering all things as shall seem best to our finite comprehension.

I watched a votary of Imagination through her short and sorrowing life. As a child she was silent and contemplative, and little could be read in her colourless

face of the visions in which she had even then begun to revel. She lived in solitude, and she believed that her day dreams were real pictures of a world of which she knew nothing—a few years passed, and the visionary was brought into scenes which she had dwelt on with ecstasy. Who can describe her disappointment, yet she did not believe the error to be in herself, but thought she was unkindly treated—the creatures of her own imagination had loved her fondly—to them she had been an object of universal homage; but it was not so in the world she had now entered on; and she shrank from an intercourse with those who laughed at her visions, or left her to indulge them alone; she was pained and indignant, and retreated into her own kingdom, until she should find its likeness in reality—no one felt for her, no one sorrowed with her—the very kindness of ordinary beings wounded her; she was soon assailed by the real calamities of life—one by one the beings she had loved to idolatry were removed from her; she sank beneath the stroke, and turned, with a bleeding heart, to seek consolation in religion; but it was not as a broken-hearted penitent that she sought an entrance into the kingdom of God—it was not as a sinner, weary of her iniquities, and praying for pardon and peace—no, it was as one whom the world had injured, whom Providence had wronged, and who therefore had a right to admittance where those she loved had gone before, and to consolation under afflictions which she had not merited; she thought herself a Christian; she prided herself on her resignation—it is true she did not murmur in word or deed, but in thought she still wandered in the vanities of her own creation, and thus murmured against Him who has done all things well, by thinking she could better order events for her own benefit and happiness.

Time passed on, and she clung more closely to the one earthly good which was left, and revelled more and more in the day-dreams of her sickly imaginations—she thought that she derived much consolation from religion,

but she shrank from self-examination; and the real Christian, who gazed on that sad countenance, saw that it gave no tokens of that peace which belongs to the people of God—there was sorrow, not resignation, momentary flashes of joy, but no habitual cheerfulness, nor endeavour to obtain it.

Again the destroying angel was sent forth against her house, and the last object of her idolatry was hidden from her sight: she stood alone in a land of strangers—no voice spoke comfort to her—all was desolation—even her cherished imagination withered beneath the stroke, and refused any longer to picture forth scenes of earthly bliss. For the first time in her life she began honestly the work of self-examination. Lighted by the torch of humiliation, she visited the chambers of her soul, and found that they were not the temple of the living God—each had its idol, its daily worship, and the religion which she claimed an interest in was but a dream of poetry, the result of disappointment and discontent—the heaven she aspired to was a world where she was to be rewarded. This self-knowledge was not given in vain; and after deep humiliation and hours of repentance, the anguish of which none can express, she entered the narrow way which leadeth unto life. She was cheerful and she was happy, save when the long-indulged errors of her youth marred her usefulness, resuming a momentary sway to be combatted and again brought into subjection; she was left long enough in her earthly solitude to prove the truth of the change which was wrought, and then entered with joyful hope into her eternal rest.

How different would have been the life of this creature had she crushed in the bud the error which wasted her existence, and turned that ardent imagination to scenes where it may for ever expatiate without danger and without fear of exaggeration. The best years of that life were passed in sorrow and regret—she suffered from an acuteness of feeling which became disease—her friends were continually reproached with

coldness and want of feeling towards her—the bright sun-shining hours which sparkle at intervals over our life were embittered to her by fancied neglect—no friend met her with the warmth she felt towards them—no parting was ever marked by the sorrow that she experienced. We are apt to believe that none feels as deeply as we feel, that consequently we are more amiable and more interesting. Were we to examine the question, we should see this often proceeds from an undue estimation of ourselves—we are the idols of our own imagination, and we expect the same idolatry from others. She rejected the happiness offered her by a bountiful Providence, because it wanted the brilliant colouring of her ideal world, and deepened the gloom of the sorrows that befel her in common with all, by supposing herself a victim of the coldness and want of feeling of others. When she walked in a renewed spirit, these cherished sins of earlier days returned again and again, to damp her zeal and chill her faith; and the tenderness of a conscience awakened to the burden of its sins, would have weighed the sickly spirit to the dust, but that she had now a Friend who knew all her sorrows, enlightened all her doubts, and led her to shelter herself under the shadow of his wings till every calamity should be overpast. Her imagination, though often wandering, often leading her astray, no longer shadowed forth a world of its own, but, sanctified and consecrated to the use for which it was created, it spread its azure wings, and guided by faith sought to view the land of promise—there it expatiated on a world where neither sin nor sorrow can ever enter—there it sojourned with those made perfect through much tribulation, who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; and when her spirit returned to the present scene, it was with renewed longings after holiness, a more fervent charity from the contemplation of the Lord of Heaven and Earth, who died for all, and an increase of joy in anti-

pation of that blessedness ; or with deep humility and sacred awe did she look onward to that day when the Lord shall appear and all his holy angels with him. On scenes like these, the soul may dwell in joyful hope, and gain a feeble foretaste of the blessedness which awaits the children of God. On scenes like these, the most fervent imagination may expend itself, nor shadow forth a thousandth part of that glory which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of any man to conceive. Why then do we expend a power of which we shall have to give a strict account, on the fields of poetry, or vanity, or sentiment? Why waste a power with which the eye of faith may give us glimpses of eternity, on the perishing things of time? Why employ it on themes, which, if realized in their fullest extent, would prove nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit, instead of leading it to dwell on the promises of Him who cannot lie, and who has laid up for them that love him such good things as pass man's understanding. Is there a human being, however we may love them or they us, however indulgent they may be, however prone to be blind to our failings, to whose eye we could endure to lay bare the follies, the vanities, the sins of our Imagination—Yet He, in whose sight the heavens are not clean, and who chargeth his angels with folly, reads the most secret thoughts of our hearts, the vainest visions of our imaginations—That sinful heart, that polluted imagination which we dare not show to a fellow mortal. Moreover the day is at hand when the thrones shall be set, and the books opened, and all our vanity, our folly, and our sin will be proclaimed before the assembled universe.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY
ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

LETTER THE FIFTEENTH.

DEAR M.

RETURNING to the subject from which your question respecting biographical reading diverted me, that of the living books for ever open round you, in which you now of necessity must read for good or ill, I have a hint or two to drop respecting your choice of companions which may not be altogether useless. For when I advised you to show civility, confidence and sympathy to all, I did not mean that you were to have no preferences, no selected few with whom to make companionship, to hold sweet counsel together, and expend those warm affections which are not good to be suppressed. I have met with some young persons who have told me they had no friends, they did not like any body. I looked at them with wonder and with pity mixed; for this I knew, that they had one object of attachment if they had no other, and that not the most worthy of such concentrated affection—the preference that no one shared must be most intently fixed upon themselves. This is not, I believe, a very common sentiment at your age. I do not see it often, and I wish to see it never. One that approaches to it in effect, though seeming very different, is that sort of exclusive friendship, which having picked up another self, as much like the original one as possible, makes with it a contract of exchange, ycleped reciprocity, by which all preference is to be secured in fee simple to this doubled self. The terms of this sort of friendship usually are an entire contempt for every body else—a rude repulsion of kindness—a critical measurement of every thing and every body by themselves—a careless disregard of other people's feelings—a great deal of ill-breeding—a great deal of illiberal sentiment,

a great deal of injurious talk—in short, an inordinate growth of self-esteem, under the subterfuge of attachment to our counterpart. With this double-barrelled gun, I see some girls firing right and left, to the utter dismay and dispersion of all who would approach them with affection, with counsel or improvement—determined to be every thing to each other—vulgariter, to themselves.

Well I know the value of early attachments—that growth of the bosom's gladness which survives the blighting-time of sorrow—the sweetest consolation sometimes of a toilsome life, and often out-living the more impassioned feelings of our maturity, to be the solace of our age, and our refuge in infirmity. Never think, dear M., that I mean to ridicule or condemn attachments of this sort, formed by accidental propinquity, by natural assimilation of character, or by that sympathy of feeling, so easy to perceive and so difficult to account for, that from the first dawning of perceptible sensation, inclines us to one person as it does not to another equally deserving. Cherish always these young attachments, unless where there is a reason why you should not—have many such friends if you can find them—let them be the cherished objects of your preference, though not the excludatory occupiers of your attention—expand your bosom to love as many and as much, as may seem suited to excite these gentle sympathies—of them the beauty of our world is made—of them, perhaps, our heaven will in part be constituted. Woe to the bosom that repels them, and on the cold and solitary heights of independence, affects to find nothing in human nature worthy of attachment. Our Saviour did not so: for of the many that he loved he owned a preference for some. While as a God he looked with benevolence on all mankind, and as a Saviour with peculiar love on all who were the purchase of his blood—as man he had his favourites and his friends. Of one, though appearing as a stranger, we are

told that Jesus when he saw him loved him—of those who sat together at his table, one is named as the disciple Jesus loved—with the family of Lazarus an intimacy of social affection distinctly appears. These must be preferences quite apart from that love of mankind which brought him down from heaven, and bestows itself without limit or reserve on all who are his people. Let not the servant be wiser than his Lord.

As to the selection of these objects of preference, it may be said we are not left to choose—affection is a growth spontaneous, and not of our own planting. This is true—but it is of our own cultivating. If it promise to be a noxious weed, we may cut it down, or root it out. Besides, however free to spring up, it is very seldom that this sort of affection will come to maturity at all, without considerable cultivation. Hasty to blow and speedy to wither, is the spring-flower's growth—to make it permanent is the work of care. Without question, therefore, we are responsible for our friendships, and for all the good and ill that results from this intimate association. Parents should be very careful how they suffer them to be formed—and you, who are now responsible for yourself, must be very careful how you form them: for incalculable are the consequences that depend on it. Many cautions I could give you respecting it; but first of all, be certain of your motives—for it is hence the miserable bankruptcy of all our speculations for happiness—we act from wrong motives, we feel from wrong motives. If you want friends to walk with you through time into eternity—to heighten by participation your innocent delights, and make easier the cares of life by sharing them—to receive or to administer kindness as the dispensations of providence may determine—to encourage you to good, to warn you of evil—to improve and forward you in all right knowledge—to live with you in peace, and die with you in joy, and rise with you to immortal glory, perhaps I can say something to you how to choose them. But if you want friends to feed your

vanity, to aid your schemes of ambition or of pride, to keep God out of mind and leave no place for him in your bosom, to make you prosperous without him, and happy in despite of him, I have nothing to say to you about the choosing of them. A little more or a little less amiss your choice may be—for your purposes, it is still of great importance. But then your purposes themselves are wrong—the greater success may produce but the greater sin, and consequently the greater misery. Such friendships come not of God's will, and tend not to his glory, and therefore are not blessings, whatever they may seem. Much I could say to parents of the false motives with which they cultivate acquaintance and form connexions for their children—but I speak to you for yourself. Your object, dear M. in the choice of your acquaintance, and especially in your more intimate attachments, must be in accordance with the will of God, and suited to your actual condition as a pilgrim and a stranger upon earth, not choosing to lay up your treasures here, but making haste to be ready for a celestial mansion. The friend who will suit you in this character, is not likely to be the same that will best serve your schemes of earthliness and pride—if earth be the actuating motive, the most entire success in your selection may prove a dire miscarriage.

CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

CONVERSATION XVII.

Limestones—Magnesia—Marble—Oolite—Calcareous Spar—Stalactite—Shell Limestone—Nautilus.

MRS. L.—The Transition Limestone is the substance that next occurs in the series of rocks we are examining. They are frequently seen immediately incumbent upon Clay Slate, and are further distinguished from Primitive

GEOLOGY.

PLATE XVII

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



Limestone, or Statuary Marble, by having a less decidedly crystalline texture. Where this rock lies directly upon slate, it contains few organic remains; but where Red Sandstone is interposed between it and the Slate Rocks, or in proportion as it is distant from the Primary and Slate Rocks, the relics of organization become more frequent. It then abounds in remains of corals and zoophytes, (sponges) which now are not known to exist. It is often traversed by veins of calcareous spar, and presents a great variety of colours. It is abundant in Devonshire, South Wales, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire; and is commonly known by the name of Mountain Limestone. At Plymouth this rock is seen immediately incumbent upon slate, in a quarry between the dock and the town. Its colours are red and gray, streaked with white crystalline veins. It is also seen to great perfection in the Breakwater quarries at Orestone.

MAT.—Of this I suppose the Breakwater at Plymouth is constructed.

MRS. L.—It is so. It is, I believe, a mile in length, and at the base 100 yards wide. Many of the masses of marble used in this extraordinary work are of more than ten tons weight: they are merely thrown upon each other without cement, and gradually fixed together by the weeds that grow about them; in which state they have resisted the most violent storms of that tempestuous sea.

ANNE.—You said, I think, that these Transition or Secondary Limestones do not exactly resemble the Primary in appearance.

MRS. L.—For the most part they have a more earthy and less brilliant appearance; but it is not always possible to distinguish them without knowing where they come from. I will presently show you several specimens. Limestone Strata are very remarkable for the inflections and curvatures, referred by Dr. Hutton to their having been in a soft state at the time they were disturbed from their horizontal position. There are some very curious

instances of these curvatures noticed by Saussure, one in particular on the road from Geneva to Chamouny, where the stream of Naut D'Arpenay forms a cascade by falling over a perpendicular surface of Limestone Rock; the Strata are bent into regular arches, with the concavity to the left; while in another neighbouring mountain they turn to the right; so that a vertical section of the two would present the figure of S. The top of Benlumers in Perthshire, and the coast of Berwick, with many other districts in Scotland, present instances of these singular contortions.

MAT.—I suppose we should have no difficulty in finding districts of Limestone in our short country excursions.

MRS. L.—They are very abundant in this country, and I believe every where else. "The aspect of a country of mountain Limestone is peculiar, and generally extremely picturesque. The hills which, in this country at least, are not very lofty, abound in precipices, caverns and chasms, and when upon the coast, form small promontories, and jut out in low but grotesque pillars. The even surfaces are covered with a stunted turf, but the rifts and cracks contain often a soft rich soil in which stately timber-trees flourish. The chasms of Limestone Rocks are often filled with a fine Clay, which has perhaps sometimes been derived from the decomposition of shaly strata, or sometimes deposited from other causes in the fissures; and the singularities of aspect, and much of the beauty of this rock, is referable to these peculiarities. Thus, upon the banks of the Wye, large and luxuriant trees grace the abrupt precipices, and jut forth from what appears a solid rock. Their roots are firmly attached in some crevice filled with a favourable soil. Sometimes rivers force their way through the chasms; at other times they are empty, and the roofs ornamented by Nature's hand with stalactitical concretions of white and glistening spar, which seem like the fretted sculpture of Gothic architecture."

"The delightful views of Matlock and its vicinity, and the caves of Castletin are admirably illustrative of the scenery of Mountain Limestone. Pontheath Vaughn in Glamorganshire, is full of its beauties; and the Panorama of Swansea Bay, seen from the Mirables Point, furnishes a pleasing, characteristic, and perhaps unrivalled prospect of these rocks. The banks of the Avon too, in the vicinity of Chepstow, are of Mountain Limestone. The rock is there impregnated with Bitumen, and hence exhales a peculiar and fetid odour when submitted to the blows of the axe or hammer. This is by no means uncommonly the case where the Limestone Rock, as in the present instances, is in the vicinity of Coal.

ANNE.—Is this Stone of any other use than for building?

MRS. L.—It is an excellent material for that purpose, as we have seen, and many of its varieties are sufficiently hard to receive a good polish, and are thus employed for ornamental purposes, being cut into vases, chimney-pieces, and the like. "Where they abound in corals, and other organic remains, these frequently add to their beauty. In those rocks which contain no organic remains, and even in many in which they exist, the colour is uniform throughout. In these cases, scarcely any tint is found, but the innumerable varieties of grey; at one extremity of which may be placed pure white, and black is sometimes at the other. Ochre yellow tints are occasionally to be observed, but varieties of red are far less common. Where organic remains are imbedded, the colours of these bodies and those of the base are sometimes different; the former being white or light grey, while the latter are dark. In other instances a much greater variety of hue prevails—different tints of yellow, red, grey, white, and black, being sometimes intermixed in various modes." The black variety, known by the name of Black Marble, or Lucullite, in consequence of the admiration bestowed upon it by Lucius

Lucullus, has long been admired, and is often tastefully manufactured and ornamented by etching upon its surface. It is found in Derbyshire, Sutherland, and Galloway.

MAT.—Of what is Limestone composed?

MRS. L.—The ingredients vary—but the essential parts are Carbon and Lime. All these Limestones are convertible into a more or less Quick Lime by the operation of a red heat, and are thus valuable as affording manures, and for other purposes. This is Lime as we see it laid on the fields, made into mortar, and for other uses.

There is a sort of Limestone distinguished from the above, by the large quantity of Magnesia it contains, whence it is called the Magnesian Limestone. "It prevails considerably in England—is distinguished from the common Limestone in external character, by having generally a granular, sandy structure, a glimmering lustre, and a yellow colour. In the course of the range from Nottingham northward, its surface in many places is covered by a poor herbage, uncommon to Limestone, and attributable to the Magnesia it contains, which is known to be unfavourable to vegetation. Its general colour is buff, but it also occurs white, of various shades of yellow; also of fawn and salmon colour, occasionally of a brown or reddish hue. It is employed as a building stone, and has a pleasing tint; at Broadworth it is worked into cisterns, and at Langwith, in Derbyshire, into flooring and staircases. It is rarely uniform enough in its grain, or of sufficient hardness to deserve the name of Marble."

ANNE.—What is Magnesia?

MRS. L.—It is an earth, generally found mixed with other substances—in itself it is soft, of a greyish white, and adheres slightly to the tongue. I will now show you a few specimens of Limestone, of which the appearances are very numerous. *Fig. 1*, is the common Mountain Limestone—if mixed with acid, it effervesces.

Fig. 2, is a sort of Limestone called Oolite, or Roestone, composed of globular concretions, like the roe of a fish. *Fig. 3*, is Satin Spar, or fibrous Limestone, with metallic veins. *Fig. 4*, is a crystal of Limestone, or Calcareous Spar—of these beautiful Spars, there are said to be a hundred and fifty varieties. *Fig. 5*, is Shell Limestone, considered to be of more recent formation, and almost entirely formed, to an immense extent, of shells and marine substances. *Fig. 6*, is Stalactite, into which Limestone forms itself like icicles on the roofs of caverns.

ANNE.—These are, indeed, very beautiful specimens. We have seen no Fossil remains of this Stratum.

MRS. L.—Except the Shell Limestone, which is a mass of animal remains. There are many, but not much different from those you have seen, mostly shells, and those strangely formed animals we have before spoken of as the first links of the animal creation. *Fig. 6*, is a Nautilus, a univalve shell, which I think you have not seen. Beside the beautiful varieties of Spar, the Derbyshire and Bristol Diamonds, and other ornamental substances contained in the Limestone Strata, it has one most valuable treasure, being the principal depository of the British Lead Mines. From these mines 31,900 tons of Lead are said to be annually extracted. Most of the Lead Ores contain a portion of Silver. It is one of the most abundant metals, and occurs in large and small veins, in almost every rock formation, though most abundantly in this. Its uses you know well, and will scarcely require that I should show it you. The principal mines in England are in Northumberland, Durham, the West Riding of Yorkshire, Matlock, and the Peak of Derbyshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall—the two last produce Ores the most rich in Silver. Combined with Sulphur, Carbon, Phosphorus, and other substances, Lead appears under many beautiful forms, of which I will show you some in our next conversation.

**SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS
ON THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.**

CONVERSATION XV.

CLASS ARTICULATA—SUB-CLASS CRUSTACEA.

- ORDER 1. Decapoda, containing *Crabs, Lobsters, Prawns, &c.*
 2. Stomapoda *Squills.*
 3. Amphipoda *The Gammarus.*
 4. Isopoda *The Asellus.*
 5. Branchiopoda *The Monoculus.*

LOBSTERS, CRABS, &c.

ANNA.—I suppose, Henry, this lobster is the “large beautiful insect,” which you said I should see on the supper-tray when it came in?

HENRY.—Yes, Anna, to be sure—did not you know that a lobster is an insect?

ANNA.—No, indeed, I did not. Is it, Papà?

PAPA.—Linnæus called it one, my dear; but a further investigation of its structure has induced Cuvier to place it somewhat higher in the scale of animal existence, and to consider the Crustacea a class by themselves. However Henry might have made a greater mistake than he did in calling the lobster an insect; for lobsters, with the rest of the crab tribes, certainly resemble insects in the form of their limbs: like them, though they have no bones, they have articulations or joints; and you observe also that they have both feelers and antennæ; they have, however, a greater number of antennæ, for insects have only two, while they have four.

The chief respects in which crustaceous animals differ from insects, are that they do not undergo the same metamorphoses; and that they have a heart, veins, and arteries, with a circulating fluid passing through them. Throughout creation it is obvious to remark the admir-

able adaptation of the structure of animals to their situation and necessities. The minute form and contracted existence of the insect tribes, render the complicated apparatus of arteries and veins needless; their little life can be supported on a simpler plan; we therefore find that they, in common with their inferiors the Zoophytes, are nourished by absorption or imbibition; that is, the food which has been digested in the stomach is at once absorbed by the body without circulating, the various parts imbibing and assimilating those particles of the nutritious fluid surrounding them, which most readily supply the waste of their textures: these larger animals, on the contrary, which are intended to be superior in size and in extent of existence, are constructed in a more complete manner; and a provision is made, by the circulation of blood, for the nourishment of the most distant parts of the system.

HENRY.—I can perceive another particular in which the lobster differs from insects; the head is not attached to the body by slender filaments, but is united immediately to the breast.

PAPA.—It differs also in its manner of breathing; the crab tribe are furnished, like fish, with branchiæ, or gills, for respiration.

ANNA.—Are there many different kinds, papa?

PAPA.—Yes: I believe there are upwards of eighty different species. All animals of the Cancer genus have ten feet.

ANNA.—Including the claws, you mean?

PAPA.—Yes: but perhaps the claws would be more properly called hands, for they answer the same purpose. You observe that the lobster is covered all over with a hard shell, which is not only spread over the whole body, but lines also the stomach. As this shell does not admit of extension, it is renewed annually till the animal has attained its full size.

HENRY.—I should think changing the shell must be a very painful and laborious operation.

PAPA.—It is indeed, and I believe it often proves fatal. Previous to it the animal appears sick, languid, and restless; it seeks some very lonely place for fear of being devoured by such of its brethren as are not in the same helpless condition, and having safely concealed itself, it makes an effort and bursts the shell down the back; it then draws out the fore-legs, or claws, something as a gentleman pulls off his boots, and having disengaged its legs and body, last of all draws out its tail.

MAMA.—The common, or black-clawed crabs, are more charitable to each other during this operation than the lobsters are, if what Dr. Darwin tells us is correct. He says that a hard-shelled crab always stands sentinel to prevent the sea animals from injuring the rest in their defenceless state, and that from his appearance, the fishermen know where to find the soft ones, which they use for baits in catching fish. He adds that though the hard-shelled crab, when he is on duty, will advance boldly to meet the foe, yet at other times he shews great timidity, and is very expeditious in effecting his escape: if however, he be often interrupted, he will, like the spider, pretend to be dead, and watch an opportunity to sink himself into the sand, keeping only his eyes above.

PAPA.—That is a curious example of instinct.

HENRY.—Does the lobster, when he casts off his shell, part with the lining of the stomach too?

PAPA.—Yes, and with his teeth also, which are placed, as you perhaps know, in his stomach. All is parted with together; and Dr. Darwin asserts that the first food the animal takes after recovering its strength is its old stomach.

ANNA.—What a poor defenceless creature it must be when it has lost its shell.

PAPA.—It is, indeed, at first; it is, however, covered with a membranous skin, which dilates and hardens, and being supplied with a calcareous substance, becomes, in two or three days, a new shell.

HENRY.—Whence is the animal supplied with this calcareous substance, Father?

PAPA.—From two little balls which are on each side of the head; they are called crabs-eyes, and were formerly much used in medicine.

ANNA.—They are not the real eyes; are they, Papa?

PAPA.—No, my dear; the real eyes are here, you see, on these little protuberances or pedicles, which project from the head; and very convenient eyes they are for them; for being elevated on these moveable bases, they enable them to see readily every way.

HENRY.—Have lobsters the sense of hearing?

PAPA.—Yes; and so have some animals inferior to them: they are, however, I believe, the lowest species in which the organ of hearing can be distinctly perceived. It is placed here, near the pedicles which support the eyes.

Do you observe, Anna, the difference in the two claws of the lobster? the one, you see, is furnished with knobs to enable it to keep firm hold of the plants and other things it feeds on; it is what fishermen call the numb claw; and the other is jagged and sharp like a saw, for the purpose of cutting and mincing its food.

ANNA.—That on the left side is the numb claw.

PAPA.—It is, in this lobster; but it is sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other.

HENRY.—How would you like it should catch hold of your finger with its cutting claw, Anna?

ANNA.—Not at all;—I should think he could bite very hard with it.

PAPA.—Indeed he can. If ever you should be so caught, the quickest way of getting rid of it would be to tear off the claw.

ANNA.—But that would be so cruel.

PAPA.—No,—it would not cost him much suffering, I apprehend: indeed it is an operation he does not scruple to perform upon himself. If by any accident he loses part of his claw, he casts off the rest.

ANNA.—That is strange indeed. But what does he do without it?

PAPA.—He is not without one long. Another quickly begins to grow from the part where the first had been torn off, and in a few weeks he is supplied with a new one; which, though not quite so large, answers his purpose as well as that he has lost.

HENRY.—That accounts for a circumstance I have often observed, that the claws of lobsters are sometimes of different sizes.

ANNA.—But why should he tear it off himself?

PAPA.—Because a whole claw is replaced more speedily than a part of one.

HENRY.—What do lobsters feed on, Father?

PAPA.—They are very voracious animals, and are not very nice in their eating. They feed, I believe, on seaweed, garbage, and all sorts of dead bodies.

HENRY.—I remember seeing a great many when I was at Scarborough.

PAPA.—I dare say you did. Filey Bridge, near Scarborough, is a famous place for catching them. They are also found in great quantities on the shore of Northumberland, and indeed on most of the rocky coasts of our island.

HENRY.—I talked with the fishermen there a good deal about them, and was surprised to learn that they are afraid of thunder.

PAPA.—I believe that is a well-authenticated fact: they will not unfrequently cast their claws at a loud clap. It is said they will do the same on the firing of a great gun, and that when a man-of-war meets a lobster boat, a jocular threat is used, that if the master does not sell them good lobsters, they *will salute him*.

ANNA.—Are lobsters active creatures?

PAPA.—Yes, very active. In the water they run nimbly on their legs or small claws; and if alarmed, they can spring tail foremost, to an amazing distance, almost as fast as a bird can fly.

HENRY.—And I was told that they will spring from a considerable distance and throw themselves into their

hold in the rock in that manner, through an entrance scarcely large enough for their bodies to pass.

PAPA.—I believe they will. It is surprising how they do it.

ANNA.—Are shrimps and prawns of the same genus as lobsters?

PAPA.—Yes. You know how to distinguish them, I dare say—the prawn has a long saw-like horn in front of its head; the shrimp is considerably smaller, and instead of the horn, has two thin, projecting laminæ. Like the lobster they can spring backwards to very considerable distances; and they may sometimes be seen leaping in multitudes on the shore, apparently amusing themselves with the exercise of their activity.

MAMA.—The hermit crab appears to me the most singular in its habits of all the crab tribes. It has no shell to any part but its nippers, and is therefore obliged to supply by art what is denied by nature: this it does by taking possession of the deserted shell of some other animal, which it inhabits, till by becoming too large for its habitation, it is under the necessity of changing it.

ANNA.—Is it a large creature?

MAMA.—It is usually about four inches long. The account I have read of this animal is curious enough. It may be seen in some countries busily parading the seashore along that line of pebbles and shells which is formed by the furthest waves; still, however, dragging its old incommodious habitation at its tail, unwilling to part with one shell, even though a troublesome appendage, till it can meet with another more convenient. It stops first at one shell, turns it, passes by; then goes to another, contemplates that for a while, and slipping its tail from the old habitation, tries on the new one. If this be found inconvenient, it quickly resumes the old one. It thus frequently changes, till at length it finds one that is light, roomy and commodious. When such a shell is found, two or three of them may be seen fighting for it, till the weakest is compelled to yield.

PAPA.—Crabs in general are very quarrelsome creatures; they frequently have serious contests by means of those formidable weapons, their great claws.

HENRY.—Will they not live a great while without food?

PAPA.—Yes. Fishermen say, that they will live confined in a basket for many months without any other food than what they derive from the sea-water; and that even in this situation they will not decrease in weight.

ANNA.—I suppose all crabs live in the sea.

PAPA.—They are chiefly inhabitants of the sea; some, however, live in the fresh waters, and a few on land.

Z. Z.

DESCRIPTION OF BRITISH TREES.

No. XXIII.

Hazel—Nux.

THE Hazel, *Corylus*, or *Nux Silvestris*, is a tree much valued for its fruit, and in many ways useful, though never growing to sufficient size for timber. The flower is a small blossom of the most beautiful red, found on the branches in the middle of January. The fruit needs not to be described. What we call Filberts are not a different species, but merely a variety, supposed to have their name, *Full-beards*, from their longer brushes.

“The use of the Hazel is for poles, spars, hoops, forks, angling rods, faggots, cudgels, coals, and springes to catch birds. There is no wood which purifies wine sooner than chips of Hazel.”—EVELYN.

Evelyn tells us, the Hazel cut in the form of a fork, had many magical properties formerly, for which it was made into divining rods, to detect murders, discover the situation of springs, and other subterraneous treasures, which we need not now certify.

“But the most signal honour it was ever employed in, which might deservedly exalt this humble and common plant above all the trees of the wood, is that of hurdles; not for that it is generally used for



Hazel-nut Tree.
Corylus Avellana.
Octandria Polygenum.



the folding of our innocent sheep, an emblem of the church, but for making the walls of one of the first Christian Oratories in the world; and particularly in this Island, that venerable and sacred fabrick at Glastonbury, found by St. Joseph of Arimathea, which is storied to have been first composed but of a few small Hasel-rods interwoven about certain stakes driven into the ground: and walls of this kind, instead of laths and puncheons, super-induced with a coarse mortar, made of loam and straw, do to this day inclose divers humble cottages, sheds, and out-houses in the country."—EVELYN.

"Le noisetier n'est célèbre que par la superstition de la baguette divinatoire faite de branches légères, &c. Jacques Hymar, paysan de St. Veran, se rendit tres-célèbre dans cet art, sous la régence du Duc d'Orleans. Il prétendoit découvrir, avec sa baguette, non seulement les eaux, les mines, les trésors cachés sous terre, mais encore les cadavres, leurs meurtriers, et même les traces de ces meurtriers. Mons. le Regent le fit venir à Paris, et toute cette cour, composée en grande partie d'esprits forts, qui ne croyoient pas en Dieu, fut émerveillée des miracles opérés par Jacques Aymar."—GENLIS.

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

On observing the Evening Star grow larger and brighter as it approached the horizon.

At even-tide,
When the sun was gone,
I saw a star—
The only one—
It was so small,
So faintly bright,
It seem'd no more
Than the glow-worm's light:

So very sad,
So very wan,
I thought it wept
Its going down;
And did not like
To quench its fires,
When other stars
Where lighting theirs.

I watch'd that Star—
I saw it sink
Nearer and nearer
To the brink:

There was a cloud—
It pass'd it through,
And larger and larger
I saw it grow.

Gone was the hue
Of sickly white—
Its cheek was now
Of the vermil bright—
I saw a light
Its form unfold,
As if its locks
Were of streaming gold.

Thou lovely Star!
I know 'twas so—
Thou look'dst so sad
For haste to go:
Thou didst not like
To shine alone
In the cold, cold night,
When thy Sun was gone.

That vermil tint,
That glow so bright,
That halo beam
Of celestial light—
O they were like
What spirits feel,
When they bid the world
A last farewell.

Thou didst not set,
Thou didst not fade,
Thou didst not quench
Thy beams in shade—
Thou wert but sad
For haste to flee
From a world too dark,
Too cold for thee.

THE SKY LARK.

In allusion to the asserted fact, that the Lark, rising high in air, perceives the day-break and begins his song, before it is perceptible on the ear:h.

WHY dost thou sing so sweet a lay,
Songster invisible!
When not a beam of light is seen
In valley or on hill?

The drowsy Thrush is in his nest,
The Linnet slumbers yet—
I do not hear the watch-dog bark,
Or the herded cattle bleat.

What dost thou see, thou watchful Bird!
As from thy airy height,
So far above the slumbering world
Thou look'st upon the night?

While earth's low dwellings lie enwrapt
In night's obscurity,
Beyond the reach of mortal ken,
Is there a light to thee?

Then loud and louder raise thy notes,
And let the wakeful hear
That, midnight darkness as it seems,
The day is even near.

And so let him who knows to rise
To truth's celestial seat,
While earth and its false seemings, lie
In darkness at his feet—

Whose holy spirit walks with God
In piety serene—
Devotion's meditative child,
Intent on things unseen—

So let him sing his matin song,
Before the world awakes;
And warble of the day-time near,
Or e'er the morning breaks.

Full many a heart will list the lay,
 And love the joyful tone,
 That through the wakeful night has cried,
 "Ah! when will it be gone?"



THE NEGRO BOY.

(*A true Story.**)

Ah, where are they whose sympathizing hearts o'erflow
 With all the gen'rous feelings pity can bestow;
 Whose thought is love, whose love, an ever kindling flame
 Fanned into greater fervour, by the very name,
 Of human shame and sorrow? To their list'ning ear,
 I turn to tell a tale of slav'ry and of fear;
 A tale, which tho' it raise the son of Mammon's scorn,
 Will deeply sink in hearts of Britons freely born;
 And in the Christian's breast will many thoughts inspire,
 Of faith's firm hold, and glowing love's seraphic fire.

In that dark land, where freedom's voice is scarcely known,
 There lived a negro boy, unpitied and alone,
 With not one heart to love him, or one voice to cheer
 His path of toil and suff'ring, or to help him bear
 The load of obloquy, and scorn upon him shed,
 Tears all his solace, bitterness his daily bread:
 But heav'nly mercy gave, what human hearts denied,
 And from the gospel mirror, pour'd a rapid tide
 Of light and cheering beams o'er his desponding soul,
 That chased the gloom, and made the wounded spirit whole:
 Till then, he had oft murmur'd at the cruel hand
 Of av'rice and oppression: now the stern command
 Is heard, and is obey'd. Religion makes him meek,
 Christ his example, he can turn the smitten cheek;
 Can unrepining bow beneath his wretched lot,
 Secure, whoe'er forgets him, Christ forgets him not.
 Firm to one point alone, all others he can yield,
 There duty calls, and there his resolution sealed
 With many a prostrate vow of gratitude and love,
 Supported by an unseen pow'r, shall faithful prove.

* We insert this on the credit of our unknown correspondent, but hope, for humanity's sake, it is not a *true story*.

His Saviour's worship, and the study of his word
 With him are sacred duties; here he owns no Lord,
 But him to whom his most devoted thoughts are giv'n,
 Whose slightest word's his law, whose faintest smile his heav'n.
 Yet there were those, whose envy mark'd the youthful saint,
 Like Daniel he was holy, and they made complaint
 Of the poor slave's devotion to his new-found God :
 Their malice took effect, and soon he felt the rod,
 The human scourge; by art infernal, surely made
 The stigmatizing badge of that nefarious trade;
 Which blacker than the hue its wretched victim wears,
 Plants its sad fields in blood, and reaps the crop in tears;
 Nor in this hour of anguish saw he e'en one look
 Of pity. The cold blood almost his heart forsook;
 When to increase his woe, the savage master said,
 "Where's now thy God?"—A moment, and he raised his head,
 And what was meant for torture, served but to compose
 The tumult of his spirits; well the sufferer knows
 He is not left alone. Meekly he said, "He's here,
 I feel his sacred presence, and he makes me bear
 Without repining, what else had pow'r to fan
 My soul into a flame of rage, O barb'rous man."

But who shall teach the furious tiger to be tame?
 Repulsed, he will but rage the more; it was the same
 With him who wore the tiger's breast in human guise :
 Again he plies the lash, again the despot cries,
 "Where now is he you term your helper and your Lord,
 Where all his promised aid, his vainly trusted word?"
 Not vainly trusted, I can hear his cheering voice
 In gentle whispers, speaking to my soul, "Rejoice,
 Rejoice, poor sufferer, that to thee 'tis given
 Thro' tribulation's gloomy vale, to reach at heav'n;
 Pity and pray for him, whose fury shall but break,
 Spite of itself, all chains, all bondage from thy neck;
 Speed thy long wished for flight, and ope to thy glad eye
 The untold vision of a blest eternity."
 He paused, and on his murd'rer cast his languid gaze,
 Then turned to heav'n his eye, that spoke of love and praise;
 Will not these melting looks and words the savage touch?
 No! man, lost man, lists only to his passions. Such
 As trust corrupted guides, must even go astray;
 Can they be right, who blindly choose the devious way?
 Sin, whilst with freedom's shade it cheats our willing minds,
 Close and more close each day our galling fetters binds.

Malice, Satanic vice, put forth its utmost power,
 And silenced baffled conscience in this guilty hour.
 Once more, and only once, the harsh demand is made,
 "Where think you now is he on whom your trust is stayed?"
 E'en whilst the tyrant spake, the oft-repeated stroke,
 The fragile thread of human life had almost broke;
 Yet calm amidst his agony the sufferer stood,
 O'er his pale face there was a radiant smile diffused,
 That told he knew his house was founded on the rock,
 And therefore would sustain unmoved the final shock.
 "Say not he is not here—'tis he who bids me pray,
 E'en with my dying breath, that he will deign to stay
 His arm, and from the book of an avenging God,
 Blot this recorded crime with all-atoning blood—
 Lay your proud spirit prostrate at his sovereign feet,
 Make pardon welcome, tears of penitence most sweet—
 Bestow such treasures from his mercy's bounteous store,
 That having much forgiven, you may love the more!"
 He said—one glance of rapture gave—it was the last—
 One sigh—one feeble struggle—and the spirit past. M.

To the Assistant of Education.

MADAM,

The reading of your Listener's observations on the uses of musick, brought to my mind a circumstance that occurred to me many years ago, but of which the impression is fresh upon my memory. It happened to me to be present at a large dinner party, to which, for the sake of their musick, a number of professional singers had been invited. Braham was there, and Storace, and Mrs. Dickinson, and many others, whose names I do not remember. I had dined at that table many times before, without hearing any words of acknowledgment to the Deity, or any mention of his name, except in oaths. But now as all was to be musick, a grace was sung. I suppose this may be a common thing at publick festivals, but as these are places ladies do not much frequent, this

was the only time I ever heard it. Beautiful beyond description appears to me this burst of sacred harmony, uttered as it was by lips profane, but in such stile as might be expected from the powers of the performers. Of the forty persons present, I perhaps might be the only one who thought of God at all on the occasion: but I did think, and did deeply feel; and though not very seriously disposed at the time, could not easily get rid of the impression, or reconcile myself to the unhallowed conversation that ensued upon this divine commencement.

I have often thought since, that if from lips not true, and from hearts not grateful, a mere ceremony could be so impressive; how beautiful it might be, breathed in simplicity by voices tuned to sing the praises of their God. I have thought that were I at the head of an establishment it should be tried. The doors should be shut, the servants should be in waiting, and before the covers were taken off, and when the cloth was removed, a strain of music should be heard, very brief, very simple, and yet solemn, expressive of harmony in the hearts of those assembled to be partakers together of God's bounty, and a pledge that his gifts should not be misused, nor his presence forgotten, nor any unkindly feelings manifested during the time of the repast.

In our manner of saying grace before meals in general, it is impossible for a thinking person not to perceive that it is not often what it is meant to be. I do not speak of those parties where no one acknowledges the Giver or the gift. Where no feeling is, one form may be as good as another—perhaps the omission as good as any—for I have heard grace said where it could be little else than a breach of the third commandment. Neither do I speak of those set parties of religious people, in which I have generally heard it said with much reverence and attention. What is in my mind is the blessing usually asked in the domestic circle, where the members of it are really not unmindful of their God. It seems to me it is not so solemn and effectual a ceremony as it

might be. Half the party are not assembled when grace is said—they come in the middle of it—or they say, or leave unsaid, their solitary benedicite, after the dinner has commenced. Those who are present do not seem to listen—some sit, some stand, some bow hastily with an air of distraction. It may be answered, “What signifies a form? The heart is grateful, and asks a secret blessing on every thing we enjoy. The aspiration of a moment is as good as the prepared utterance of words.” This is true—and we have only to carry the argument through, to get rid of every form and manifestation of religion whatever. Rather let me say, it would be true, if man were the saint he is not. But in fact we are forgetful, insensible, and ungrateful, even in our best estate; and with the bounties of God perpetually before us, and his grace in action upon our hearts, we do still need to be reminded by external signs and ceremonies of devotion. They who venture to despise all outward signs and seemings of religion, should know their own hearts well. There may be some who have got beyond the influence of external things, and want no helps to keep their God in mind. I do not know who they are—but I am sure they are not the young, the healthful, and the happy, usually assembled at our domestic tables.

ON SUNDAY DINNERS.

MADAM,

It is at the request of the friend who is the subject of the present sheet, that I trouble you with it—merely remarking, that she hopes you will employ her experience or not, as you think proper.

I am, Madam,

Your humble Servant,

I.

"YOU will dine with us on Sunday, my dear," said Lady H. to my young friend—"we intend having the little ones christened, and I hope we shall have a pleasant family party: with Mr. N—, Mr. and Mrs. D—, and yourself, we shall number about eighteen—you must positively come—remember I shall expect you to pass the day with us." I should state that my young friend, Miss S—, had often declined similar invitations; sometimes stating as a reason that she wished to pass the day alone. The week was always entirely occupied, and she had long been accustomed to spend the sabbaths in tranquillity, regularly attending the service of her own church and of the adjacent parish. She felt and blushed not to acknowledge her conviction of the importance of the duties peculiar to the day which the Almighty has consecrated as one of holy rest. It was her earnest wish to impress her acquaintance, and those over whom she possessed any controul, with the necessity of a regularly religious observance of that day, and she dreaded lest, by a prominent failure in those principles she so ardently longed to inculcate, she might lead into error those whom she hoped to guide to virtue. She knew that she was considered by Lady H. as a Methodist—she was also aware, that both her ladyship and her daughters attached absurd and unjust ideas to the word Methodist, and that it was never applied by them except as a term of reproach or of ridicule. I chanced to see Miss S— soon after the invitation was given; she informed me of it, and requested my advice for her decision. Lady H. she said, had been more than once her benefactress; she was anxious to efface the impression which her ladyship had received of her being on a Sunday methodistical, gloomy, and dejected; and argued, that as two clergymen, Mr. N— and Mr. D— were to be present, she could not surely err materially by following their example. "Besides," she continued, it is a christening—not a gay, fashionable party—and it is not

probable that any thing very repugnant to my feelings should occur. Thus she reasoned, and finding her really disposed to go, I declined all interference. Before I left, she wrote to Lady H—, saying that she "should have pleasure in attending the interesting ceremony of the public baptism of her children." We met twice again before the Sunday, but the subject was not mentioned, and I forbore making any observations which might cause her uneasiness. I could not however help observing an unusually forced gaiety of manner, which, without remarking to herself, I attributed to different causes, but which she has since told me was occasioned by an unwillingness to ruminate on the engagement she had made. Sunday came, and as my friend was about to prepare for her morning walk to church, Lady H.'s carriage was announced—a note was likewise delivered, which requested Miss S.'s immediate attendance at — Hall. She had no alternative but to step into the carriage; and when on her arrival she anxiously enquired if any thing had happened, Lady H— replied with a smile, "Nothing, my dear, but I was resolved to have you all day, therefore adopted the only method I could devise of bringing you here early—come, you must help me to adorn this christening cake which the confectioner has foolishly sent quite plain." Poor Miss S— was too much chagrined to reply—she felt that she could not refuse to assist in what she must witness, therefore helped to dispose of the various ornaments which had been collected. The rest of the morning was passed in a consultation about some new ball dresses for the elder girls, and in discussing the merits of a new novel. At two o'clock the sponsors and other friends arrived: they repaired to church, where they might have edified by a very fair sermon; and after the congregation were dispersed, the children were brought forward to be admitted "members of Christ and children of God." Here reflection and gravity were deposed by whispering and

scarcely suppressed mirth; and all idea of responsibility, on the part of the sponsors, for the virtuous and *religious* education of the little innocents, appeared banished by the intrusion of gossip, and remarks on the finery of the village lasses who had just left the sacred edifice. How did the heart of my friend sicken at such indecorous conduct in the House of God! How bitterly did she lament having joined the thoughtless circle! But she hoped for a more rational evening. "Surely," she thought, "the presence of two divines will be a sufficient check upon this unthinking party, to prevent their entering into common amusement, should they feel disposed to do so. But, alas! conversation became dull, and music was proposed. My friend listened for some of Handel's soul-enchancing pieces, but vexation still attended her—some of the party sang English ballads, Italian airs, &c; others united for a glee; and Lady H.'s daughters were invited to perform duets on the harp and piano-forte. Thus passed the hours of that day of which God has said, "*Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy.*" Can the most charitably disposed perceive even a glimmering of religious praise, thanksgiving or devotion in the above faithful, unexaggerated recital? My friend, distressed beyond description, returned home to her quiet peaceful chamber, and there sought the forgiveness and consolation she so much needed. She incessantly reproaches herself for want of resolution to resist the persuasions by which she was allured to pass such a sabbath of misery, and intreats me to offer a perusal of this day's occurrence as a warning to other young persons, trusting that, should it fall under the observation of any person, circumstanced as herself, the experience she has so dearly purchased will be a means of guarding them from similar dangers. I,

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Abridgment of a Selection of Prayers for Children and Young Persons. By C. Holmes. J. Nisbet, Berners-street, London. 1826. Price 1s.

It is very difficult to find forms of prayer that can by any means be made use of for children. We believe it may be extremely difficult to write them; although the simplest meaning, in the fewest words, seem all the qualities they should need. But these are great qualities, if we may judge from the infrequency of their attainment. Perhaps to write prayers at all, is the most difficult task authorship can assume to itself, the one in which success has been most rare. With one great exception, we should almost be bold enough to say it never has succeeded, to the extent of our knowledge of devotional compositions: we have never seen written forms of prayer entirely satisfactory, those of our Liturgy excepted. Perhaps this is not quite impossible to account for. To write and to pray, are operations so inimical, that to perform them together may be impossible. Genuine prayer is the heart's spontaneous, unstudied, unquestioned emotion—to consider how we will pray, is almost to cease from prayer. Before we can deliberate on the modes of expression in which to clothe a feeling, the feeling itself must be superseded by the reflection upon it. The composer of prayer therefore writes what is proper to be said, rather than what at the moment his heart is saying: the consequence is, that the prayers are proper, correct, pious, and unobjectionable; yet seem in the reading mere lifeless formalities, rather than the aspirations of a heart that only finds words because it is overflowing with the feelings they stand for.

Still there are times and circumstances in which forms of prayer cannot be dispensed with—perhaps with chil-

dren this is particularly the case. They must use words before they have the desires—unless we will allow them in the neglect of prayer till their desires suggest it; which few, I think, would venture to advise, considering the fearful omnipotence of habit. We have already spoken, elsewhere, of the difficulty of directing the prayers of childhood; and expressed our conviction that as early as possible, they should be left to the private and spontaneous utterance of their own wants in their own language. Even then there will be times in which forms of prayer are necessary and indispensable: and since our Lord has written one, they are not prohibited nor to be despised. We doubt not many parents will be glad to hear of this small Selection; especially where children are in the habit of assembling for prayer in the nursery or school-room, the purpose for which this Selection seems to have been made. Also for the use of Sunday Schools we can recommend it.

A Pronouncing Vocabulary; with Lessons in Prose and Verse, and a few Grammatical Exercises. By G. Fulton. Price 2s. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh. 1826.

WE think this will be found an improvement upon the common sort of first reading-books. But we are not of opinion it is necessary, in teaching children to read their native tongue, to give them any *rules* of pronunciation. Words are familiar to them in the sound, before they are so in the written character, and when taught to recognize them, they will spontaneously call them as they are accustomed to hear them called. This is so certain, that no tuition can prevent the acquisition of a provincial accent, where children are in constant association with those who use it: nor does any girl in polished society mis-pronounce her own language, though she rarely knows any reason why she speaks a word one way rather than another. This would be an excellent book with which to teach a foreigner to read.

La Mort du Fils Aîné. Par C. Malan, ministre à Genève. Chez J. Nisbet, Berners-street. 1826. Price 4s.

THOSE who love the language of the Gospel, and its highest hopes and sweetest consolations, will do well to read this exquisite little book. Others may say it is *triste*.

EXTRACTS.

PRINCE RUPERT one day seeing a centinel cleansing his fusil a rust, which the night dew had formed upon it, conceived the first idea of a mode of engraving, since called *mezzo tinto*.

ABOUT the year 750, B.C. the paintings of the Greeks in such estimation, that Candaules, king of Lydia, gave its value in gold for one painted by Bularchus.

IL faut prendre soin des enfants sans leur laisser voir qu'on s'en occupe beaucoup à eux.—FENELON.

HUMILITY.

THE more any man knows of himself, the more he comes to the knowledge of his own nothingness. When he perceives that he is in himself destitute of all good, he betakes himself to the grace and mercy of God, to fill up the void, and to do what he would please to have him in the order of the new creation. So he pants after, and betakes himself to God as to the fountain of all good things, desiring to know him aright, to love him, and to know him as he should. Humility is so excellent a virtue, that it is not without reason, that the Son of God, who gave us life, salvation and treasure, would not have us learn it of ourselves.

THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

DECEMBER, 1826.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

(Continued from page 250.)

ATHENS, FROM B.C. 424, TO THE DEATH OF SOCRATES, B.C. 400.

IN the eighth year, the chief command was given to Licias, a man who held high offices, even in the time of Pericles. His qualifications were not extraordinary; wanting the talents of his predecessor, he used other means of obtaining influence. He had an immense estate, and laid out great part of it in bestowing largesses, exhibiting plays and shows, and whatever else might please the people. He was timid, and anxious for peace with Lacedæmon, rather than risk the ruin of both cities by obstinately persisting in a useless war. To him was opposed the orator Cleon, a violent man, delighting in bloodshed, and the inveterate enemy of Sparta, with whom he would not suffer his people to think of peace. During this year there was much cruel and barbarous warfare, and many successes on the part of Athens under her generals, Licias, Demosthenes, Hippocrates, and Thucydides, the historian; though on the whole she lost ground, and in the following year was induced to listen to proposals of peace. A truce was concluded for one year, and peace was expected; but new dissensions arose, and on the very day the truce expired, Cleon

persuaded the Athenians to let him lead an army into Thrace. In an engagement that followed, Cleon was killed, and the Athenians entirely routed; which led to an amnesty, concluded for fifty years, in which all the states of Greece were included, except the Bœotians, Corinthians, and Megarians, who refused it. This peace being promoted by Nicias, was called the Nician peace.

This peace brought with it little appearance of tranquillity. Neither party found it convenient to fulfil the stipulations; and the smaller states were determined not to leave in peace two nations whose dissensions were their only safety. To foment these symptoms of renewed disorder, a new character, of distinguished name, began to take part in the affairs of Athens, in opposition to the peaceful Licias. This was Alcibiades, the nephew of Pericles, and very highly descended. He had been early distinguished for the beauty of his person and the brilliancy of his accomplishments, while his fortune and birth exceeded that of most of the nobility of Athens. He was extremely eloquent, liberal, affable, and magnificent, and could assume the appearance of any virtue that happened to be popular or likely to serve his purpose; but he was in fact luxurious, dissolute, and profane. The affection of Socrates, the philosopher, was a great advantage to him, and had been a considerable restraint upon his evil disposition, in his earlier years, as well as an inducement to the people to bear with his excesses. Alcibiades had been always of the Lacedæmonian party; but now out of opposition to Licias, he did his utmost to excite the people against them, and accused Licias of betraying to them the interests of his country. The people, ever ready to be misled, accordingly began to entertain suspicions. The Spartans sent an embassy to preserve the peace. These were introduced by Nicias to the senate, and declared they were vested with full powers to add any new clause to the treaty that might satisfy the Athenians. When they retired from the council, Alcibiades invited these ambassadors to his

house, persuaded them of his friendship, and advised them to deny in the assembly of the people that they were invested with full powers, otherwise unreasonable compliances would be extorted from them. Accordingly when they next appeared in the forum, and Alcibiades rose first to ask them if they had full power to treat, they answered, "No," as they had been directed. Alcibiades turning to the people, said, "You see, my countrymen, what credit is to be given to these Lacedæmonians, who deny to-day what they affirmed to the senate yesterday"—upon which the people absolutely refused to let the ambassadors speak. Licias made an effort to preserve peace, by going on an embassy to Sparta; but he there also found an opposing party, and nothing more was done to make the treaty permanent.

These were the events of the eleventh and twelfth years from the commencement of the Peloponnesian war. In the succeeding year, every preparation was making for war, but no action was undertaken. In the fourteenth, the Athenians and Argives engaged against the Spartans, who gained a glorious victory: and thus was the war renewed with more than former destructiveness. Argos, now one of the leading cities in Greece, was perpetually changing sides, as indeed were all the rest, according as the aristocratic or the democratic party happened to predominate, with these the interest of Sparta and Athens being always identified. In addition to their former enemies, the Athenians this year declared war against Perdiccas, king of Macedon; a country not included among the ancient Greek states, but now beginning to act a part in history.

In the next year Alcibiades came to Argos with a fleet, carried away the aristocratic faction, and took some small towns, of which the inhabitants were sold to slavery. Whichever party prevailed, this was the fate of the powerless allies; while the real parties to the war remained comparatively secure. Persuaded by Alcibiades, the Athenians next began to dream of conquering

Sicily, and determined to send thither a fleet and army; from thence they were to pass over to Africa, subdue Carthage and Lybia, and then to conquer Italy. Of all in Athens who perceived the madness of these schemes, Nicias alone had the courage to declare it. Nothing could arrest the folly of the people; an armament was prepared, and Nicias, with Alcibiades and Lamachus, were desired to command it. While these preparations were making, an accident occurred that caused much confusion—in one night all the statues of Mercury, of which there were a great number in the city, were defaced, and the authors of the mischief could not be discovered. Some slaves and servants deposed, that they had long before heard Alcibiades, with other young men, ridicule the religious mysteries. Of this his enemies made use, to charge Alcibiades with the impiety. He offered to defend himself; but determined on his ruin, they had it moved that he should depart now with the expedition, and be tried for the offences on his return—to this he yielded unwillingly. The expedition sailed, but had not been long in Sicily, when Alcibiades was sent for to abide his trial, about the affair of the Mercuries—a trick of state to ruin him. Discovering this by the way, he made his escape from those who fetched him, fled to the enemies of Athens, and finally to Sparta, where he was well received. This, perhaps, decided the fate of Athens. Alcibiades assumed immediately the Lacedæmonian customs and habits, conformed to their dress and mode of living, threw aside every thing that pertained to the Athenian, and having become as popular in Sparta as ever he had been in Athens, used his influence not only to excite animosity against his country, but to instruct the enemy how they might accomplish her destruction. An army of Lacedæmonians was sent to oppose Nicias in Sicily, which closed the affairs of the eighteenth year.

As Athens ever distrusted those who were most capable of serving her, so was she doomed to suffer the

greatest injuries from those who were her people; and the final ruin of the city may be in great measure attributed to Alcibiades' visit to Sparta. He urged the Spartans to send succours to Syracuse and to invade Attica; and suggested to them to seize and fortify a castle in Attica, by which the Athenians were prevented returning from their farms after an enemy had withdrawn, and were cut off from the supplies afforded by their silver mines at Laurium.

In the eighteenth year of the Peloponnesian war, Agis, king of Sparta, invaded Attica. The Athenians, instead of attending to their own safety, were intent upon the Sicilian war, where, under command of Nicias and Demosthenes, things were going sufficiently ill, owing to the interference of the Lacedæmonians, and where the Athenian army was eventually lost and the two generals slain. Alcibiades meantime was acting assiduously against his country, persuading the smaller states to take part against her, and promoting a league between Sparta and the Persians for her destruction. By Sparta, however, he was hated and mistrusted, and secret orders were given to destroy him, which, discovering, he fled to Persia, and gained as much influence there, as he had found means to do every where else. Sparta became now the object of his enmity; and he wrote to Athens, offering to engage for them the aid of Persia, if they would abolish the democracy. The Athenians, ever prone to novelty, resolved to abandon the form of government for which they had fought so often, and sent deputies to treat with Alcibiades and Tissaphernes, to learn on what terms the Persian alliance might be secured, and to promise, if they were reasonable, to abolish the democracy, and place the government in the hands of a few. The treaty did not take effect; but the democracy was overturned by civil tumult, and Pisander, the leading man now at Athens, established a sort of oligarchy in its stead. A senate of four hundred were elected, in whom supreme authority was vested—thus was the

old government of Athens finally abolished, but not without much opposition and bloodshed. The army disapproved of the change, recalled Alcibiades, and made him their general with full powers. His intrigues with the Persians greatly embarrassed the Spartan affairs, and for a time impeded the conquest of Athens. The war had now lasted one and twenty years. B.C. 411.

Sparta once again offered a peace to Athens that might have saved her; but, confident in the fortunes of Alcibiades, she refused it. That general had indeed some brilliant successes, and returned to Athens laden with more spoil that had been taken since the Persian war. On this occasion the people left their city empty, and crowded to the port to behold him. Young and old blessed him as he passed, the record of his banishment was thrown into the sea, and every possible honour and benefit conferred on him. The sweetness of the hero's manners, his universal complaisance, the care he took properly to apply the riches he had brought in, completed his triumph in publick favour. But not a year had elapsed before he was again deprived of the command, and obliged to pass into Thrace, and build himself a castle for security. The command was then given to Conon.

The Athenians had now become thoroughly corrupt. At home their best citizens were banished or executed, abroad their armies were inactive and licentious. Nothing could any longer save them. Lysander appeared under their walls with a fleet, while Agis attacked them by land. The walls were demolished to the sound of musick, and Athens was enslaved on the anniversary of the day in which she saved the liberty of Greece at the battle of Salamis. Thirty persons, known in history by the appellation of the Thirty Tyrants, were chosen by Lysander to govern, or rather to oppress the state. Death, imprisonment, and every species of injury, was exercised on the Athenians by these tyrants. Their

reign was not of long duration. The courage and conduct of Thrasybulus eventually restored the government.

Among the many outrages committed by the Thirty Tyrants, they are said to have procured the death of Alcibiades after this manner, as related by Plutarch. "In Athens, the people, sighing under the Thirty Tyrants, placed all their hopes in Alcibiades. They knew his love for his country, and they doubted not he would make some effort to relieve her. The Tyrants themselves expected the same thing, and especially Critias, their chief, who had been his most intimate friend, and at whose motion the decree had been made for recalling Alcibiades from banishment; but the lust of power destroys all ties, whether of blood or affection. He who was before his friend became now his bitter enemy, and sending to Lysander, assured him, that Athens would never be quiet, or Sparta safe, till Alcibiades was destroyed. The Lacedæmonian general, scorning to defile himself with an assassination, treated these notices with the contempt they deserved; but Critias, applying to the magistracy of Sparta, procured an order to be sent to Lysander, which he durst not disobey. Upon receipt of this order, Lysander sent away a messenger to Pharnabazus, desiring him to put it into execution. Alcibiades resided at this time in a small village in Phrygia, with Timandra, his mistress. As he slept, he dreamt Mageas cut off his head and burned his body; and it is said it was but a little while before his death he had this dream. They who were sent to assassinate him had not courage enough to enter the house; but, surrounding it, first set it on fire. Alcibiades, as soon as he perceived it, getting together a great quantity of clothes and furniture, threw them upon the fire with a design to choak it; and having wrapped his cloak about his left arm, and holding his naked sword in his right, he cast himself into the middle of the fire, and passed securely through it, before it had time to take thoroughly the furniture and other materials he had

thrown on it. The barbarians, as soon as they saw him, retreated, and none of them durst stay to expect him, or to engage with him; but standing at a distance, they slew him with their darts and arrows. When he was dead, the barbarians departed, and Timandra took up his dead body, and wrapping it up in her own robes, the very best she had, she buried it as decently and as honourably as her circumstances would allow. She buried him in a town called Melissa; and we learn from Athenæus that the monument remained to his time, for he himself saw it. The emperor Adrian, in memory of so great a man, caused his statute in Parian marble to be set up thereon, and ordered that a bull should be sacrificed to him annually." Though we see but little to approve in the heathen greatness of such a character as Alcibiades, his treatment was not such as was due to him from his country. Successful every where, he was every where in the issue hated and betrayed; but it is impossible not to perceive that this was the consequences of his own character—serving all parties successively, but true to none, and of course never confided in by any. Still he was the only man who could have saved Athens, and she ruined herself in discarding him.

The history of these great men makes up all the interest of Grecian history; the rest being but a dry recital of perpetual warfare and contention between states shut up in too small a compass to remain long at peace among themselves. About this time, that is, soon after the popular government was restored to Athens, her history is enlivened by the story of the famous Socrates. Our account of him is, that he was not only a philosopher, or one who in words professed the love of wisdom, but one who in deeds, as well as by his sayings, demonstrated his wisdom. As a soldier, he had been present in several engagements; in one he preserved the life of Alcibiades; in another he carried off a friend of his who was wounded on his back; in a third, he showed as much courage and conduct as the most ex-

perienced generals. In all the campaigns wherein he served, he distinguished himself by enduring hardships with patience, executing punctually whatever he was commanded, and complying readily with every thing that was required of him; for though he was exceedingly temperate, and strictly sober, yet if his company was desired, he refused not to go to entertainments, and to drink there as other people did. Every Athenian was necessarily a soldier, but Socrates' distinction was as a learned man and a philosopher. He refused to interfere with matters of state, till he was advanced in years, when he was elected into the senate by his tribe. He there acted too honestly, and spoke his mind too freely, to be acceptable to the tyrants, whose unjust sentences against the citizens he invariably opposed. Some remark of the sage in a publick conversation—for it was the custom of the philosophers to instruct the youth by speaking to them in the porticos and other places of resort—having been reported to the Tyrants, he was sent for, and forbidden to converse with any man under thirty on pain of death. Not yet satisfied of his fidelity to their government, they summoned him to the senate-house, and ordered him, with some other persons, to seize a man of fortune whom they had determined to destroy, that they might have his estates. This commission Socrates refused, saying, "I will never willingly assist in an unjust act." Critias replied, "Dost thou think to talk always in this state, and not to suffer?" "Far from it," answered Socrates, "I expect to suffer a thousand ills, but none so great as to do unjustly." He then returned home, and would not long have been allowed to live, had not the disturbance of the government diverted the attention of the Tyrants to their own safety. Private animosity seems to have been the ultimate occasion of the philosopher's death. The first project was to lower him in publick estimation and bring him into ridicule, by means of Aristophanes, the comic poet, who introduced him in one of his comedies, as a man of false

and subtle argument, making, by his fallacious reasonings, the worse appear the better cause, a despiser of every thing sacred, and an introducer of new gods, while himself worshipped none. Socrates went to the theatre to see the play, and sat in the most conspicuous place. When asked by his friends if he was not vexed to be thus treated, he answered, "Not at all; I fancy I am at a feast where every one enjoys me." It was a considerable time after, that a charge was brought against him in these terms:—"Melitus, son of Melitus, a Pythian, accuseth Socrates, the son of Sophronicus, an Alopertian. Socrates violates the law, not believing the deities whom this city believeth, but introducing other new gods. He violates the law likewise in corrupting youth—the punishment death." When the day of trial came, Melitus opened the prosecution with an harangue, in which he alleged that Socrates persuaded his scholars to despise the laws of the republic; that he had been the friend of Critias and Alcibiades; that he taught young people to be disrespectful to their parents, by telling them he would make them wiser than their fathers; and many other similar charges were made by others of his accusers. Socrates, in his reply, professed devotion to his country's gods, refuted all the charges, and demanded if they could name a youth whom he of religious had made impious, whom of modest he had made impudent, of frugal prodigal, or of sober debauched. "I know those," answered Melitus, "whom you have persuaded to be more obedient to you than to their parents." "With respect to instruction, I confess I have," answered Socrates, "for that was my sphere, not theirs. In regard to health, men consult physicians before their parents; in law-suits they apply to counsel, not to cousins. If others are preferred for such things as they excel in, and with reason too, can you think it fit, because in the opinion of some I have an advantage beyond others in the educating of youth, which is a matter of the greatest consequence to society, that there-

fore I ought to suffer death? Anytus and Melitus, O my judges, may procure that judgment, but hurt me they cannot: to fear death is to seem wise and not to be so, for it is to pretend to understand what we really understand not; no man knows what death is, or whether it be not the greatest happiness that can arrive to us; yet all fear and shun it, as if they were sure it would be the greatest misfortune." Plato, afterwards a philosopher of little less renown than himself, attempted to speak in his defence; but beginning with these words, "Though I, O Athenians, am the youngest of those who come up into this place," the people cried out, "Of those who go down," and would not suffer him to speak another word. Votes were taken, and Socrates was found guilty by two hundred and eighty-one voices. He might have escaped with a fine, which his friends offered to pay, but he said to pay a fine was to acknowledge an offence; he deserved rewards and a maintenance from the publick rather than to pay a fine. His judges, incensed, pronounced on him sentence of death, by a majority of eighty voices. Even this he might have avoided, could his friends have prevailed on him to escape.

REFLECTIONS

ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed—I will sing and give praise.—PSALM lvii. 7.

THE reason there is so little musick in our bosoms, and so little praise upon our lips, is because our hearts are not fixed. They are restlessly wandering between eternity and time, between God, and the world, and ourselves, and cannot determine on which to fix their preference. So long as this is so, peace in our bosoms cannot be, and discord will be heard in all our songs

—while God, instead of praises for his perfect mercy, and our unmeasured bliss, hears bitter murmurs, and apprehensive fears, and cold assents to what should fill the bosom with felicity, and tune the voice to grateful adoration. Why does it take so very long to fix our hearts? Is the value of time and eternity so very nicely balanced, that it should take us all our lives to turn the scale? It seems so. For when men begin to love God a little, and take him in some small degree into their counsels, comforting themselves with his love, when they can find nothing else to comfort them; and consenting to depend upon him bye and bye, when death and misery shall take all other trust away: still there is no fixedness in their affections, no determination in their purpose. “Wait a little—bye and bye”—this is the heart’s language, “I have this thing to love, and that thing to pursue, and many things to depend upon at present, beside my God—I hope I love him, but I am not sure.” Then, till you are sure, and till you are determined to seek your happiness in God, and depend on him alone, no musick meet to be heard in heaven will rise from the lip, nor praises from the heart; divided, distracted, inharmonious as it is—but the jarrings rather of conflicting feelings, and discordant principles, and desires at perpetual variance with each other. O will the eternal harmony of Heaven be so much too long, that we need be in no hurry to begin it!

Therefore have they forgotten me.—HOSEA xiii. 6.

IF we forget our friends, it is when they forsake and abandon us—when in some strait of hard necessity, they leave us unhelped and un comforted—when a long time has passed since we have heard of them, or received any kindness from them—when nothing we possess or enjoy, reminds us of them as the authors or participators of our happiness; and nothing we suffer finds sympathy in their bosoms. Then we forget them, and hold ourselves excused. But when is it men forget their God? Hear

it in his own words—let many amongst us hear it, and say if it be not true—hear his tender remonstrance to his people, and be ashamed. “They were filled, and their heart was exalted—therefore they forgot me.” It is in our prosperity we are most prone to forget the Giver of all things, as if the very bounty had that in it which should render us ungrateful. That this is the case, there are very few of us but know. We do not think so much of God in health, as in sickness—in the revels of abundance, as in the strugglings of poverty—in joy, as in affliction. And some there are, who seemed to like his presence, while the cloud was on their path; as soon as the sun rises on it, can do as well without him, and would rather be more happy without the thought of him. One of two things must ensue—either must we be abandoned to the bad choice we make, and be forgotten of him we thus forget—or the full cup must be emptied, and the exalted heart be broken, to awake us from this base oblivion. O, would that we were wise! Then if we are in prosperity, we should carefully watch ourselves, that nothing get possession of our hearts, or exalt us in our own esteem, or divert us from that devotedness of ourselves and our possessions to the service of God, which is his due—and if we are in poverty, we should not venture so much as to ask of heaven a fuller or a blither cup; lest in our abundance we too forget him.

Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of the Lord.—EPHESIANS v. 21.

EVERY one has some advantage above others—in rank, in wealth, in intellect, in righteousness. God has willed it so; for under the sun, nor probably above it, there is no equality. Harmony the most exquisite would ensue, were man content it should be so. Each would borrow of the other what he had not, and all would be supplied. But man, from one end of creation to the other, resists this dispensation—each grudges the

other what heaven has bestowed, and frets himself against all superiority. Let those who fear the Lord, consider of this—for it is something that must be altered, before man and his Maker can be agreed. If any be our superiors in rank, instead of disputing the precedence they claim, and the dignity they assume, complaining that they do not descend to unnecessary association with their inferiors, why not give them the deference they claim? For the external advantage, why not yield to them external homage?—Let them preside in our councils, and take the lead in our affairs, if they are able—let them have their names, and their influence, and their precedence. 'Tis a miserable pittance of preferment at the best—it adds little to their happiness, and takes nothing from our's. If any be our superiors in wealth, why fret ourselves about their possessions and their expenditure, as if they were obliged to live as meanly as ourselves—and call it dignity to refuse their bounties, and maintain a sullen independence of their aid? why not rather take gratefully what they offer, and thank heaven for them that they have it to bestow; and smile on their prosperity as heaven's gift? 'Tis a dangerous preference—for the full cup is likely to be drunk without a grace. If any be our superior in intellect, why swell ourselves against them because they will know better than we, and understand what we cannot, and walk on heights where we cannot follow them, as if they should become fools to match our folly, and weak to gratify our weakness? Why not rather take them for our guides, and go to them for wisdom, and ask counsel of them, and thank heaven that some one has a power that may supply our weakness? 'Tis a heavy, though a brilliant responsibility—it has sunk many a spirit deeper into hell, but has rarely helped one to attain to Heaven. If any be more holy than ourselves, and more ripe in godly knowledge—Ah! there indeed is an object of ambition—there is a distinction all may contend for, because all may reach. But not by the way of envy, and a jealous

impatience of their reproofs, and an endeavour to find out inconsistencies in them, in order to persuade ourselves they are not really more pious than we—but by a humble attention to their words, a careful study of their example, a holy shame, when we stand in comparison before them, and an honest prayer to heaven to make us such as they.

La tristesse du monde produit la mort.—

II. COR. vii. 10.

LES choses qui confondent et qui accablent notre orgueil nous font plus de bien que celles qui nous animent à la vertu. Nous avons besoin d'être abattus, comme St. Paul aux portes de Damas, et de ne trouver plus de ressource en nous-mêmes, mais en Dieu. La nature n'inspire qu'un courage fier et dédaigneux, et s'irrite contre les personnes dont Dieu se sert pour nous humilier. Il faut porter ses croix en silence avec un courage humble, paisible; être grand en Dieu et point en soi; grand par la douceur et la patience, et petit par l'humilité. Seigneur, vous voyez la faiblesse et la désolation de votre créature: elle n'a plus de ressource en elle-même; tout lui manque. Tant mieux, pourvu que vous ne lui manquiez jamais, et qu'elle cherche en vous avec confiance tout ce qu'elle désespère de trouver dans son propre cœur.

LECTURES

ON OUR

SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

LECTURE THE TWENTY-NINTH.

And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain de-

scended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell: and great was the fall of it.—MATT. vii. 26, 27.

We might tell of the instability of earthly good, and the false foundations on which men build for happiness on earth. We might draw affecting pictures of those sudden shocks by which the fabrick of happiness it costs a life to rear, has been crumbled in a moment to the dust; or of that slow, unseen destruction which undermines the building, while all without looks well; and none misdoubt our happiness, till our hearts break in misery. But it avails not. The restless Arab, as he strays from shore to shore, his family behind him, and his treasures in his bosom, looks for no rock to build upon, nor needs one. By the side of some fair spring, or under shadow of some eastern tree, he builds for to-day a home that will not outlast to-morrow—it matters not to him how soon it falls, for he must be gone, and leave it. It avails not to tell us, that our schemes of earthly happiness have no foundation. The builder knows well his building cannot stand; but he must have where to dwell. Upon the broad, smooth sand of time's uncertainty, he can but choose out the spot that pleases him, and plant it to his taste, and build upon it to his liking—he knows it will not last—he cannot dwell in it in peace, nor sleep one night secure. When the thunder bursts, he starts—when the wind blows, he listens, shuddering. But what is he to do? Sees he any place around him more secure? Sees he any other man's house that does not fall? Folly, from her gew-gaw mansion, when beauty has departed, and admirers are gone, and the frame stands shivering in its glittering robes, and the appetite nauseates the confections it has fed on, may look out and forgive herself: for she will see learning sit pale beside by the extinguished lamp—memory refusing to unlock its store—the folios lie dusted on the shelf—the ink is dry upon the horn—the ear is too deaf to hear the voice of fame, and the mind too imbecile

to regard it. Ambition on its castles dismantled and in ruins, may stand and be comforted; for in the dwelling of domestic peace, it will see the widowed spirit sit alone—the seats about her hearth are empty—the latch of her door is uplifted—she does not look as if she expected any. It does not signify—while we build for earth, it does not signify what our foundation is—all must come down; and the ruins of one mansion are as good a burying-place as the ruins of another. Let the Arab pitch his tent where the sun-beams are softest, and the spring flows purest: it matters not, for to-morrow he is gone; it is not to an earthly house our text refers.

But if it be true that there is a place where we must abide for ever; where, if our house falls, we must live on unsheltered; where we cannot depart, where we cannot build again; then, indeed, does it signify how our foundations lie, and of what durance is the ground we build upon. It is to our religion, to our eternal hopes, to our visions of immortality, the text refers. If these are right, our happiness is secure—if we are mistaken in these, great indeed will be the fall—the greater for the confidence we have reposed in them. Would we could prevail with those who are at some thought about the building of this eternal mansion, to consider more deeply of their condition: for it is in vain to have the proportions fair, and the materials fit, and the decorations splendid and becoming, if the foundation be not safe. Its beauty will not save it. Man's admiration will not save it. The flood respects not the fretted turrets, or the gilded roofs.

There is a religion essentially for time. It is built upon man's opinion, and proportioned by man's approving. It takes its measurements from the wise and learned, its decorations from elegance and taste. It looks very beautiful, man dwells very pleasantly within it, and it will last out his life-time. His religion suffices to carry him attentively through the ordinances, to regulate his household in all decency of observance, and

bring up his children to the same measure of devotion. He says his prayers, and reads his bible, and frequents his church—he acknowledges God as the giver of all good things, and submits to his providence when bereaved. He lives kindly with men, does justice, and loves mercy. No man lays anything to his charge. He is called in the world a religious, good man. It cannot be said of this man, that he has built no house for eternity—religion is of some importance with him—he would feel disgraced to be without it now, and afraid to be without it when he dies. It is a pleasant mansion—he builds it at no cost, and conscience seldom disturbs him in it. The world admires it much, and gives him no molestation: for the world is wise enough to know its own; and this fabrick is essentially, and exclusively its own. It is made up of things that perish. The principles of such a religion are those that happen to be established in the place where we dwell—in England, Protestant; in Italy, popish, or Mahometan in Turkey. It is no enquirer—all is right of course. The duties it performs are such as must terminate with our existence here, made up of the ties and relationships of life. Those feelings even which seem more immediately to respect the Deity, the gratitude for good and fortitude in ill, have to do with temporalities, and must terminate with them. Its very devotions, its stated prayers and appointed ceremonies, are dictated by custom, and regulated by human appointments. This religion seems to do well for a time. It will carry us decently through the smilings of prosperity, and with some dignity in reverse of fortune; it makes us very respectable in life, and, alas! but too confident in death. This passed, the foundation is gone, and the fabrick is dissolved; nothing of such a religion can pass into eternity. The ordinances it respected are done away—the duties it performed are over—the ties it fulfilled are dissolved. Its reward, if it merits any, is of man, and not of God: for it was founded upon man's opinion, fashioned to his liking,

and used for his advantage. It was the religion of our country, the religion of the day, the religion we were brought up in—God was not consulted in it. “It has been said”—this was at once the practice and the faith—the “But I say,” was neither heard nor heeded. Verily, I say unto you, they have their reward—they have lived beloved, and died respected. It was a time-built mansion—time ended, and it fell. If any be reposing in such a mansion—and thousands are—let them be advised, for it surely will not stand. Let them examine their morality by the words of this sermon, their hearts by its spirit, and their faith by its decisions. Let them examine their religion by the life, the death, the bequeathed word of Him by whose name they call it. As yet, they have not so much as heard his sayings, nor spoken with him at all. They learned religion elsewhere. They have not gone to Jesus on the mountain, where he sits alone, to be taught from his own mouth. They have stayed with the multitude below, learning the sayings of them of old times. They are blessed, but not with his blessings—they are secure, but not on his promises. He blessed none, but those who parted from the crowd to follow him—he promised nothing but to those who built their hopes upon himself. Perhaps this, too, is beside the meaning of our text.

“Every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not.” We alluded in the last Lecture, to those, who, having received their religion from their Saviour’s words, and consented to his sayings, that they are good, making open profession of his faith, do yet not feel that security of salvation, which is said to be the portion of his people. And we expressed our apprehension that there might be very little reason why they should. We may not say that God’s promises are conditional—they are without money and without price. “Do this, and live,” is not the covenant on which we stand. It is those who have no money that are to buy, and those who have not wherewith to pay, that are to be

forgiven all the debt. No sense of unworthiness in ourselves, therefore, is a ground of uneasiness respecting the foundation of our hopes; but, on the contrary, it brings us where else we could not be, within the offers of redeeming mercy. But we may say that God's promise of security is made to a character. Through the whole of Scripture, from Abraham "who went out, not knowing whither," and Moses, who esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, to Paul, who forsook all to follow him, and Stephen, who died rather than deny him, that character is described in terms the most varied, the most simple, the most beautiful, impossible to be misconstrued, or obscured by any thing but man's perversity; but no where more fully, than in this divine predication of our Lord, when he spake with his disciples on the mount. The whole purport of it is to distinguish among those that followed him, the false disciple from the true—and the end of it is to pronounce the opposite destiny of those who heard and did, and those who heard and did not. I know not, therefore, how any one, finding in themselves nothing responsive to the character, are to take comfort from the security promised to it. On the contrary, it would seem fitter that they take the warning; and, having built their hopes upon a false foundation, be advised that not only is their house not sure to stand, but that unless it timely be removed, it is sure to fall, and "great will be the fall of it."

These are they, if we mistake not the meaning of the text, who rank themselves among the people of God, while "their spot is not the spot of his children"—I do not mean in the sight of men, but secretly in the tone of their minds and the desires of their hearts. Men may never know; but God must know; and they for themselves might know if they would. These do hear the sayings of Christ—they never rest from hearing them—though it is to be feared they like them better from the lips of man, commended by his wisdom, than from the

simple word of God himself; and that for one petition they address to heaven to be taught aright, they make fifty times appeal to the opinions of each other. But the sayings bring no peace into their hearts, or contentment to their bosoms, or consistency in their lives. Of all those, in this day so many, who study the words of life, there are a few who know their house is built upon the rock, and are sure of their eternal state; there are a few who are certain to the contrary, and know that if they die in their present state of mind, their spirits must go unsheltered into eternity. All the rest are in a state of uncertainty—they do not know whether their house will stand or fall. And yet they might know—for the house upon the sand is as sure to fall, as the house upon the rock to stand—the same faithfulness is pledged for one as for the other.

Do you not know whether you have built upon the rock or not? O then make sure of it. It is too dire a risk to run. Take it to pieces, pull it down, level the fabrick to the dust, and begin again. And take this beautiful sermon for your guide. First look upon that holy Being, as, in veiled divinity, he stood upon a world that rejected and despised him, remembering all he was, and all he came to do, and where he now waits to see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied for all that he endured. Intently look upon him, lest that you mistake, and see that he is God, and that all that believe in him are saved. Then leave the careless multitude and go with him apart to hear what he will say; separating yourself from every thing that would drown his voice, or draw off your attention from his words. Then take those words in their simplest, plainest and most obvious meaning, and try if you believe them. "Blessed"—Do you believe those the happy who are here described, or are the objects of your envy and imitation quite of another character? Do you believe that the maxims and opinions established in the world, are insufficient to satisfy the holy law of God, and must be foregone and altered? Do you believe that though

unable in your sinful nature to fulfil these spiritual requirements, you can, by asking, obtain such influences of the Holy Spirit as will guide and strengthen you to all that is required? Do you believe, that it is better to part from the dearest treasures you possess, even to the members of your body, or the delights of your heart, than to risk the incurring of eternal death? Do you believe that the secret emotions of the bosom are as sinful in the sight of God, as the outward act and word? Do you believe what is asked in the Lord's prayer to be objects of desire and need, and that they will be granted to your petition? Do you believe that the love of the world and the desire of its approbation, cannot consist with the love and service of God? Do you believe that the only thing worth seeking is the kingdom of God, and that all else will without anxiety be provided for by providence? Do you believe that the way to Heaven is narrow and difficult, and that the greater number are not walking therein? Do you believe that a religion which produces no visible effects in the life and conversation, is a corrupt root and will be rejected? Do you believe those who make a profession of religion, and seem very busy in promoting it, while in heart they are unsubmitted to the will of God, will be separated from his people, and at last denied? Above all, do you believe that God will keep his word, and that those who trust his promises for salvation, and rest their hopes upon their Redeemer, feeling their lost estate without him, and building all their faith upon that Rock of mercy, are, notwithstanding this estate, and all their sins, and all their dangers, pardoned, regenerate and secured to everlasting life—and that all will perish who rest their hopes elsewhere? If you say 'Yes'—if on careful examination you find that you believe these sayings, I do not see what ground you have for apprehension lest you should do them not: indeed the doing of them is provided for in the belief, and to doubt, is virtually to disbelieve a considerable part of them. It is an honest heart, not a sinless perfection that is required of

you. If you say 'No'—if there be any one of all these sayings, or others that we have not particularized, which you cannot assent to—because they do not agree with your previous ideas—or are contrary to general opinion, or to the opinion of some persons in particular who must be right—or because they are not consistent with reason and contrary to nature, and not at all what is likely to be true, or necessary to be believed, and moreover impossible to be performed—Then, since you do not believe the sayings, there is no question of your doing them; and strong though your house may seem, and bold as may be the confidence you place in it, and undisturbed as you may rest beneath the fabrick of what you call religion, these are the words that are for you—"And every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, shall be likened to a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the wind blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell."

THE LISTENER.—No. XLII.

"Once on a time"—this is the way stories used to begin; and I am partial to it, because it is among the remotest recollections of my life, though I scarcely expect the memory of my readers will extend to a period of so much rudeness in nursery lore. My story is truth—if it seems incredible in the reading, let judgment wait the issue for the proof. There was a man, a day-labourer he had been; but having saved a little money from his earnings, he had now a tiny cottage of his own. Ambition, like many other things, enlarges in the feeding; and for ten years past, his enjoyment of the cottage had been disturbed, by desire for a field that lay beside it. The time came—the savings amounted to exactly the right sum, and the goodman bought the field. It was at this time I became acquainted with him; because, in some of my Listening excursions, my

path lay through this ground ; and aware of the importance of the business on which I was intent, he never objected to let me pass. If I heard anything by the way, it was but in consistence with my profession ; and if I tell what I heard, it is for other's benefit, not for the goodman's wrong. It was a small, stony field : it had produced nothing yet, and did not look as if it intended it. One day, as I passed, I asked the goodman what he meant to plant. He said, it was to grow wheat bye and bye—but being fallow ground, it would want a good deal of cultivating ; it would be some time first : and so indeed I thought—more particularly as the goodman had expended all his substance in purchase of the field, and had not money left to buy a load of manure, or scarcely a spade to dig it with. He did dig it, however, for I saw him often at the work : whether he sowed it, I cannot say—most likely not, for nothing came up. Possession, still, is great enjoyment, as every one knows, who has West India property that makes no returns ; and for the first year, my goodman was quite happy in the consciousness of having a field. At the beginning of the second year, seeing him stand thoughtful on the path, " Friend," I said, " do you sow your field this year ? " " Why, likely I might," he answered, " otherwise, than that I have nothing to sow it with—and it would be lost grain, beside—the ground is not rich enough for corn—in a few years I shall be able to buy manure for it—then you shall see a crop ! " and the goodman's eye lightened at thought of garners full to come. It was during the same summer, that, passing through the ground, a scene of unusual activity presented itself—man, wife, and child, all were in the field, and all were busy. " What now, good friend," I said, " this is no month for sowing corn ; and I cannot say your lap-full looks like it." Hodge answered, " Its ill sowing corn upon a fallow field—but I am tired of looking at it as it is. Till the time that I can make it useful, I have a mind to make it pretty ; and so we are

planting it all over with these thistles." "Thistles," I exclaimed, "Why, yes," said Hodge, with the look of a man who has solid reasoning on his side—"I was walking the other day upon the common, thinking, as one may do, upon my fallow field, and how much money I wanted of, enough to buy manure for it, when my eye was taken by some tall, red flowers, growing in plenty on the waste. They looked very beautiful. The fine broad leaves lay gracefully folded upon the turf, while their fringed heads shone in the sun-beams, with colours that might have shamed the rainbow. Thistles are of no use, I know; but then my ground will bear nothing better at present—they will look pretty from the window, and will do no harm for a year or two: so here we are all at work—I have fetched them from the common; seed, roots, and all, and next summer we shall see." "Friend," said I, "I have seen many men dig up thistles, but I never thought to see a man planting them." "But, perhaps," said Hodge, with conscious superiority of wit, "you have seen them plant things not half so pretty." "But your corn, good man—how is your future crop to grow, if you fill the ground with thistles?" "Bless your heart," said Hodge, with a look of contempt, "why then, to be sure, we can dig them up again—time enough yet—may be you an't used to digging." It was vain to resist the goodman's last argument, with all the hidden meanings with which his air invested it—viz. that I had better mind my own business—that I was talking about what I did not understand—that I never had a field—and that if I had, I should *en attendant* plant it over with thistles—therefore I passed on. So did summer heats and winter's cold, and blithely the thistles grew. The common never bore a finer crop; and, with all my prejudice, I was obliged to own the flowers looked very pretty.

Meantime the goodman's store increased—the funds were forthcoming—the field was ploughed and sown—the wheat came up, and so did the thistles. A chancery

suit could not have ejected them after so long possession. They had all the advantage; for while the wheat was to be sown afresh for each succeeding year, the thistles came up of themselves. Then they were goodly men and tall—they lifted their heads to the sun-beams, and scattered their seeds in the breezes, while the sickly wheat lay withering in their shade. I did not question my goodman of his crops. Every spring I saw him rooting up thistles, and every summer I saw the thistles blow—and for every one he left, there next year came up twenty. Whether as years advanced, they became less numerous, or whether he lived to see them exterminated, I cannot say—I have left that part of the country.

Do my readers not believe my story? Is my goodman's folly too impossible? Let them consider a little—for I have seen other labourers than he, who sow a harvest they would be loath to reap, and trust to future years to mend it. Of those who doubt the sanity of my goodman Hodge, many may thoughtlessly be doing the same thing; whether they be parents, whose fondest charge is the education of their children, and their fondest hopes its produce; or whether their one small field be the yet unsettled character of their own youthful mind. In my extensive listenings, I have seen many things that have surprised me only less than the reasonings by which they were defended; but I would rather speak upon the general principle, than particularize in the application of it; except it be some few instances by way of illustration. I believe the application can scarcely, in any case, be equivocal. Every careful mother knows, every reflecting woman knows, what is the moral produce she desires of the mind she has to cultivate—or rather let me say, every Christian knows, what are the fruits the absent Lord of the domain expects should be rendered him, by those whom he has left in charge. If these fruits be purity and holiness of heart, simplicity and sobriety of mind, pious consistency

of purpose, and a life of determined separation from all that is sinful in the practices of the world, what are we to say of the honesty, or of the competency of that steward, who, to produce them, sows the seeds of folly, and plants the root of pride, and encourages the growth of earthliness, and cultivates a taste for things forbidden? I have talked, or listened to many parents on this subject, during the education of their families. I have seen a father encourage his boys to fight out an amateur battle, for the right of possession to a puppy-dog, and yield it to the victor—and when I asked him if he intended his boys should in after life take possession by force, of what they could not prove a right to, he said, No—but boys must learn courage—it was their nature to fight, and it was good exercise for their limbs—they would know better when they were men. I have seen a mother take her daughters to a dancing-school, to be taught every fashionable manœuvre of the ball-room—and when I asked her if she meant her daughters should be introduced to amusements she did not herself approve, she said, She hoped not—the principles she laboured to instil, would, she trusted, prevent it—but till they were of an age to feel their influence, she must let them do as others do—there was no harm in children's dancing. I have seen a teacher bring tears and blushes upon the cheek of a pains-taking booby, by showing him the achievements of his brother, assuring him, that while the younger brother was sent to college, he, for his stupidity, must go behind the counter. I asked him if he wished that, when that boy became a man, he should be pained by the superiority of others, or ashamed of the station to which providence assigned him. He answered me, Nay—but emulation was the finest thing in the world—it was impossible to make anything of boys, without the stimulus of rivalry. I have asked a lady, whose children I saw every evening playing at cards for half-pence, and vehemently contending for success, whether she was bringing them up to

be gamesters, or to waste their hours in frivolous pursuits and unwholesome excitations of temper and feeling. Half laughing and half angry, as at a foolish question, she said, Of course not—but it did not signify how children amused themselves. Of another, who was cramming her children's minds with most pernicious nonsense, in the form of books; I asked her if she meant that they should be weak, ill-judging, and romantic women—She too said, No—but children did not understand sensible books—she was glad to get them to read at all, and should give them better books when they were older. A few times in my life, I have seen parents take—no, not take, for they would themselves have been ashamed to be seen there—but send their children to the theatre, and other publick places, which they had taught them to consider as inconsistent with the spiritual requirements of the Gospel, and the safe conduct of a corruptible nature through a corrupting world—alleging that it was desirable at a certain age, to let young people taste these pleasures, that they might better appreciate the nature and tendency of them.

Let me pause a moment. Of those who are reading this, some will say, "But we do not think there is any harm in publick places, in dancing, in boxing, and all these things you talk about." I answer, that makes not to the question. What I particularize applies only to those who do think these things objectionable, as leading into sin, and who wish their children should grow up in this opinion. To you these instances may not apply—but if there is anything in the world you do think wrong or unbecoming in man or woman, suppose that to be the thing I have instanced, and the case will be in point. I meant not to blame any one for planting the root of which he wished to gather.

One word to those young persons, who are free, or are allowed in some measure to judge for themselves—and perhaps a few years more of age, may not make the words unapplicable. What is it you intend to be? A

child of God, a purified jewel of the Redeemer's crown, a heavenly plant, bearing seed a hundred-fold—walking not after the course of this world in the vanity of your minds, but in meet and holy preparation for the bliss of Heaven? Do you desire to fulfil the purport of your baptismal vow, to renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that you will neither follow nor be led by them—obediently to keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of your life—even as you have pledged yourself to do, in these words or others of like import? These are great fruits—your fallow field is ill-disposed to bear them—the air about you is well prepared to blight them. O! why are you so bold? Why do you reason so absurdly, and act so foolishly, as in many cases you are seen to do? When you insist on going once, but to see—you know it is wrong—you do not mean to make a practice of it. When you seek companions and employments you know will dissipate your thoughts and unsettle your habits—when you poison your minds, and stimulate your passions, and heat your imagination, and pervert your taste, by every species of pernicious reading and unhallowed talk, by ambitious schemes and unsanctified desires? Would you be persuaded, would those who have the management of others but consider—how hard a thing it is to purify and make meet for glory a spirit born in sin and conceived in iniquity, prone to evil as the sparks fly upward, but to all good unwillingly—a soil that bears indigenious every bitter and unwholesome weed, but will only be cultured into fruitfulness by toil and care, favoured with the dews of heaven and the sunbeams of celestial grace. We must have had small experience in life, and less in religion, if we do not know the difficulties, the miseries, the conflicting feelings entailed upon us by the tastes and associations of our past lives. How very difficult it is, with every motive and inclination to the work, to subdue one evil propensity, or

root out one ungodly feeling; to correct even one, the smallest sin to which we are habituated—if we may venture to call any thing small which is offensive to the pure vision of the Most High.

We scarcely expect to be understood, to the full extent of our meaning, by any but those who, having come to be like-minded with their Lord, have learned to know no misery equal to the consciousness of sin, no desire so intense as to be holy in his sight, no hatred so deep as towards iniquity, though parted from its eternal consequences. But I could wish that the less experienced would take it on the word of those who are before them; for if honest in religion, they will come to this mind at some time. It is then that the heart becomes conscious of the mischief of every habit, of every inclination, or taste, or feeling, that that has been engendered by example, or cultivated by indulgence. Then the tossed and troubled spirit has cause to say, Why was I encouraged in these feelings, till they have become as natural to me as to think or breathe? Why did I feed my imagination with these images, till I find it impossible to expel them from my mind? Where did I learn this taste for vanities, that seems determined to go with me even into Heaven? I do not know whether what we hear be all a fiction, or whether those who at the altar on their knees declare that the memory of sin is grievous to them, and the burthen of it intolerable, have any such sensations as their words express—but if they have, I am sure they cannot thank their parents for having poured one drop unnecessary of bitter memory into that full cup, nor themselves for having voluntarily added one feather's weight to that too heavy burthen.

Admit that the thistles may be rooted out—that the girl who is taught vanity, will not be vain when she becomes a christian woman, and the youth who is encouraged in oppression, rivalry and pride, will not be contentious or dissatisfied when he becomes a christian man—still be it remembered, it is no magick touch of the ce-

lestial wand that converts the bond-slave of earth into the meet inheritor of heaven. It can do so, we know—but generally, as regards the sanctification of the heart after it has been pardoned and renewed, the process is a long, and often very painful one. It is by the fire the gold is purified. By many a painful excision the eye is made single. Sorrow after sorrow comes—draught after draught of misery is drained—and the heart has sometimes to be buried beneath the wreck of every thing it has loved and delighted in, before earth and self can be crushed out of it. Why should we be so mad, so unjust to our children and cruel to ourselves, as to increase the difficulty of the cure, because confident it will in the issue be performed? Why do we plant our ground with thistles, because after years of labour we can root them out?

CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

CONVERSATION XVIII.

Specimens of Lead—Arsenic—Red Marble—Lias—Alum—Fossils.

MRS. L.—Before we begin with our new subjects, I promised to show you a few specimens of Lead. In its common form I need not introduce it to you. *Fig. 1.* is Foliated Galena (Lead); it is very brilliant; you may crumble it into thousands of pieces; but each piece, of whatever size, will have the cubic form. *Fig. 2.* is a Carbonate of Lead, (Lead and Carbon)—*Fig. 3.* an Arsenate of Lead—(Lead and Arsenic.) We will now proceed to another formation.

MAT.—May I first enquire what is Arsenic?

MRS. L.—It is a mineral very generally diffused and intermixed with others. You might at first sight mistake it for Lead, but it is easily distinguished from other metals by the smell of Garlic it emits when struck with a hammer or heated.

"The Strata we have been examining are succeeded by a species of stone, often called Bath-stone, from its abundant occurrence in the vicinity of that city, and Free-Stone, or Oolite, of which Portland Stone is a notorious variety. There then commonly occur various Sandstones, with veins of Chert and Oxides of Iron; and lastly we arrive at Chalk, and superincumbent Alluvial matter." Of all these we must speak in order. But in referring to a variety of books, in order to extract from them what may be most suitable to your progress, I find some difficulty in determining what order should be now observed, every work differing in some degree from others in the arrangement, though not contradicting each other in effect. It is not of very much consequence which of these substances we place first; since they do not, as I have already told you, occur regularly one above another every where, but some in one part of the country and some in another, though when together tolerably regular in position: I must only beg, that if, in the first geological book you open, you find that first which I have placed second, you will not hastily conclude that I have taught you wrong. We will speak first of what is called the New Red Sandstone, Red Rock, Red Ground, or Red Marle, for all these names are given to it by different writers. It is a very extensive deposit. Its texture is very various. It appears sometimes as a reddish Marle or Clay, sometimes as a Sandstone; sometimes the Clay and Sandstone are interstratified or pass the one into the other; and it will further appear that it is associated with, or contains beds of a conglomerate, consisting of masses of different rocks cemented by Marle or by Sand. When this deposit appears as a Sandstone, its characters differ greatly in different places; it was occasionally calcareous, and sometimes of a slaty texture. Above all, this extensive deposit is remarkable for containing masses or beds of Gypsum, and the great Rock-Salt formation of England occurs within it, or is subordinate to it; in some places the Coal Strata dip beneath it."

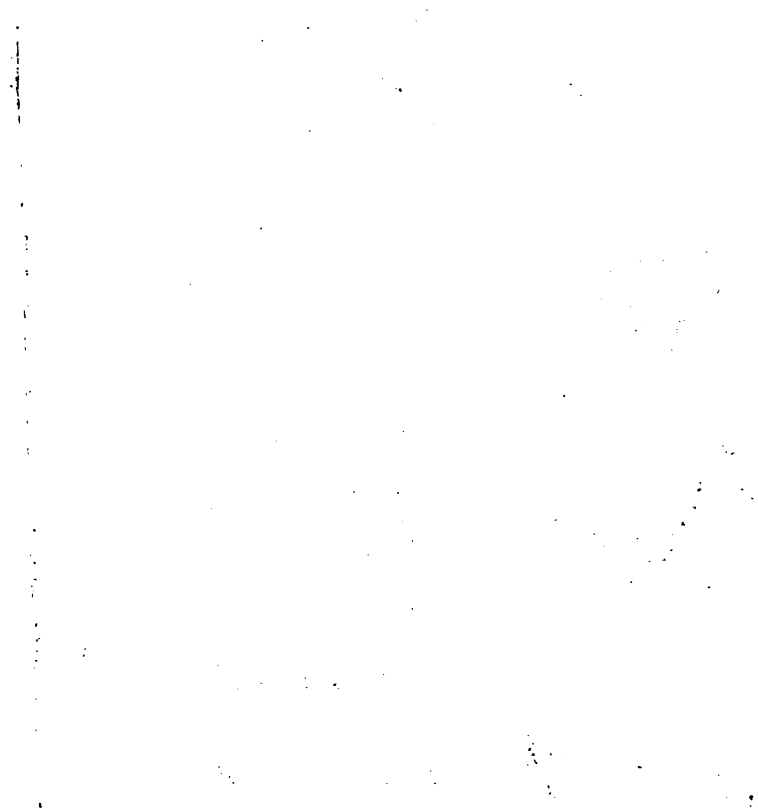
GEOLOGY.

PLATE XVII.



Pub. by Baker & Fletcher, 18, Rhinoceros Place.

Engham. 22



MAT.—I thought you had mentioned the Salt mines as occurring in the Old Red Sandstone.

MRS. L.—I did so—because I found it so stated in the works I was there quoting, and I thought it better to speak of these substances where they were stated to occur. I imagine there is no contradiction in the fact—but that either they occur in both the Old and New Red Sandstones, or that the Red Marle, a particular sort of Sandstone in which they are found, is by some Geologists ranked with the former, and by some with the latter. If you bear this in mind, and remember what we said of those substances, no confusion will arise, and we may proceed with our present subject. “The Marle and Sandstone are often red, but vary in their hue from chocolate to salmon colour; they are not unfrequently variegated, exhibiting streaks of light blue or verdigris, buff or cream colour. This is called variegated Sandstone. At Westbury, on the Severn, in Gloucestershire, it is for the most part greyish blue, and chocolate red, alternating at intervals of about a foot, but sometimes crossing each other, and sometimes intermixed. The soil of Marlborough is so red, that the butchers at Dodbrook market know the sheep that come from thence by the colour of the fleece.” From the prevalence of this colour in the soil, many places have their names—as Rougemont Castle in Exeter, Radford, Red-hill, and Ratcliff in Somersetshire, Retford in Derbyshire, &c. Fullers’ Earth is raised from the Marle beds in Yorkshire.

ANNE.—I have often heard of Fuller’s Earth, but have not a distinct idea what it is.

MRS. L.—It is one of the Soap Stones, so called from a sort of greasy feel like Soap, and answering in some degree the purpose for which Soap is used. Fullers’ Earth has a greenish-grey colour, and a dull earthy appearance—it falls to powder in water, and is much used for cleansing different articles. *Fig. 4* is a specimen. “The Rock of which we were speaking is generally unfit for architectural purposes, but in some

places has sufficient cohesion to afford some of the finest Freestone in the kingdom. The tower of Shenton, in Devonshire, is a proof that sometimes it is durable. In the parish of Addington, Cumberland, the Druidical temple, called Long Meg and her daughters, consists of Red Grit-stone; some of the stones are eighteen feet in height, and seventeen girth. "From the softness of this Sandstone it has often been excavated into extensive caverns; such as those near Nottingham, which, as they gave rise to the name of the place, Snowdengaham, "the home of caverns," must have formed the dwellings of the rude aborigines: there are similar, but smaller excavations at Knaresborough, and at Guy's Cliff in Warwickshire." No organic remains are said to be found in this rock.

ANNE.—I see the term Lias frequently used in some books I have been looking into, and I think you once named it without explanation.

MRS. L.—It is a common term for a formation of Limestone, called sometimes Upper Limestone, in distinction from that I have described to you, which is called Lower Limestone; at other times, Argillaceous Limestone, being much mixed with clay. This Lias Limestone is particularly characterised by its dull, earthy aspect: in colour it varies in different beds from light slate blue or smoke grey, to white. The Blue Lias, which contains much Iron, affords a strong Lime. The White Lias takes a high polish, and may readily be employed for the purposes of Lithography. It must however be distinguished from the stone generally so applied on the continent, which is brought from the quarries of Solenhofen, and is of much more recent formation. The Lias is never variegated in colour like common Marble, nor brecciated, nor does it admit of brilliancy or depth of tint, but it occasionally exhibits dendritical appearances, as the Cottam Stone Marble. Some irregular beds consist of what are called Cement Stones, because used in making Parker's Cement. The Cement Stones are of different

sizes; generally solid, and seem sometimes to have had a Cornu Ammonis or other shell or wood, as a nucleus to form upon."

"The organic remains contained in the Lias are peculiarly interesting, as affording a greater number of animals of the higher order, that is to say of the Vertebral class, than are exhibited in almost any other. In this class we have first to notice the remains of two very remarkable extinct genera of oviparous quadrupeds, evidently belonging to the same class with the great natural order Lacerta, but yet differing essentially in structure from all the genera at present known to exist, and in such particulars as evidently must have fitted them to live entirely in the sea.

MAT.—The Lacerta are the Lizard tribe, I think—

MRS. L.—Yes, including the Crocodile, Alligator, &c. The names Ichthyosaurus and Plesiosaurus are given to these two unknown animals. Bones and palates of the Turtle have been found in this formation. Fish of several species also occur; some of which are not known to exist at present. Of this larger class of Fossils I have no drawings—of the smaller I will show you a few you have not before seen, that you may gradually become acquainted with names you meet with perpetually in these studies. With many other shells, we find in the Lias, among the univalves, the Scaphites, *Fig. 5.* and Trochus, *Fig. 6.* Of bivalves Plagiostoma, *Fig. 7.*—and many others, both animal and vegetable, the latter being ferns, flags, &c.

In the Lias formation, according to most Geologists, though not undisputed by others, is contained the Alum Shale of Yorkshire, from which Alum is procured. When dug, it has the appearance of hardened clay of a grey colour, but soon crumbles. When a quantity of this Alum Schiste, or Shale, is laid in a heap, and moistened with sea water, it takes fire spontaneously and will continue to burn till the combustible part is exhausted. A part of the cliff which fell some years ago was exposed to the tide—

it took fire and continued to burn for two or three years. That part of the Alum Shale of Whitby, which is earthy rather than slaty, yields the greatest quantity of Alum. A layer of brush-wood is made in the first instance, and Shale thrown down upon it, until a considerable mound is raised. The brush-wood is then lighted, and a slow combustion takes place; another layer of brush-wood is then laid beside the first, and is in like manner covered with a mound of Shale: others are added; and these mounds of Shale with fire beneath, are extended on all sides: when the Shale has effectually caught fire, it continues to burn without any accession of fuel. It is afterwards thrown into vats with water, and boiled twenty-four hours; it is thence conveyed into other vats, where an alkali being added, it crystallizes; it is then melted again, and purified by a second crystallisation. When so prepared, it is shipped off for London, and thence to Sweden and Russia."

"Gigantic fossil weeds, resembling *Arundo Donax*, are found in the sea cliffs opposite High Whitby. They appear to have been rooted in a bed of Shale or Slate Clay, and their remains protrude into a stratum of Sandstone five feet thick. Those which stand erect retain their shape; but those which do not, are compressed. Their tops seem to have been broken off; the woody matter has disappeared, leaving Sandstone casts. Casts of *Euphorbia* are also found in the Sandstone strata above the Alum rocks. Wood, mineralized by iron, is frequently found at Shettleness and Strowbrow. Trunks and branches of fossil trees, the bark of which has been changed into Jet, are frequently met with in the Alum Shale: and leaves and impressions, like those of the palm, are found in the Sandstone and Iron stone."

**SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS
ON THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.**

CONVERSATION XVI.

CLASS ARTICULATA—SUB-CLASS WORMS.

- ORDER 1.** Tubicolæ, containing the *Serpula*, &c.
 2. Dorsibranchiæ..... *Nereis*, *Aphrodite*.
 3. Abranchiæ..... *Earth-worm*, *Leech*.

THE EARTH-WORM, LEECH, &c.

PAPA.—You are in some measure acquainted, Anna, with three of the four classes into which Cuvier divides articulated animals, or those that having no bones, have jointed bodies and limbs: we have already had conversations on Insects, on the Arachnidæ, and on the Crustacea; and if you are disposed to hear something of the remaining class, the *Vermes* or Worms, it may form an interesting subject of conversation while we sit here refreshing ourselves in this cool retreat. I see an earth-worm just working its way out of its hole in the grass-plat, which will furnish us with a good specimen.

HENRY.—I am surprised to find, that Goldsmith, in his *History of Animated Nature*, places earth-worms among the Zoophytes.

PAPA.—In one particular, some of them bear a resemblance to several animals of that class—they may be propagated by cuttings, so that one may be divided into two, and sometimes even into a thousand. The experiment, however, is not always successful, and must depend on the degree of obstinacy with which the vivacious principle is retained.

Worms may be said to unite in themselves the peculiarities of several other, both of the higher and the lower classes, and to form a link between them. Like

the Zoophytes, they may be propagated by cuttings; like the larvæ of insects, their bodies are composed of rings, and they breathe through Spiracles or breathing-holes, placed along the surface of the body; while, like animals of the higher orders, they have a heart and veins, and some of them have even been discovered to have red blood.

ANNA.—I thought all blood was red, Papa.

PAPA.—O no, my dear. The circulating fluid, which we denominate blood, is not necessarily red. With the exception of the red-blooded worms, or *annelides*, it is not of that colour in any invertebrated animal.

ANNA.—Invertebrated—that means without a backbone, I think.

PAPA.—It does. The vertebrated animals, you know, are mankind, beasts, birds, reptiles, and fishes.

HENRY.—How is it that worms effect their movements, Father?—They seem to have the power of contracting or lengthening the body at will.

PAPA.—There is a spiral muscle running round the whole body from the head to the tail, that may be compared to a wire wound round a stick, which, when slipped off, and one end extended and held fast, will, you know, bring the other nearer to it; by means of this muscle, the earth-worm having extended itself, and taken hold by the slime of the fore part of its body, contracts and brings forward the hinder part.

HENRY.—It must be a somewhat laborious motion, as it has no feet.

PAPA.—It is not effected without a great effort; but the occasions for its progressive movement are few.

As it is designed for living under the earth, and leading a life of obscurity, so it seems admirably adapted to its situation. Its body is provided with stiff hairs or prickles, which it can elevate or depress at pleasure, and which assists its motion in the ground; and under the skin there is a viscid matter, which transudes through

numerous pores to lubricate its body, and still farther to facilitate its passage into the earth.

ANNA.—I cannot think what they do for air, Papa.

PAPA.—They want very little, my dear. I believe an earth-worm would live for months in a small vial closely corked up: and as they respire, as I have before told you, by the whole surface of the body, whatever part comes in contact with any air, is prepared to receive it.

ANNA.—What do they feed on?

PAPA.—I believe their food consists principally in the particles of animal, or vegetable substances, which are mixed with the loose earth they swallow.

HENRY.—They are produced from eggs, I believe.

PAPA.—They are: but that is not the case with all the worm tribes; there are some, leeches for example, that are viviparous. When the eggs of the earth-worm are laid in the ground, they are hatched, it is said, in about a fortnight. The young ones come forth very small, but perfectly formed, and undergo no change during their whole existence.

ANNA.—Worms seem to be very useless creatures, I think.

PAPA.—Every thing that God has formed, my dear, has its use and importance in the scale of creation: we are well assured that nothing has been made in vain; and therefore, if any thing appear useless to us, that appearance, we may be certain, is attributable solely to our ignorance.

With respect to earth-worms, the services they render are very considerable; and though sometimes they may be too numerous, I do not know what their greatest enemies, the farmers and gardeners, would do entirely without them; for they bore through, and loosen the soil, and thereby make way for the rain to penetrate. The lumps or worm-casts which they throw up, also form a fine manure for grass and corn; in short, without

them, the earth would soon become hard, and void of fermentation, and would consequently be barren.

HENRY.—But they do a great deal of harm too, do they not?

PAPA.—I believe they have the credit of a great deal more than they really do: they certainly are not nearly so destructive to green corn and plants as caterpillars and slugs are.

There is one creature belonging to this genus, whose usefulness none can question—the leech. What could we substitute for the removal of local inflammation, in the place of this little phlebotomist, so easy, so efficacious, and so safe?

ANNA.—It is not very easy, papa. I am sure it bites sharply enough.

PAPA.—And if you could see its teeth, you would not wonder that you feel its bite. The head of the leech is armed with three of a slightly cartilaginous substance, which are so situated, as to converge when the animal bites, and leave a somewhat triangular mark on the skin. These teeth are sufficiently strong to pierce the skin of an ox or a horse. It sucks the blood by contracting the muscles of the throat so as to make the blood rush through the vacuum above the wound, into the stomach, which is a kind of membranous receptacle, divided into twenty-four small cells. Here the blood remains, sometimes for months, and affords support to the animal during the whole time.

ANNA.—Where are leeches found?

PAPA.—In stagnant pools and ditches; principally, I believe, in the southern parts of England.

HENRY.—Is it true, that violent noises are injurious to them?

PAPA.—Yes: any violent noise is extremely prejudicial to leeches, particularly thunder-storms; after which, they often die in great numbers. The effluvia of drugs is also said to be hurtful to them.

BRITISH TREES.

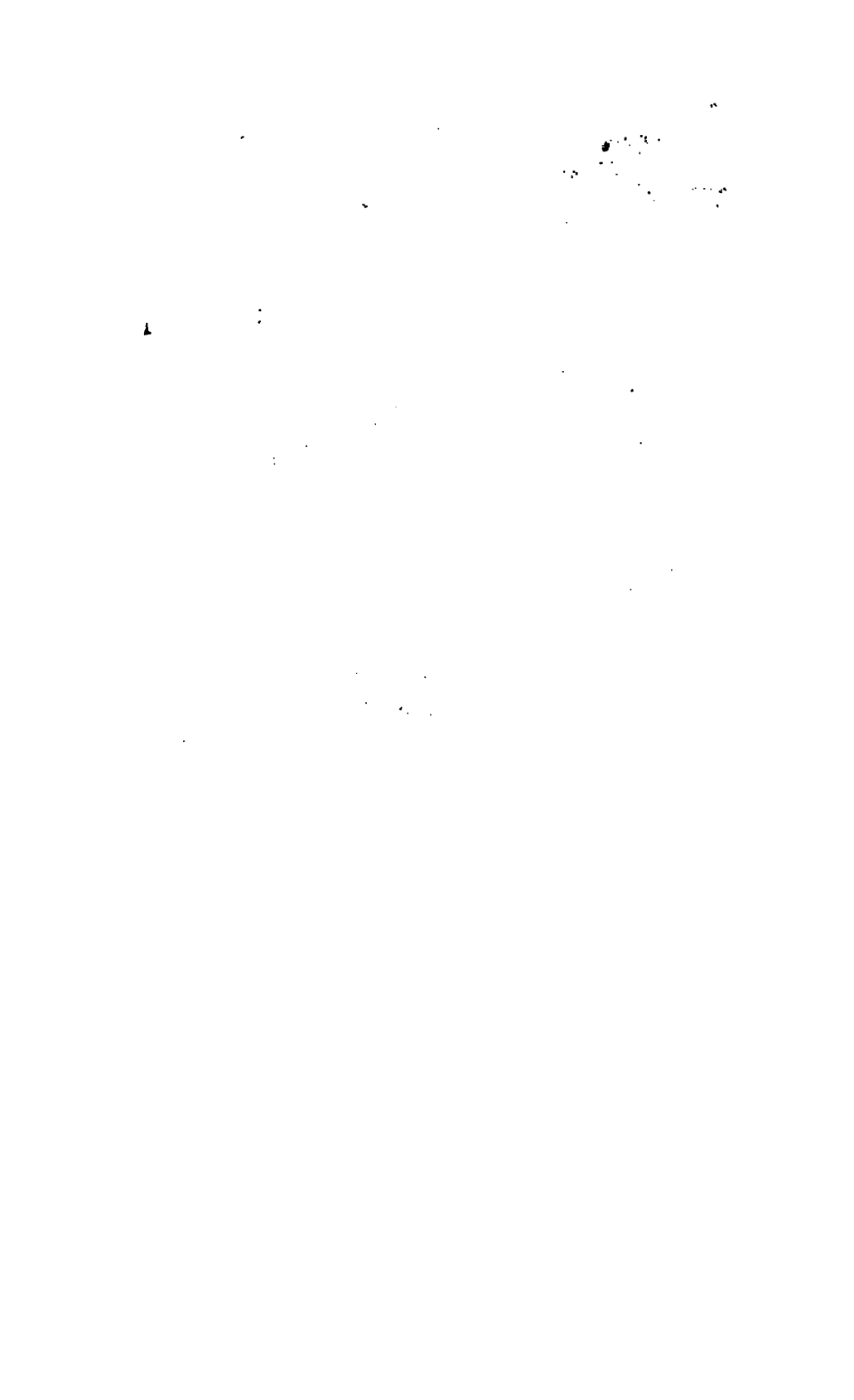
Plate



Black Poplar.

Populus Nigra.

Octandria Monogynia.



There is another curious species of worm which is also found in stagnant waters; I mean the gordius, or hair-worm. This worm, when grown, is ten or twelve inches in length, and about the thickness of a horse's hair; its skin is somewhat glossy, and it is of a pale yellowish white, except the head and tail, which are black.

ANNA.—I suppose it is called the hair-worm, from its resemblance to a hair.

PAPA.—I believe the name originated in a vulgar notion, that it was produced from the hair of horses, and other animals; an idea, which is even yet prevalent among the common people. Its name of gordius was given it by Linnæus, on account of the habit it has, of twisting itself into such contortions, as to resemble a complicated gordian knot.

What is most remarkable in this creature is, that though when the water it inhabited, happens to be dried up, it soon loses every symptom of life: yet, whenever it is put into water, it quickly reassumes its former appearance. The Abbé Fontana kept a hair-worm in a drawer for three years, at the expiration of which time it was dry and hard, and exhibited no signs of life; but on putting it into water, in about half an hour it recovered its vigour, and was as much alive as ever.

HENRY.—That is very astonishing.

PAPA.—It seems almost impossible to deprive some of the worm tribes of life; and it is, I think, generally to be remarked, that the vital principle is most difficult to be destroyed in those animals, that appear to possess it in the least degree of vigour.

Z. Z.

DESCRIPTION OF BRITISH TREES.

No. XVIII.

The POPLAR—POPULUS.

THERE are several species of Poplar, native in this country, of which the principal are the White, the Black

Poplar and the Aspen. They are not difficult to distinguish, by the round, or triangular leaves, glossy and stiff, with long, slender stalks, which gives them, the Aspen in particular, a trembling appearance, accompanied by a rustling sound.

"The Poplar is the most valuable of all the Aquatics, whether we consider the quickness of its growth, or the magnitude to which it arrives; and although this tree is called an aquatic, it will grow exceedingly well, and attain an extraordinary bulk in a few years on tolerably dry ground."

"The wood of the White Poplar is sought of the sculptor, and they saw both sorts into boards, which, where they lie dry, continue a long time. Of this material they also made shields of defence, in sword and buckler days. Dioscorides writes, that the bark chopped small, and sowed in rills, well and richly manured and watered, will produce a plentiful crop of Mushrooms. The timber is incomparable for all sorts of white wooden vessels, as trays, bowls, and other turner's ware; and of especial use for the bellows-maker, because it is almost of the nature of cork; and for ship-pumps, though not very solid, yet very close; and yet so light as to be used for the soles, as well as heels of shoes. Of the twigs, with the leaves on, are made brooms. Of the Aspen, our woodmen make hoops, fire-wood, coals, &c: the bark of the young trees, in some countries, serves for candle or torch wood."—EVELYN.

"The wood of the Black Poplar is extremely light, white, smooth, woolly, soft, and durable in the air. The bark of the young tree is made into torches. It impoverishes the land; its leaves destroy the grass, and the numerous shoots spread so wide into the earth, they will not permit any thing else to grow."—WITHERS.

"There is an American Poplar, known to us by the name of the Tulip-tree, from its bearing a flower much resembling a Tulip, that in its native soil, grows to a magnificent size, and is known throughout America by the name of the Poplar.

"There are some of these trees in America, which are thirty feet in circumference; the boughs are unequal and irregular, making several bends or elbows, which render the trees distinguishable at a great distance, even when they have no leaves upon them. They are found in most parts of the northern continent of America, from the cape of Florida to New England, where the timber is of great use, the trunk being frequently hollowed, and made into boats, big enough to carry a number of men."—*Catesby's Nat. Hist. of Carolina.*

ON THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

ON THE HOLINESS OF GOD.

“LOOSE thy shoe from off thy foot; for the place whereon thou standest is holy.” Such was the address of him who appeared in the name of the *Lord of Hosts* to the leader and commander of the Jewish people: and wherefore the requisition? wherefore such a direction to him who was his type and representative on earth? to him who was the head and captain of that peculiar people whom God had sanctified and set apart for his own service and worship?—these were called a holy people. They worshipped him who was entitled the *Holy One of Israel*; and it is a rule of universal application that the object of worship determines the character of the worshipper. Wherefore, then, such an address to Joshua, but to impress upon the mind this solemn lesson, that no creature is worthy to stand in the presence of Divine Majesty; and that the most highly exalted of his servants must put their hand upon their mouth and their mouth in the dust, when God draws near to commune with them, or is pleased to raise them to hold communion with himself. Joshua had joined in the song of Moses when he spake of God as “Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders,” (Exod. xv. 11;) but how transcendently glorious the great Jehovah, Joshua could but faintly apprehend—Moses himself, he who had beheld his similitude, and with whom he had been pleased to converse familiarly, even face to face, could but imperfectly declare. (See Numb. xii. 8.) Who among the children of men can speak of Him who is “a consuming fire”—(Heb. xii. 29)—Him of whom it is written, “He dwelleth in light which no man can approach unto, whom no man hath seen, nor can see—(I Tim. vi. 16)—before the visible manifestation of whose glory, even the

cherubim, mighty in strength, (Psalm ciii. 20,) and the seraphim, who hymn his praises, (Isaiah vi. 3,) veil over their faces, and covering themselves with their wings, exclaim, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts."

How then shall human lips set forth the glories of his name, or human heart conceive of his holiness? The nature of God can be apprehended by none but by such as resemble him—no tongue can describe it but one inspired by himself. "Behold he putteth no trust in his saints: he chargeth his angels with imperfection; the heavens are not clean in his sight," (Job. xv. 15, and iv. 18;) and what are the declarations of Scripture concerning man? "Dead in trespasses and sins," (Ephes. ii. 1,) having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them—(Ephes. iv. 18)—"he drinketh up iniquity like water," (Job xv. 16,) and lest these assertions should be supposed to relate only to the heathen world, to such as "sit in darkness and in the shadow of death," destitute of the oracles of God, and possessing no faint ray of light, save that of tradition, the Scripture expressly declares of both Jews and Gentiles, that all are under sin—"there is none righteous, no, not one; there is none that doeth good." (Rom. iii. 9, 12.) When man was first created, it was in righteousness and true holiness; but when the crown fell from his head, and the image of his Maker was defaced, he was banished from the presence of the Divine Majesty, the flaming sword, which turned every way, was set to guard the entrance to the tree of life, and God became unapproachable by man but through a Mediator; and if it be so, how shall they, who are in a state of separation from God, set forth his glory? How shall they, "the imagination of the thoughts of whose hearts is only evil, and that continually," (Gen. vi. 5,) praise Him who is of purer eyes than to look upon iniquity, and "*give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness?*"

There is a people, who, though *in* the world, are not

of the world—a people whom God hath sanctified and set apart for himself—a spiritual Israel, of whom the Jewish nation was but the type and representative—"a new creation," from whose understandings the darkness has passed away, and in whose minds the true light has shined—"a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people," (1 Peter ii. 9,) consecrated vessels, dedicated to the service of the true sanctuary, in that tabernacle which God has erected, and not man, (Heb. viii. 2,) called elsewhere "living stones," builded together upon the one foundation laid in Zion for an habitation of God through the spirit—an habitation whose walls are "salvation" and whose gates are "praise"—a holy temple, filled and sanctified by the presence of *Jehovah*, who there reveals and sheds around the glories of his holiness.

Draw nigh, then, O redeemed sinner, and learn a song that angels cannot sing—draw nigh, and behold a glory angels cannot look upon—you have a Mediator—one who has opened for you a new and living way, whereby all who believe in his name have liberty of access even into the holiest. (Heb. x. 19.) He who is one with the Father raises you to a state of communion and fellowship with himself—for he who is one with the Father is also one with you: "Both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are of one; for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren," (Heb. ii. 11); "by one offering, even the sacrifice of himself, having perfected for ever them that are sanctified." (Heb. x. 14.) "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin," (1 John i. 7,) and the heart being sprinkled from an evil conscience, (Heb. x. 22,) and the conscience purified from dead works or the works of death, (Heb. ix. 14.) The Spirit of God takes possession of his consecrated dwelling—the believer is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and being made free from sin, becomes the willing servant of God, having his fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." God can now once more look

ON THE HOLINESS OF GOD.

own with delight upon the new-born spirit thus fitted and enabled for communion with himself; and the believer can take up the thrice-repeated exulting strain of the Psalmist, "Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at his holy hill, for the Lord our God is holy." (Psalm xcix. 9, 5, 3.)

Yet even this people—a people sanctified and set apart according to the eternal purpose of the Father—(see Jude 1)—sanctified, consecrated, and purified by the blood of Christ—(see Heb. ix. 14, and x. 29)—sanctified by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit—(see 1 Peter i. 2, and 2 Thess. ii. 13)—even this people, justly termed a holy people, (not so indeed by nature, nor by any inherent righteousness or holiness of their own, but by virtue of their union with Christ, being made partakers of the divine nature,) raised to a state of communion and fellowship with God—even this people can have but limited and defective views of that transcendent holiness, of which the mind of man in its natural state cannot even form a conception; for what God is, he is infinitely, and his creatures, even those of the most enlarged capacity, are finite. It is because of this limitation of the creature's capacity, because of the weakness of the finite mind, that in attempting to meditate on the attributes of God, they are considered separately, for in truth they cannot be separated—his wisdom is mighty and his power is wise—his justice is merciful and his mercy is just—his perfections are one, and his holiness is the character of them all—his holiness is his essential glory—a glory the unrenewed mind cannot look upon—it is the brightness of glory—a light day to man through excessive brightness—he cannot see he cannot know it, he cannot apprehend it until renewed in the spirit of his mind—then it is he beholds it in person of his incarnate Lord, "the beaming forth of Father's glory, and the express image of his per" (Heb. i. 3.) "I looked, and behold! a fire encompassed itself together, and a brightness was about it"—

appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about. This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of Jehovah." (Ezek. i. 4, and 28—see also Exod. xxiv. 10.)

"Without holiness no man shall see the Lord,"—but such as are made partakers of Christ, are renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created them, and beholding his glory are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, by the Lord the Spirit. And still advancing in grace, and in the knowledge of God, they find, as it is beautifully expressed by a modern writer,* "every such increase, not only a possession, but a capacity;" for while the effect of that knowledge will ever be a correspondent transformation of mind, so will such transformation capacitate the soul for clearer and more elevated views of the divine character, for deeper and more enlarged enjoyment of the divine favour.

There is nothing which the human mind in its fallen state is so utterly incapable of apprehending, as the holiness of God; because it is that glory of which, by the fall, it became destitute—it is indeed endowed with powers and faculties, which, however desecrated, exhibit lineaments of their divine origin. Man has intelligence, he has affections, he has energies which enable their possessor to form some ideas of what are usually termed the communicable attributes of Jehovah; but the *holy* character of all is lost. And it is in this sense, the understanding is dark, and the affections depraved. The human mind has rays of intelligence, which supply a wisdom suited to the common exigencies of human life, and in the exercise of which, the children of this world are said to be wiser than the children of light:" but by them it is rendered subservient to sinful purposes; it binds itself to the dark and subtle schemes of worldly policy, because it is unsanctified by the knowledge of the holiness of God. The man of intellect bows down

* See Jay's Sermons.

to intellect, for he knows that intellect is power; and he can think of God as a being of infinite wisdom and intelligence, although the true God he knows not, for *He is holy*; but he can believe that God knows all things, and he also aspires to know all things, and to compass all things; but wherefore? not that he may be the better able to glorify his Creator, not that he may be holy as God is holy, but that he may be lifted up above his fellows: his wisdom is not that which cometh down from above, (James iii. 16, 17, also Job xxviii. 28,) O, how little is it in the thoughts of those who thus make intellect their idol, that if this be all, in the possession and exercise of intellectual power, there is a spirit as opposed to God, as darkness is opposite to light—he who is called the prince of darkness, the prince of the *power of the air*, whose mighty intellect exceeds that of the wisest and the proudest of the sons of men; but for what does it qualify him, and what is the height of his attainment?—a throne in hell!

Others there are, who think of God as a God of mercy, however cold and dead to things holy and heavenly. Few hearts, it may be, are altogether destitute of natural affection; and in some, these affections operate very powerfully, as is frequently evinced by the ardent devotion, and self-denying sacrifices of what may be termed idolatrous attachment: and when the affections are thus strong, and when the social and benevolent feelings prevail, the subjects of them will suppose God to be a God of love and mercy, but these ideas will not be connected with any apprehension of his *holiness*: the mercy they picture to themselves, is not a mercy which can only be extended as the law is magnified, and rendered honourable, but an indulgent mercy, a mercy which can lower the standard of that law, and accommodate itself to the weakness and inclinations of the creature. And this idea of God's mercy is too generally cherished, although founded in utter ignorance of God, and of the unbending strictness of that law

which must be invariable in its requisitions, being in truth the transcript of the perfections of the Almighty, immutable as his nature, immoveable as his throne.

The light of the knowledge of the *holiness* of God will never enter the understanding and heart of man, but with the knowledge of Christ. "He that hath seen me," said Jesus, "hath seen the Father," (John xiv. 9.) And it is in the Holy One of God, his unblemished purity, his spotless sacrifice, his humiliating life, his agonizing death—it is around the *cross of Christ* the soul beholds that hallowed lustre, that radiance of *holiness* beaming forth from the harmony of the united attributes of God it never elsewhere discerned, and, beholding, reflects. For it is the knowledge of Christ which sanctifies; and they who are sanctified by faith in Christ Jesus, (see Acts xxvi. 18.) and they only can see, reflect, partake of, and glory in the *holiness of God*.

And if it be so, how should those Scriptures be valued which testify of Christ; how should christians study them, that they may know more of him, whom to know is life eternal. How precious to them should those promises be, on which their holy faith is built, and especially the promise of that *Holy Spirit*, whose teaching, consolation, and advocacy is assured to those who ask it. The blood of Christ sanctifies—but the Holy Ghost must apply it to the conscience. The truth sanctifies—but the Holy Spirit must enlighten the mind to receive it, and bind the heart to it in love. The knowledge of Christ sanctifies—but the Spirit must take of the things of Christ, and show them to the soul. It is the privilege of every child of God, to have fellowship with the Father and his son Jesus Christ—but the Spirit must descend into the heart as the spirit of adoption, ere it will cry "Abba Father," and the soul of the sinner must be born of the spirit, before it can hold communion with a Holy God. There is an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for the people of God; but into heaven nothing unholy can

enter, and no heart is meet for that inheritance, but the heart in which God's Holy Spirit has taken up his abode—there, and there only, is sanctification—the soul being ingrafted into Christ, becomes a living branch of the true vine (according to the figurative language of the Scriptures; language, however figurative, be it remembered, designating and expressing a *reality*;) and wherever this union exists, as the root is holy, so also are the branches, and the tree will be known by its fruits—the understanding and affections of all the powers and faculties of the soul being directed from things earthly to things heavenly, and fixing on holy objects, the faith is holy, the hope is holy, the love is holy; and although the measure of these graces may not be the same in every believer, nor be equally manifest in the same believer at all times, their character will still be this, “Holiness to the Lord.” And they who are sealed with this seal, have the earnest of their heavenly inheritance, and may with confidence look forward to a glorious eternity; where, made kings and priests unto God and the Lamb, they shall more closely contemplate, more perfectly rejoice in, and for ever hymn, in united hallelujahs, the *Holiness of God*, saying, “*Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come.*”

IOTA.

(End of the Attributes.)

THE POWER OF GRACE.

(For the Assistant of Education.)

I ONCE knew, it matters little where, a young lady brought up in the lap of luxury and affection. Health was her's, and pleasure was her's, and, more than all, she possessed the hearts of those who knew her. She was the life and soul of every thing; if a little party was made, it was nothing if Rose was not there; if we had a party of pleasure, who could make one thing serve

four or five purposes, for which it was never intended, but Rose: if societies were established for relieving the wants of the poor, whether spiritual or temporal—Rose was the quiet, but active and diligent leader of the whole. Misfortune came, however, and blighted the fair flower, and overcast the bright prospect. The father of Rose lost nearly all his fortune, and, to add to the calamity, he sank under the blow. Rose was now called upon to support a widowed mother, broken down by grief. Her talents, her accomplishments were now exerted to procure her mother the thousand little comforts which age requires. She toiled hard at her household work all day, and greater part of the night she spent in drawing, or working such elegant trifles, as she herself had been accustomed to buy in other days. Yet, who ever heard Rose repine? And who, but for the faded bloom of her cheeks, but for her dimmed eye, and wasted form, could have told that Rose was ill? It pleased Heaven to remove her last parent, and then she went into a family of rich relations, kind-hearted enough; but with that coarse, cold vulgarity, which made her feel every obligation as painful. But though this was deeply felt, none ever heard her breathe a murmur, none ever knew from *her* what her noble and independent spirit was daily suffering. Let not any say, that this was trivial; none but those who have felt it, can describe, or know the pang of a sensitive mind, shrinking back from the gift held out as a favour, from the *endurance* with which she is treated. Rose felt it keenly, but her apparent mirth told nothing of her pain. She could no longer pour from a profuse abundance succour to the needy: but she could deprive herself of every trifling comfort and enjoyment—she could still give her time; and every thing she gave, became more precious from the readiness, the kindness of the donor. She parted with the precious relics of better days to assist distress, and oh! we must have felt poverty and misfortune ourselves, to know the fondness with which we cling to

every remaining trifle, endeared by recollection. I knew her well; and often have I seen the combat, the struggle, the pang, and the anguish, unheeded by all else around her. She never told of whence her support came, for misfortune had thrown her back into herself, and she spoke little; but I could not but feel, she must have tried at the right way for comfort. And much was I surprised, some time back, when I heard it remarked at a little party, where I met some acquaintances of her's, that it was a pity she was not religious. On my begging to know the reason of this opinion, I was informed she was rarely heard to speak on the subject. I said nothing, but as I looked round the elegant apartment, and beheld a group of cheerful faces, each surrounded by affectionate friends, by comfort, nay, by luxury, I could not help thinking, that much of the actual influence of their religion yet remained to be proved; and my heart turned with a feeling of kindred to those who had thus suffered, and thus endured. And when I thought, that even to bear my own petty trials, I was obliged to seek strength from Heaven, I no longer doubted that she had been for succour, rest, comfort and patience to Him, who seeth not as man seeth. Ah! if he did, what would become of the active, patient, cheerful acquiescence in misfortune; doubtless more prized in his sight, than all the declarations of those, who have never tasted sorrow's bitter cup.

ADELAIDE.

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

THE ROSEBUSH.

I WALK'D in my garden one summer day,
The roses were blooming upon the spray;
So freshly blown, so richly spread,
They did not look as if meant to fade.

There was not a stain on their bosom yet;
 There was not a cheek that the rain had wet;
 Nor so much as a leaf that the winds had torn,
 Nor a blighted bud that had died unborn.

They were like to the bosom's morning glow,
 Or ever the cheek has been pal'd with woe;
 And those sunny beds where pleasure blooms
 In the days that pass before sorrow comes.

But it was not long ere I saw them fade—
 It was not long ere I saw them dead:
 The leaf was sear'd, the leaf was torn,
 The blighted buds, they died unborn.

I saw the stem by the breezes rent;
 I saw their heads o'er the herbage bent;
 As if they slunk from the morning light,
 To hide the tears of the cold, cold night.

Each evening blighted another flower—
 Each passing gust took a leaf more;
 And the weary branches laid them down,
 As if they wish'd that the rest were gone.

I went to my garden one other day—
 The sun was bright on the winter spray:
 I saw the rainbow's colours gleam
 From the drops that hung on the barren stem:

Not a single leaf was loit'ring there,
 To tell of the days when they grew so fair;
 Nor a single bud that seem'd to say,
 We will dress us with roses some better day.

It was like to the heart, when its hopes are gone,
 And the promise of earth is pass'd and done;
 And it whispers no more of what has been;
 And it does not wish it might be again.

For now it is safe 'mid the winter's snows;
 And now it is calm when the bleak wind blows:
 It fears not the frost, nor the pelting shower—
 They can sear no leaf, they can blight no flower.

No more by the chace of the tempest driven,
 Its tears are tinged with the hues of heaven;
 And softly it smiles in the mid-day light,
 Unscath'd by the storms of the winter night.

ÆOLIAN HARP.

Hush! Pleasure is abroad! Oh what a tale
 Music is whispering to the ear of even,
 As, bar'd her bosom to the summer gale,
 She bids it list the melody of heav'n.
 Ah! where was wak'd such exquisite delight!
 Fair even thrills responsive in the breeze—
 Smiles in the sun-beams' yellow light—
 Smiles in the quivering of the aspen trees—
 Weeps in the dew at last, and sinks away to night.

Spirit of God! in this lone, silent hour,
 Before thee lies the harp thy hand hath strung
 And tun'd to melody—no other pow'r
 May sweep the chords that hand alone hath rung.
 Oh pour thy sweetest influence o'er my breast,
 Alike the music and the listener,
 And it shall thrill of heaven's joy possess—
 Shall smile in love—sigh as a wanderer—
 Weep in its penitence and sink away to rest.

UNKNOWN.



LINES SENT WITH A PAPER SHADE OF THE
 SAVIOUR'S HEAD.

TAKE, my Friend, this little token,
 'Tis not what it seems to be;
 In this shapeless form are hidden,
 Tales of sacred mystery.

Painter's touch and sculptor's chissel,
 Have not traced their wonders here;
 India lends no gems to set it,
 Diamond bright or crystal clear.

All the light of nature's sun,
 Cannot help you to descry,
 Where, in this mis-shapen form,
 May the charm of beauty lie.

Yet might memory tell of One,
 Who was all as worthless deem'd—

One whose sorrow-stricken form
E'en as this unlovely seem'd.

Human splendour wove no garment,
To adorn His lovely form;
Human learning shed no lustre,
On His wisdom's hidden charm.

If you know of one, whose beauty
Mortal vision could not see,
One with hasty scorn rejected,
Wherefore may not this be He?

Soon as nature's hour of darkness
Bids you seek another light,
You will find these graceless features
Strangely alter'd to the sight.

Sadly sweet and softly tender,
Mark'd with deep but patient woe—
Something in your heart will whisper,
Grace has pictured Jesus so.

Emblem of your Lord beloved,
Keep it as a pledge divine—
The calmness of that chasten'd eye
May often charm the tear from thine.



THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Oh! sweet is the hour of calm repose,
When the mind with tranquil rapture glows;
And the spirit weaves through the passing night
Many a dream of pure delight.

And sweet it is on the winter night,
When the storm howls without and the blaze is bright,—
To list to the sweetness of music's lay,
Or to wander in fancy, far, far away.

And sweet is the hour of eventide,
When fled is the flaunting day-flower's pride;
And the evening primrose and nightingale pour
Their fragrance and musick round my bower.

But sweeter than all is the hour of prayer,
When I feel that my guardian God is there;
And though dark earth's dwelling may seem to me,
My home in Heaven shall brighter be.

EUGENIA.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

An Enquiry into the accordancy of War with the Principles of Christianity, &c. &c. Third Edition, Price 3s. Longman, Hurst, and Co., Paternoster Row, &c. 1826.

THIS volume has been kindly presented to us by the Bristol Peace Society, with a wish, we believe, that we should notice it in our pages. It is seldom that a similar wish has accorded so fully with our own feelings. The title of the book might lead to a supposition that it is not of a character suited to our work, to speak of or to commend; young people having little to do with the question of Peace and War. But the supposition would be unfounded. With the principle of the book every body has to do; and we would especially recommend the perusal of it to those who are under the immediate influence of historic reading—the false influence, as we must call it, of the heathenish maxims with which history in general abounds. That nothing is beautiful but what God approves, nothing great but what God commends, and nothing beneficial but what is in accordance with his will, is the most important lesson of Christianity, and the hardest for our perverted judgment to receive. The common talk of men, the common tone of secular writing, and the common practice of society, all tend to confirm us in this perversion, and set our judgment in opposition to the judgment of God. It has happened to us, times out of number, to argue with young people during their course of reading, upon the false estimate they are led to form of what is great and

glorious. We should on these occasions have gladly welcomed so forcible and sensible an auxiliary as this volume might have proved ; though that is not the purpose of it, neither is it its only recommendation. Apart from the question of national peace and war, there is scarce an argument in it that does not apply to the ordinary incidents of individual life, while the principle of it applies to every thing—nothing necessary that is wrong, every thing wrong that consists not with the spirit of the Gospel. The subject is a favourite with us. Peace—it was the first thing that the Angels spake, when they announced the Redeemer's coming upon earth—it was the last thing the Redeemer spake, when, his work accomplished, he prepared to leave it—it is that the prophetic spirit speaks, when it proclaims the day of his returning; and it is the grief and shame of every pious bosom, that religion produces so little peace, in our own hearts, in our families, in society and in the world. So feeling, we have read this peace-proclaiming volume with great interest, and can confidently recommend the reading of it to others, as an excellent piece of christian philosophy. We consider it remarkably well written, and calculated to amend individual judgment on the subject, though it may not reach the destiny of nations. The principle is certainly carried to its extremity—and whatever the leaning of our opinion may be, we are not convinced that a man may not kill another in defence of his own life. We believe there are many that would not—but perhaps that would be rather the result of feeling than of principle. Probably a confirmed Christian would rather suffer another to transfer him to heaven, than himself dismiss his antagonist to hell; but we are not sure he would feel it his duty to do so. Yet are we by no means so certain of the contrary, as most readers will be. The remarks upon the falseness of public opinion, and the nonsense or profaneness of popular talk about bravery and glory, and rewards immortal to the slaughtered hero, contain just and merited reproof to

many of us, who should have learned of christianity a more becoming language. Whether these faint whisperings of peace, from a few neglected books, and some small, despised Societies, will ever affect the general tone of feeling, we are not able to predict. But this we know—The Day of Peace must come—the night of expectation wanes apace. War, tumult and disorder, reckless passion and contentious pride, with all their mischiefs and mis-named glories, will cease, for their abettors will be exterminated—and to an uproar, more loud than of contending elements, with which the iniquities of man have rent the earth, will succeed the stillness of unbroken peace. Happy indeed will they be, who have loved it and promoted it.

A Selection of Sacred Hymns and Poetry, for Families and Schools, systematically arranged in a succession of Scriptural Subjects. 2nd Edition, greatly altered and improved, with an appendix. London, Nisbet, Berners Street, &c. 1826.

IF any of our readers have not seen this selection of Sacred verses, they will be obliged to us for mentioning it. We think it contains more good, and fewer indifferent pieces, than any collection we have met with. The arrangement is also good; and the whole a neat little pocket volume—the best of a very numerous race.

Le Véritable Ami des Enfants et des Jeunes Gens.
Par C. Malan, ministre de Dieu, à Genève. 1825.

WE are very frequently asked to recommend first French books for children, and to do so satisfactorily, has been hitherto a difficult task. The rubbish, or rather the pernicious weeds with which Madame de Genlis and her contemporaries supplied our school-rooms—the Amis, and Veillés, and Contes Morales, &c. &c. without which, no one could be taught French twenty years ago—are happily disappearing by the slow, but sure inquisition of improved morality, and amended taste,

But it has been very difficult to the christian parent to supply their place ; and perhaps the distinguished man of God, who now bends his exalted mind to the composition of these little books, lowly as seems the task, could not have offered to the English parent more valuable assistance, or to society a more needed benefit. We are not of those who profess to find pleasure to themselves in reading baby-books—though from circumstances, we may read more than any body. But we own to have stood with this book in our hands, and delayed our business rather than put it down. Allowing something for the sweetness of the language, we must yet believe there is some uncommon charm in it—the charm, probably, of simplicity and truth. This first volume of the work is intended for the earliest age at which it can be read—the succeeding ones are promised to be in gradual advance. We cannot too strongly recommend this good commencement, nor can much doubt the equal merit of what may follow it. But that we may not deceive our readers as to the character of the work, or the design of the author, we subjoin a part of his own preface.

J'ai donc essayé d'écrire pour l'enfance, mais sur de tout autres principes que ceux du siècle, et pour une autre fin que la gloire ou la prospérité de ce monde. Aussi mon foible essai ne pourra-t-il être agréable qu'aux parens ou aux instituteurs qui connoissent Jésus, et qui recherchent le bonheur qui est à lui, et non pas celui qui s'arrête à la terre et qui doit périr avec elle. Dieu veuille que plusieurs familles donnent accès à ce livre, et que les préventions de l'incrédulité ou de l'irréligion n'en privent pas ceux pour lesquels je l'ai fait !

With the Hymns at the end of the volume, and the musick that accompanies them, our young friends cannot fail of being pleased.

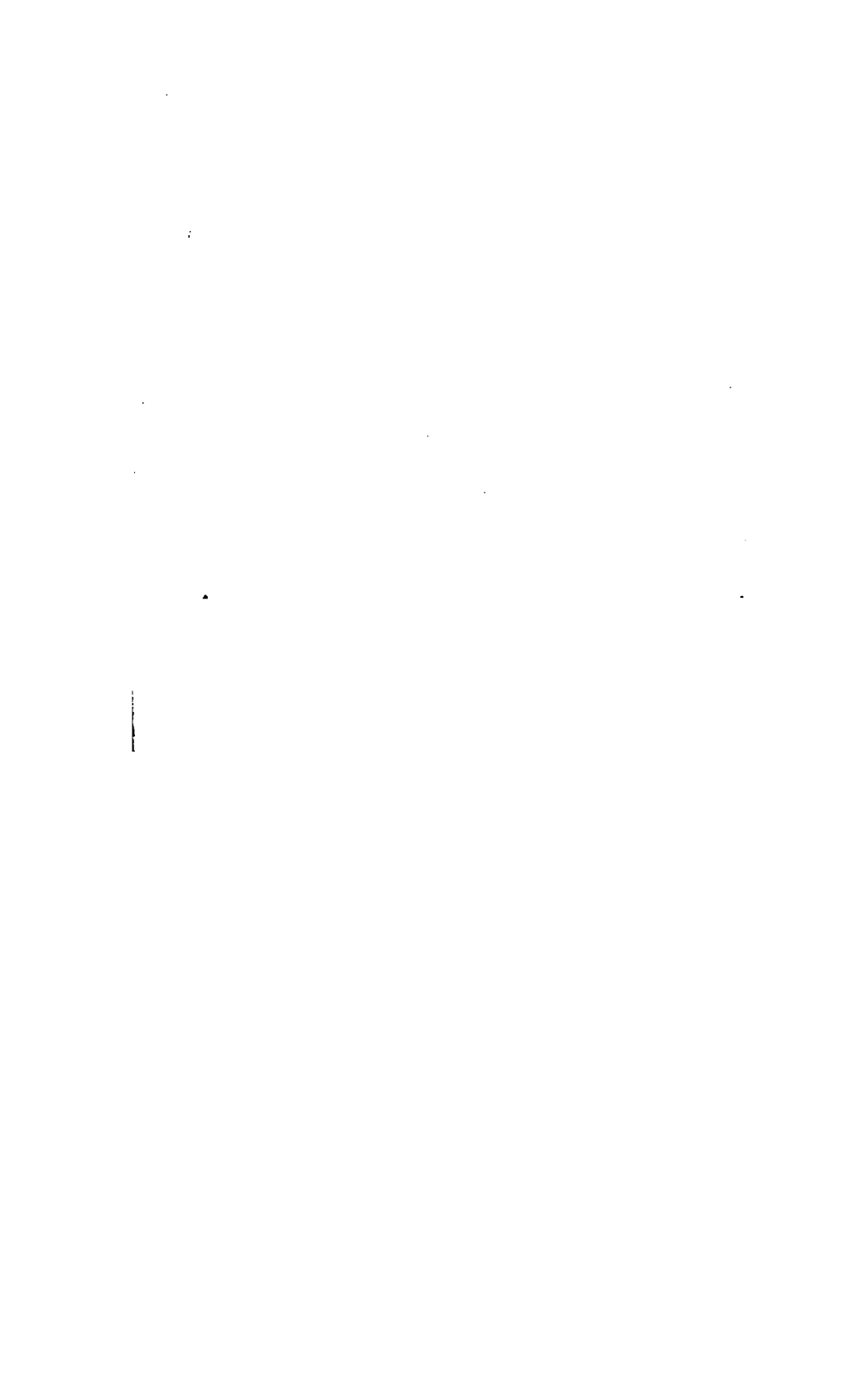
EXTRACTS.

As the dove retired into the ark when she found no rest for her foot; so when thou art floating in a sea of worldly affairs, and art in danger of suffering shipwreck, retire immediately into thy heart to Christ, lest being too much tossed on the floods of the world, thy rest be broken and the tranquillity of thy mind entirely destroyed. If a man would give up those pleasures which are frail and perishing, and with a mind free from secular affairs and cares, give himself up to those more heavenly concerns that become a true Christian, doubtless he would often be visited with a present devotion, a profound peace, a sweet tranquillity, a serene conscience, and other divine blessings: as a tree prospers best in its own natural soil, so the inward man grows no where more happily than in the inward ground of the soul where Christ resides.

UN ancien vouloit autrefois, que pour retenir sa colère, on se mit, lorsqu'elle commençoit à s'émouvoir, à compter les 24 lettres de l'alphabet. Mais voici un moyen encore plus court et incomparablement plus puissant; au lieu de 24 lettres de l'alphabet, il ne faut que compter les quatre cloux de la croix de Jésus Christ, et tres assurément il n'y a point de colère si bouillante et si furieuse, qui ne s'appaise par cette pensée.

Du Bosc.







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